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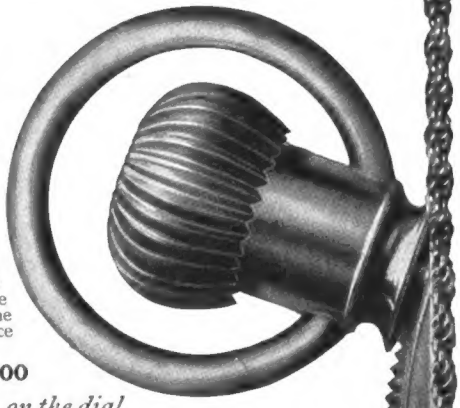

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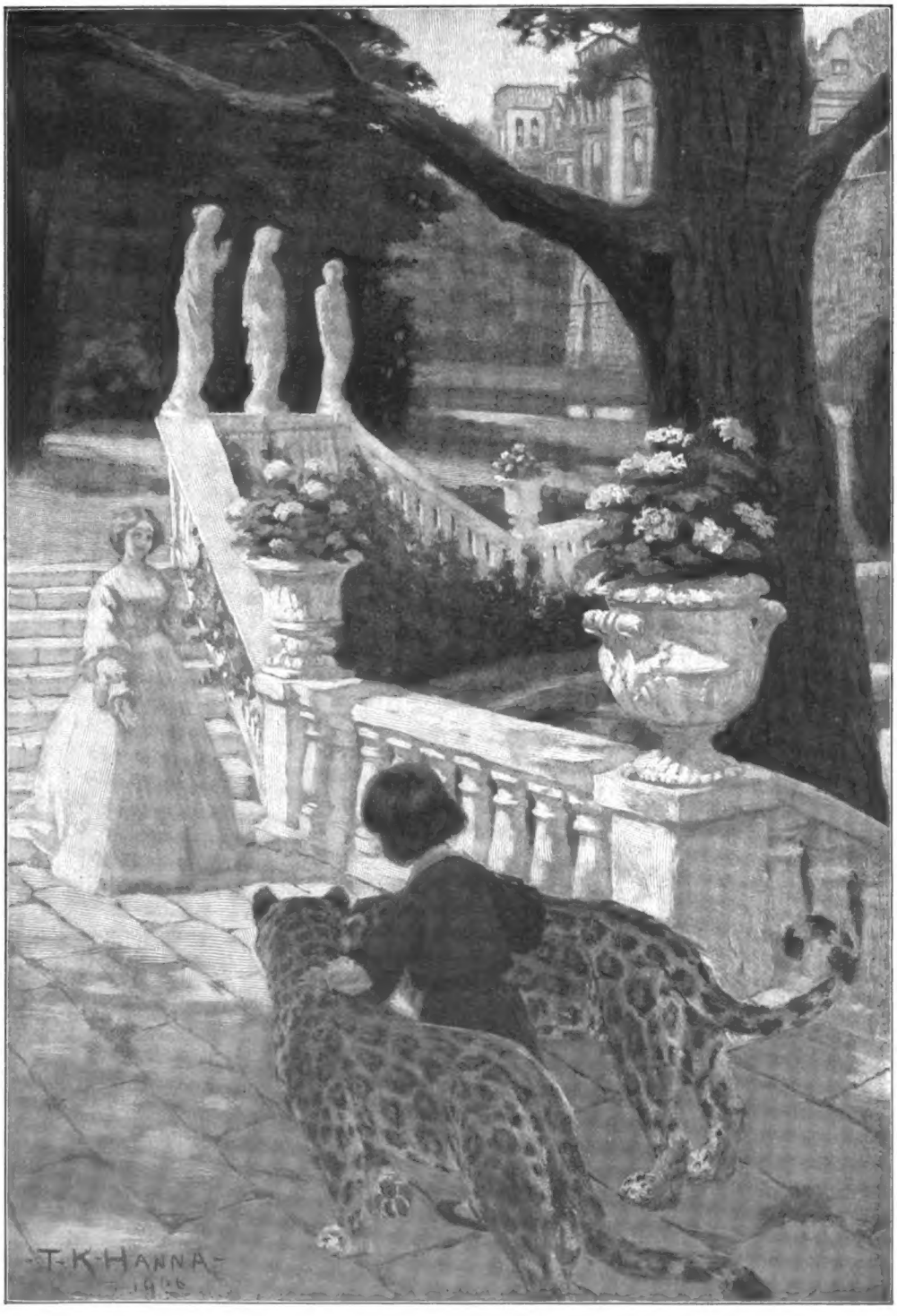

"IT WAS, I TELL YOU, AN ENCHANTED GARDEN."
—"*The Door in the Wall*," *page 328.*

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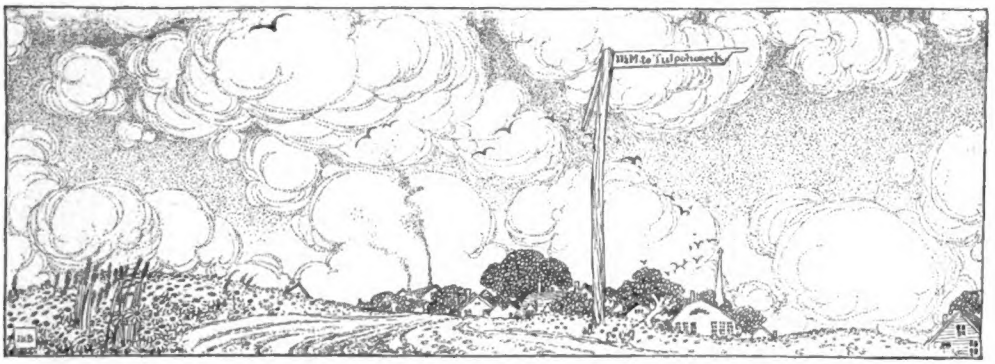
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE



VOL. XV. SEPTEMBER, 1906. No. 3.

A City of Special Schools

By MARION MELIUS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article tells how one of the busiest of New England's manufacturing cities has found time, out of its absorption in material affairs, to earn the right to be proud of its schools. Springfield, Massachusetts, has gone beyond its obvious duty of making room in its schools for all who need education, and has provided for special aid to pupils who do not fit the ordinary educational routine, and who retard other scholars. It is a big, broad-minded, progressive, and yet simple plan. The article is one to be read for inspiration and help by every school trustee, every teacher, every father and mother in this land of free schools.

ASK a citizen of Springfield, Massachusetts, what are the advantages of living in his city and he will reply promptly and a bit condescendingly, "Why, we have the finest school system in the United States." If this statement does not make the desired impression, he adds: "Our Central High School building cost nearly half a million dollars, and is a wonder of architectural beauty." And he will probably offer to conduct you to State Street, where stands the beautiful building that has been visited by educators from all over the country.

It is not the outward show of fine buildings, however, that has given Springfield her enviable reputation as an educational city. It is rather the original work of the city's educators in establishing four schools of unique character, which not only do a distinct and important work of their own, but react favorably on the city's entire school system. Three of these schools are for the benefit of those who have found themselves sadly left behind in the matter of book learning, and the fourth is an evening trades school, the only school of the kind supported at

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INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL: STRETCH OF ROAD LEADING TO THE CAMPUS, SHOWING THE DORMITORY ON THE LEFT AND THE GYMNASIUM ON THE RIGHT.

public expense in the world, and so notably successful that even from the land of education, Germany, have come inquiries concerning its methods.

Every evening men pour into this place from all the big shops in the city: the Smith & Wesson revolver employees, employees of the United States Armory, Boston & Albany Railroad mechanics, men from the Wason Car Company's works, men from Barney & Berry's Skate Works, employees of the Bausch Machine Shops and of the Knox Automobile Works. It would seem that all of the large number of mechanics in Springfield, which is known as a machine town, realize the value of the Evening Trades School. Lack of accommodations has crowded out many, and there is a long waiting list of eager men, longing to seize upon the opportunities that the school offers.

It is an inspiration to visit this evening school and watch the men—for they are all skilled laborers and not untutored boys—working eagerly, almost feverishly in the machine room, the pattern-making room, the plumbing room, the electrical laboratory or the mechanical-drawing room, trying to perfect themselves in their particular lines or, rather, to broaden out their particular knowledge. For to many men this school has meant emancipation from one monotonous machine which has been taking the life and ambition out of them, and it is rapidly making them all-round mechanics. They are striving for a more advanced education in order that they may command higher wages and possibly, in time, become a power in the manufacturing world; and they are tremendously in earnest. They never beg off to enjoy some social event, they never plead weariness—although the majority of them have been toiling eight hours for their daily bread; they never wish lessons were over. On the contrary, they asked that the school be open six nights a week, and when this was denied them, pleaded that it be run from seven o'clock to twelve. But they have been obliged to boil their enthusiasm down to five nights a week, with three or four hours of work each evening.

In the plumbing department, master plumbers, helpers, and apprentices are working. A lecture is given each week which is open not only to the regular classes, but to all interested in sanitary questions connected with plumbing; and many a staid householder attends in the hope that he may learn how to

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look after that mysterious network of pipes which is the root of so much trouble in even the best-ordered domicil.

The course of instruction in the wood-turning and pattern-making classes consists of the making and finishing of solid and built-up patterns for general machine parts. The work of the mathematics classes is closely correlated with the shop practice and mechanical drawing. To the mechanical-drawing classes come cabinet-makers, carpenters, designers, decorators, machinists, architects, men who wish to learn how to read drawings which they must use in their work and how to do a higher grade of designing.

There are several rooms devoted to the electricity course; one containing the dynamo and batteries; another is a sort of laboratory whose walls are covered with wires; and in a third are the delicate voltameters. Sometimes four or five men will be working on the wall where a plan of a house has been marked out in chalk, the house to be wired in the most approved style. The men hammer as vigorously and turn and twist the wires as carefully as though it were not mere make-believe. In this department also lectures—on new discoveries, such as radium—are occasionally given to the public.

The expense of maintaining the Evening Trades School is not great, as it is held in the Technical Arts High School Building, and the apparatus used in the daytime is employed in the evening. Besides, no inconsiderable return has come to the city in tools and other apparatus made by machine-shop practice. Labor-unions have investigated the school's teaching and principles and have given hearty indorsement of them; for, not admitting novitiates, only giving expert training to those already at work, the school does not overcrowd the labor field.

When it was first announced that a school was to be started for peculiar or feeble-minded children, there was a storm of protest. It was hailed as a "dunce school," and parents declared indignantly that it would be a crying shame to send a boy or a girl to such a place. The educational authorities did not insist that any child should be sent to this special school, but they quietly began work with a few pupils. Shortly these children proved so much happier in the room set apart for them, where they

GROUP OF STUDENTS OF THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: STUDENT FROM ARGENTINE REPUBLIC IN SPANISH COSTUME; GREEK WOMAN; GREEK MAN; FRENCHMAN IN COSTUME OF RURAL FRANCE; FRENCH WOMAN IN COSTUME OF NORMANDY PEASANT; ARMENIAN MAN; ARMENIAN WOMAN FROM SOUTHERN RUSSIA; ITALIAN.

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A SUNNY-HEARTED BOY WHOSE QUICK TEMPER HAS KEPT HIM IN THE "BACKWARD" CLASSES.

were not bullied by the bright, normal children, and benefited so noticeably by the individual attention given them, that all prejudice against the school vanished; and parents are now gladly sending there such children as fall far below the intellectual average, whose presence in the regular schoolroom is a burden to themselves and to their teachers. Boys predominate; not more than two girls have ever attended in one year.

The object of the school is to develop as fully as possible every faculty these children possess, to aid them specifically where they are weakest. Most salient among the methods employed to this end are individual instruction and sympathetic treatment. The pupil is never made conscious of his inferiority by the attitude of the teacher, who must be, first of all, infinitely patient.

The senses of all such children are defective, and, as a first step, it is necessary to quicken them. This is done in several ways. The eyes are trained by bright-colored sticks, which are given to the pupils in packages. Each package contains twenty or more sticks of red, blue, violet, orange, and pink, and the pupil is required to put sticks of the same color together in little piles. Though this seems the simplest sort of a task, more than one child has a long, hard struggle before he can perform it. One little fellow, when he entered the school, would work about three minutes putting the red sticks in one pile and then he would nervously pick up the remaining sticks and shove them over in a jumbled heap on the red pile. When the teacher set things straight, the child would start in again, maybe advancing a little farther, but always concluding with the many-colored jumble. He worked an hour at this sort of thing for one afternoon before he could put the sticks in proper order.

To cultivate their sense of form the pupils are asked to string wooden necklaces, slipping on first a ball, then a block, and then a cylinder. Most of the beginners in the room must work diligently before they can distinguish between the forms.

BACKWARD BOYS OF FOUR RACES: FRENCH, RUSSIAN JEW, SCOTCH AND ITALIAN.

HINDU YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS STUDYING ENGLISH.

All the children are lacking in healthy muscular action, and two hours a day are devoted to physical exercise. In the beginning these exercises are very simple. The pupil is given a big rubber ball, told to bound it and then clap his hands before he catches it. Before he can train his mind and hands to do this, the ball is apt to go wildly around the room. As the next step the pupil is placed with his back to the teacher. He throws a ball over his head and then turns to catch one that she is throwing to him. Balancing is another exercise that brings excellent results. A broad beam about four inches thick is placed on the floor and the pupil is asked to walk on it. At first he walks with Indian clubs, but even then he cannot keep his balance and tumbles off again and

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again before he reaches the end of the beam. When he has succeeded with the low beam he is asked to walk on one just twice as high and twice as narrow. Then a ladder is placed on the floor and he is told to walk through the spaces, sometimes skipping one, as the teacher directs. Again, the ladder is placed horizontally on two chairs and the pupil is asked to throw a ball through the spaces.

Since feeble-minded children are slow to exert themselves physically, the teachers are constantly devising means to force them into action. For instance, the pupils are sent into the yard to draw one another on a sled. "Run, run," commands the teacher, and the children obey, waking up their sluggish muscles and breathing deeply, as the teacher desires that they shall. In the summer there are flower gardens in the school yard which the boys and girls are urged to care for. Manual-training work has done wonders in developing the hands and minds of the boys, and they have fashioned sleds and carts and even the beams on which they balance.

By keen observation a teacher is often able to discover the cause of the pupils' unfortunate mental condition. Adenoids have been found to be the trouble with many a child, and an operation has always resulted in a brightened intellect. Another child has St. Vitus's dance, and everything is done to quiet his nerves. Still another is anemic, and he is given exercises to fill his lungs with pure air.

The practical object of this school is to make the feeble-minded pupil self-supporting to some extent, and, if this be impossible, to make him more of a comfort to himself and to other people. Some of these children leave the school after a few years and go to work in factories, earning from sixty cents to $1 a day, and others merely learn habits of personal cleanliness, and a kindly consideration for others that makes them less troublesome charges.

Photograph by Bosworth & Murphy, Springfield, Mass.

THE CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL OF SPRINGFIELD.

These unfortunates, however, were not the only school children that the city educators deemed in need of special attention. It was found that in the grammar and primary grades the teachers were often hampered in their work by pupils considerably older than others of the same grade. They were generally pupils who needed more individual help from the teacher than it is possible to give

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in a regular grade; and their size, as well as their age, made them conspicuous as dull and backward pupils. To give these children the individual help needed and to relieve the primary and grammar teachers, a room was reserved for them in one of the regular school buildings, this room to be known as the "grammar preparatory." There are now four grammar preparatory schools, and in them dull pupils are being rapidly transformed into bright, interesting boys and girls.

There are many reasons why these children are backward. Some have not been able to attend school regularly on account of illness; others have come from towns where the school system is wholly different from Springfield's, and they do not meet the requirements of the grade in which they have been placed; others have moved about from place to place so much that they have dropped behind in their studies; still others are foreigners who have been hindered by ignorance of the English language; and then there is the boy or girl who needs individual attention because of his or her peculiar disposition. As soon as a pupil is brought into one of these schools the teacher studies him to discover the precise cause of his backwardness and then tries to remove this cause. If he does not know the language, she teaches it to him little by little. If he has been hampered by circumstances, she gives him a lift in his lessons and soon has him ready for regular grade work. If he is incapacitated by physical ailments, she consults with his parents and with physicians to relieve him. If the pupil is merely slow, she takes infinite pains to encourage him to work out his lessons in his own way.

All nationalities, Russians, French, Germans, Chinese, Scotch, Syrians, Italians, Irish, Greeks, Swedes, and Poles, are sent to the grammar preparatories, and these foreigners rapidly forge ahead as soon as they learn the language. A little Russian Jew in one of the schools quickly outstripped his teacher in mathematics before the school year was over, and materially aided her in making out her reports at the end of the session. A Hindu woman, twenty-eight years old, is learning the language so that she may secure engagements as a trained nurse, for which profession she is well prepared.

The case of one boy is sufficient proof of the helpfulness of the grammar preparatory school. The boy was put down as dull. He had come from a room where there were fifty scholars and the teacher could not give him

PUPILS AT RAFFIA WORK IN THE SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN.

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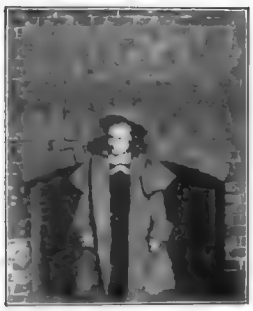

BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL WHO IS HAMPERED BY DEAFNESS.

special notice. As he was not quick to learn he began to slip behind the others. This made him lose courage; he became inattentive and annoyed the teacher by wilful acts of disobedience. Soon he was regarded not only as stupid, but also as a bad boy. But with individual attention in the special room he soon sharpened up his wits and improved his manners, and in a short time was ready for eighth-grade work.

Industrial work is a tremendous help to the teachers of these schools as "busy work." Raffia weaving, of which the children do a great deal, quickens their brains and prepares them to take up their lessons. One little fellow, who was as clumsy with his hands as he was slow with his brains, tried unsuccessfully for three months to braid three strands of straw. But he was determined to conquer, and one morning completed the braiding in about fifteen minutes. He explained that he had thought about it constantly before he went to sleep the night before until he saw how it was done. Another boy who is discouragingly slow has proven himself skilful at manual training and has made a doll house, filled with wooden furniture. He has even braided straw into a matting for the floor and has manufactured rugs out of worsteds.

FEAST IN A STUDENT'S ROOM AT THE INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL.

While the school children are given every educational help, their mothers have not been forgotten. Many foreign women who are eager to understand English better cannot attend the regular evening schools because they have small children whom they cannot leave at home, but who may be left at the day nurseries and in the kindergartens in the daytime. Through the efforts of some kindergarten teachers who made a practice of visiting the mothers of the school children and thus learned their needs, an afternoon school for these women was established. This school is closed from time to time, when its attendance falls below a certain number, but as soon as there are enough women clamoring for instruction it is opened again. The mothers labor under many difficulties: they are so burdened with housework that they must carefully plan and economize their time in the morning. Besides, they receive no encouragement from their husbands, who mock at their aspirations and whose favorite taunt is, "What'd you learn to-day, baby?" But the women keep steadily on, plodding slowly through the primer, laboriously writing the sentences set before them, and striving to remember the queer English spelling. A desire to help their children is at the root of these mothers' eagerness to learn, and in the evenings mother and children study together their lessons for the next day. Sometimes a mother says she desires to study arithmetic, so that she may know how to make change or transact a little business. A few advance so far that they read American history. Practical talks on the care of children and health principles are included in the instruction offered, and better-ordered

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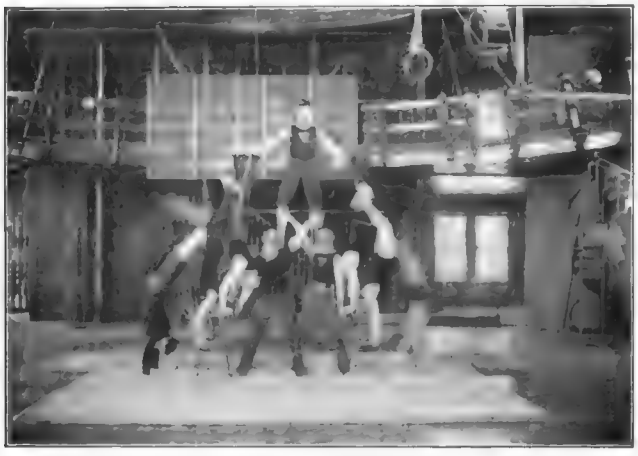
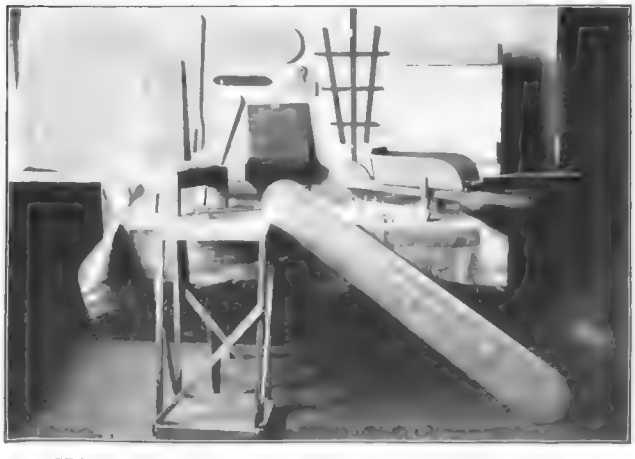


INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A. TRAINING SCHOOL: INTERIOR OF GYMNASIUM.

THE EVENING TRADES SCHOOL OF SPRINGFIELD.



SPECIMENS OF MANUAL TRAINING WORK IN THE SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN.

homes and a more hygienic way of living stand as the school's warrant and justification.

This completes the list of special schools under the management of the city, but Springfield's special educational advantages are not yet all detailed. Away up in one corner of the city is a humble little institution whose object is the making of American citizens, and which has a care also for foreign women, striving to fit them for wifehood. It is called the American International College, and was established originally for the French-Canadians who stream into New England in constantly increasing numbers, but who keep aloof from the life of this country, except in so far as industries require their sharing it. It was to offset this clannishness, which resisted American influences, that a serious body of men founded the school.

A few years ago, in response to a request from young men and women of all nationalities, the doors were flung wide to all nations, and at present Italians, Armenians, French, Greeks, Bulgarians, Macedonians, Spaniards, Syrians, Nova Scotians, Canadians, Poles, and Japanese are represented. Often a student comes straight from across the water to Springfield, bent on entering the school, of which the missionaries have told him, and he is sometimes tagged in order that he may reach his destination safely. One such young man was a Greek who did not speak a word of English. A young woman student who could speak both ancient and modern Greek and who volunteered her services, was for several weeks the only person in the institution with whom he could converse. At one time a Catholic priest, a Syrian forty

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SCHOOL FOR FEEBLE-MINDED CHILDREN: PUPILS AT MANUAL TRAINING WORK, SHOWING THE CARTS WHICH THEY HAVE MADE AND THE LADDER USED IN THEIR PHYSICAL EXERCISES.

SCHOOL FOR BACKWARD CHILDREN: MAKING BROKEN-DOWN CHAIRS NEW AGAIN.

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WOMAN'S BUILDING OF THE AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE.

years old, was an attendant. A graduate of the University of Athens, who wished to learn English and French, was one of the students. A young woman of thirty, a French-Canadian, who had married at sixteen, studied for some time at her husband's request. He had grown prosperous, and wished his wife to become better educated that she might take a suitable position in society.

The work that the institution is doing for women is rather unusual. Instruction is given in all branches of housekeeping and in the little graces that make for the best in home life. While the school holds up wifehood as the ideal and most desirable existence for a woman, it is constantly throwing all its influence against early marriages, which are so common among Frenchwomen. This work for the girls is a bit discouraging, for while they are thoroughly in earnest during the school session, they are apt to lapse from grace during the long summer vacations, and often marry before the institution opens again in the fall. Indeed, it is rather difficult to induce them to attend in the first place, as the men of the family or among their friends object strenuously, believing that the girls will become spoiled by their education and be less inclined to marry.

The tuition is a nominal sum, the students working for their board. An industrial bureau has been established that they may procure work outside the institution. Some of the men are more or less instructed in a trade and fill in their leisure time with typesetting, harness-making, wall painting, shoemaking, and working in a drug store or a barber's shop. Some of the graduates go to Yale or Harvard, or to other universities. Some of them become ministers, lawyers, home-mission teachers, or business men, and they all become good American citizens. The women sometimes teach and sometimes become governesses, and eventually they marry.

Training young men to become powerful influences in the lives of others is the work of another institution in the city, the Y. M. C. A. International Training School.

The school is situated on a pretty little lake, with generous athletic fields in connection with it, for emphasis is placed on physical training in this institution. In fact, the work of the school has two objects: training young men to become Y. M. C. A. secretaries and to become Y. M. C. A. physical directors. It was in the gymnasium of the Springfield Training School that basket-ball originated.

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James Naismith now physical director at the State University of Kansas, was its inventor, and the idea came to him when he was trying to devise an indoor game that should be exciting and at the same time should not be rough or dangerous. From the physical department athletic, muscular young men are sent not only into association work, but also into colleges.

But the student who would become a physical director does not learn merely how to swell his muscles to unusual size, to jump hurdles, vault poles, and race around a running-track. He must grind at physiology, physiological chemistry, anatomy, physics, and mechanics of the body. He must delve into psychology, the history of physical training, and church history. He must learn tact, how to manage people, how to command.

The young man who would become a Y. M. C. A. secretary must be first of all a deep student of the Bible. He must know its truths and how to apply them to every-day life. He must be a bit of a preacher, something of a school teacher, and always a sympathizer. To gain these qualities he studies sociology, psychology, English literature, methods of Bible instruction, and the preparation of Gospel addresses. He studies secretarial administration, which includes ways and means to raise funds, and the many lines of social, religious, and educational work, learning how much prominence to give to each and the relation of one to another. In addition, he must learn to deal with and to interest boys, for the boys' work of the Y. M. C. A. is considered one of its most important departments.

There is no place in the world where there are so many young men studying to become Y. M. C. A. secretaries and physical directors as in the institution in Springfield, Mass. When they graduate they scatter to all parts of the world. One goes to India, another to Brazil, and some to Ireland. There is a representative of the institution in charge of the association work in Turkey, one in Seoul, Korea, and one in Honolulu. The secretary of the oldest and largest association in New York City, the Twenty-third Street association, is a graduate of this institution, as is also its physical director.

Is it any wonder that when the educational journals frankly acknowledge that the State of Massachusetts stands first in educational advantages, Springfield proudly raises her head and declares that she has contributed most to the establishing of this reputation?

A GROUP OF AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE-STUDENTS IN WHICH FOURTEEN NATIONALITIES ARE REPRESENTED.

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A DISPENSATION

By GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Illustrations by Hermann C. Wall

FROM her inconspicuous corner of the library divan Mrs. Bristow used to listen after dinner to such masculine wisdom as emanated from the easy chairs by the fireplace. One night the talk, wandering grimly among medico-legal anecdotes, lingered on what sometimes happens to the property of widows, orphans, or fools when it is invested for them at fifteen per cent. or more.

Mrs. Bristow spoke through the haze of tobacco smoke:

"I knew a man," she said, "in our town——"

The doctor turned about with polite attention, but Bristow stirred the fire indifferently. "You mean old Thompkins?" After being married ten years, it is astonishing, and rather sad, how well two people know each other's repertoires. Mrs. Bristow continued in the doctor's direction:

"It belongs with the stories you've been telling, though I can't use big technical words.

"I was in the same grade at school with Bessy and Harold Pringle. They lived with their grandmother. I liked to go home with them afternoons, because she let us play circus in the sitting-room, with a stuffed owl, a china dog with a basket of flowers in his mouth, and a curly marble lion that looked like an ice-cream mold and belonged on the parlor mantelpiece between two waxwork bouquets under glass cases.

"For the tent, we put four chairs together, leaving a space in the middle to sit in. The rungs of the chairs were the cage bars. Then Mrs. Pringle would arrange her India shawl over everything, and there we were. Only we weren't allowed to touch the lion. She always had to put him into his cage and take him out again. We couldn't touch the shawl, either. The china dog didn't matter, because he was broken anyway, and was glued. He came undone about once a week and had to be glued over again. The owl was rather messy, too, being moth-eaten, and the wire of his neck broken from our turning his head around so much.

"Mrs. Pringle was little and slim. She wore black silk gowns and thin white aprons, and lace caps with artificial violets in them. When it rained, her prim white hair grew kinky around her forehead.

"She was the stereotyped grandmother of juvenile stories. You remember the pictures of them in those old 'Chatterboxes' we used to have when we were children. She even carried the traditional seed-cakes and raisins and peppermint-drops in her pocket.

"She never had the withered, tired look of most old people. Perhaps it was her religion, for she had been through the ordinary amount of trouble—death and sickness, you know—nobody being left her out of a large family but these two grandchildren. But, somehow, the world's meanness and selfishness and brutality had escaped her notice. It was as if the 'wicked' were a kind of people that belonged to Bible times, with the Hivites and Hittites and Jebusites, wearing sandals and carrying swords; in no way associated with shiny hats, canes, and frock coats. They were not described modernly in the Psalms that she repeated.

"She and Bessy and Harold lived in a story-and-a-half white house, oblong, and sunk down from the road, with a front yard full of 'pineys,' 'laylocks,' hollyhocks, and bleeding-hearts. There were edgings of box each side the brick path.

"Mrs. Pringle did nearly all the garden work herself. She would put on old gloves, a gingham apron, and a Quakerish lavender silk sunbonnet that made you think of a morning-glory, and potter about with trowel and watering-pot, crooning hymns, tunelessly. The one I best remember was:

"'When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'

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SHE WOULD POTTER ABOUT WITH TROWEL AND WATERING-POT, CROONING HYMNS, TUNELESSLY.

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"She could get that tune pretty well, though she always went too high in the high notes and too low in the low ones, and was rather doubtful about the rest. But it was a contented, pleasant sound, like a pigeon's cooing.

"They lived in a neat, comfortable way, had one servant, and Mrs. Pringle gave to charity out of proportion to their style of living.

"What property they had—I don't know how much it was or how invested—was in charge of Deacon Thompkins, a stout old person with a smug wreath of gray hair that made a 'crown of righteousness' half-way around his bald spot. He had what they call a 'fine presence,' big seals on his watch-chain, a gold-headed cane, and a silk hat.

HAROLD WOULD SWELL AND CHOKE WHEN THE DEACON'S FAT FINGERS PATTED HIS HEAD.

"He had been in some sort a protégé of Mrs. Pringle's husband—office boy, clerk, then partner. At that time I supposed him extraordinary, but have come to believe since that the type is as common as wax dolls, or china of 'open-stock' pattern.

"I've seen portraits of Tammany politicians that might be his brothers, and have met him in Wall Street, sharpened and urbanized. They all have a factitious air of benevolence, flabby pink cheeks, shallow eyes, and the respect of their fellow men—of a sort.

"In Mrs. Pringle's youth the 'oak-and-vine' simile was thought beautiful and true. Her heroines had been Amelias and Angelinas, with wasp waists and a habit of swooning. Her attitude toward men was Biblically servile. She preferred them big and fat, with hearty voices; and discriminated in favor of good clothes—receiving those whom she approved at their own valuation, which was high.

"This reverence for men extended even to Harold, who, being a 'man-child,' bore the responsibility of keeping up the family name and honorable traditions. He was to have most of the money, and the family Bible, and a college education; Bessy, being a girl, might receive the linen and silver, when she married; but her share of the money was to be under Harold's control.

"You understood when I began, didn't you, that the deacon lost their money? That part of the story is as hackneyed as—a recipe for cake. Put certain ingredients together according to directions, and you know what to expect. The widow and the fatherless and the thief! You know the stale old plot. You touch it somewhere almost every day in your work. It makes you sour and tired. But you mustn't be so pessimistic. The world is growing better, really. Of course it seems slow to men. Women are more apt to have time to watch and—synthesize—isn't that a good word?—and prophesy.

"I don't know just what the deacon's scheme was, but suddenly the Pringles were amazingly prosperous. Harold and Bessy had pretty new clothes. Mrs. Pringle was called for by a livery team when she went visiting. There was new china, and a whole toy shop for us to play circus with. What a Christmas they

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had! A children's party, with tree, candles, dolls, drums; and the way Mrs. Pringle distributed stockings and shawls and mittens and turkeys and barrels of flour among the poor was simply scandalous! She grew twenty years younger that winter, and had a new silk gown, made in the latest style.

"Harold told me a long, glittering tale of a mine and shares and income, swelling around like a little millionaire, and explaining what magnificent things he would buy, and how kind he would be to us all. I remember Bessy looking over some colored fashion-plates twenty years out of date, selecting designs for the dresses she wanted; choosing the figures with prettiest faces.

"The deacon was always at the house with papers to be signed. Mrs. Pringle showed us a box of red paper seals he had brought her, lowering her voice mysteriously as she forbade us ever to touch them. She was half afraid of them herself, as something occult and legal. She was so fluttered and happy and important—perhaps it was worth it to be as happy as that for a little while. I don't know.

"Children are queer. Even then there was something about the tap of that gold-headed cane that didn't sound right to me; and Harold would swell and choke when the deacon's fat fingers patted his head.

"Once when I was enumerating all their beautiful new things at my own tea-table, my father frowned more and more as I talked.

"'Mines!' he said—'Infernal scoundrel!'

"Mother hushed him up at the swear word, but looked anxious.

"'Can't anybody do anything?'

"'He knows how to keep within the law,' said father, and his face set like a trap. He was a quiet man, lean and tall, with bright black eyes and a thin, stern mouth. There was nothing sleek or hearty about *him*.

"It was one of those sweet, cold days in May, with a raw wind whipping apple-blossom petals past the window; but the sun came in on the red roses of the new carpet, and a few sticks snapped in the fireplace. In the middle of the mahogany table was a bowl of arbutus, reflected as if in a pool of water. I can't begin to tell you how peacefully lovely the room was. Grandma went around wiping off invisible dust with a cloth, singing:

> "'Should earth against my soul engage,
> And fiery darts be hurled,
> Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
> And face a frowning world.'

"We young ones were playing circus under her shawl, as usual. We had the curly marble lion. None of our wonderful new things seemed so lovably fierce as he did; there was attraction in being forbidden to touch him, and in the ceremony of grandma's lifting him from the mantelpiece to his cage.

"It was Saturday morning. I had permission to stay all day. There was nothing like grandma's blackberry jam, and the flower pattern of the new china was ever so much prettier than ours at home. It was nearly dinner-time when we heard the deacon's cane on the walk, and our hearts went down at the thought that he might stay to dinner. When the bell jingled, Harold said: '*I* ain't going out of here to say "How de do." Keep quiet, so he won't know we're here. Pretend he's an Injun and we don't dast move!'

"The big voice and squeaky shoes lumbered in, accompanied by grandma's fluttered little comments on the weather, her pleasure in seeing him, and inquiries after his family.

"We peeked out from the shawl like mice. Harold stuck out his tongue. There were the same shiny hat, long black coat, and gold-headed cane.

"He looked hard at the arbutus, in an abstracted way, mopping his pink face and clearing his throat, as if the room were too warm and he had something on his mind. Mrs. Pringle had to keep up her polite little talk about weather and church, till he should begin to trundle out his big, uninteresting words. We went back to our play, with whispers and pantomime. Probably he had been explaining for some time how it all happened, and his own innocence and loveliness, but the first words that we noticed were in Mrs. Pringle's voice, quieter and evener than usual; so slow that it was as if the syllables had to be thought out separately and put together with care:

"'Do I understand that even this house is lost?'

"'I deeply regret——'

"'Is this house lost?'

"'Yes, ma'am.'

"'And your house, too?'

"He stammered and mumbled, not answering *that* question, but referring in a general way to heavy losses.

"But she kept looking right at him with an odd intentness, her eyes strange and bright; not as if listening to what he said, but as if seeing something she had not noticed before. Her face was perfectly white, except

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for a flushed spot in the center of the forehead.

"She nodded slowly; meaning, I think, that she saw through shams to the rat-soul of him at last. He squirmed and reddened and stuttered for a while, then fell into silence under that strange stare. At last she drew a deep breath and spoke as if to herself:

"'I was warned; but you had been my husband's friend, and you have such a habit of talking about honesty and benevolence and friendship, as though they were things you valued.'

"He spluttered and swelled, but she paid no attention.

"'It's curious how I could have been mistaken; it's all so plain now.' She looked him over with an air of surprise—not hatred, nor even resentment; the gulf between them was too wide for that. He had stopped being polite. His little eyes were bloodshot and fierce, and his neck seemed to swell out above his collar.

"'There is nothing at all left?' she asked, and he snapped—'Nothing whatever!'

"'We are—beggars,' said poor grandma.

"You know how commonly stories speak of 'wringing the hands'—that was the only time I ever saw it done, and I shall never forget. She held them close to her chest—such gentle, transparent old hands—the fingers dragging at each other as though they held some snaky thing that hurt, and must be destroyed.

"He shrugged his big shoulders, took his hat, and rose.

"'I am old,' she said, 'to—go out to service. I don't think of anything else, unless, perhaps—plain sewing. But my eyesight is not what it was. Isn't it possible for you to refund something for my little grandchildren?'

"It was an unlucky speech, touching the gentleman's honor with too matter-of-fact a word.

"'Refund!' he roared—'*Refund*, madam!'

"But his threatening manner failed to impress her. A change was coming over her, like a quiet gray shadow—like the numbness after a wound. The dreadful motion of her hands stopped, but they stayed clasped as if she were praying. She spoke in that curious intoning way which she always used when repeating Scripture. I believe she knew most of the Bible by heart:

"'"*I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.*"

"'I have not been wise,' she went on, but not to him, 'but I have tried to do right. I—must believe my Bible—"*nor his seed begging bread.*"'

"She stopped, and the gray shadow drew closer. Her eyelids drooped. She was between him and the door, so that he must either climb over the table or knock her down in order to escape. He couldn't do that exactly, but while he stood there waiting he looked very like an angry boar.

"At last she opened her eyes and spoke in a clear, expressionless tone, mechanically, as if something spoke through her:

"'"'*Therefore shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off; and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know.*"'

"She swayed, caught at the table, overturning the bowl of arbutus, which broke on the floor, and then she fell. The broken glass cut her forehead slightly, so that her pretty hair and some of the flowers were stained with blood; and there she lay, crumpled and little, at the feet of that—swine.

"He stood stock-still, his mouth half open, and never made a motion to raise her. Not knowing any one else was in the room, he looked about him in a scared, vacant way, stepped across her, and was making for the door, with his head on his shoulder and his flabby mouth working as he looked back, when Harold scuttled out from our tent and began to pommel his legs, kicking and biting, and screaming, 'I'll kill you!'

"That brought the deacon to, a little, especially when Bessy and I came forth also, our voices uplifted hysterically. He shook Harold off: 'I'm going for the doctor, you little fool. She's just fainted. Pour water on her face!'

"So Harold and Bessy brought water, crying and patting her hands. I got out of the window, being scared at the blood, and ran for home. I met my father on his way home to dinner, and managed to make him understand after a fashion. He said 'What!' in a roar that made my ears throb. I believe he understood it to be murder, at first.

"I don't know who did get the doctor, but it wasn't the deacon. Mrs. Pringle was partly paralyzed, did not remember what had happened, and the words for things were confused. The doctor said, though, that she might get better; would never be quite the same, but better, and comfortable enough. The neighbors took everything in charge.

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I HAD TO SIT "LIKE A LADY" BY MY MOTHER.

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Bessy and Harold came over to my house. Father went around with a grim, fighting face. Mother told me, in greatest confidence, that my father was a good lawyer, and that it was just possible Mrs. Pringle's house might not have to go.

"The scandal spread, for you may be sure we children made a great tale; glorying in it, histrionically, as children will. We even remembered enough of poor grandma's 'curse' so that they could look it up in their concordances. It was somewhere in Isaiah.

"Most of the business men raged against the deacon, even talking about running him

THE DEACON WAS WHINING "PLEASE HELP A POOR MAN!"

out of town, though they didn't seem to know just how to go about it. Then they had confidence in what father might do, and waited for him to begin. But the women and the minister were inclined to side with the deacon. It was all a 'distressing misunderstanding' and 'the hand of God,' said the minister, and the deacon was still his 'dear brother.'

"You see, it's this way—some of the dearest and whitest old men in the world are deacons, but wolves like nothing so much as sheep's clothing, and people who are stupid and innocent and good themselves can't tell the sham from the real. The minister was like that. He couldn't understand or see. The deacon had always given largely to the church, and father, who headed the other faction, was known to have Huxley and Darwin in his library, and had referred in court to Ingersoll—not anything about religion, you know, but it was Ingersoll. That was enough. Those little towns aren't so *very* far from Cotton Mather's time.

"Well—she had cursed him. One thinks of curses as venomous things that don't care whom they hurt 'from generation to generation.' You know how stories of them run. This one wasn't like that; it was more as if she were stating a fact that had come to her knowledge. Her voice had seemed far away, impersonal, dignified, almost indifferent. She might have been looking at things spread out like a map, describing what would happen to him, as a person in a balloon might remark, 'I see where the Hudson flows into the bay.'

"One may think as one likes about those things. Perhaps she had stirred up a little piece of conscience that he had somewhere about him; perhaps—though this seems impossible—he had not meant to defraud her, and the minister and the church women were right about its being a 'distressing misunderstanding' on grandma's part. If that were so, of course he would brood on the harm he had unwittingly done, until—or perhaps he was ripe for it anyway. That was the doctor's opinion, and very likely the correct one, though mother always spoke of it in a hushed way as a 'dispensation,' and father, notwithstanding his free-thinking tendencies, never contradicted her. In fact, I have seen him nod his head in a kind of satirical assent, as though such a solution fitted well enough with his own ideas.

"It was Sunday, a week after Mrs. Pringle's shock. She was out of danger, the doctor said. Harold and Bessy and I had been in to see her, and her eyes smiled, though she could move nothing but her right hand. She looked quite happy, and noticed the flowers—adder-tongues and trilliums—that we had brought.

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AS STRAIGHT AND DIGNIFIED AS A CRUSADER ON A MONUMENT.

Apparently she had forgotten all about that miserable morning and what had struck her down so. We pinned a little bunch of violets to the sheet, where she could smell it, kissed her, and tiptoed out in our squeaky Sunday shoes, to go to church.

"The sermon was on brotherly love—forgiving until seventy times seven, and all that, and with something about the tongue being a 'little member' and 'how great a matter a little fire kindleth'—being intended, I suppose, as a rebuke to those who had been talking about the deacon. The minister was the sort of man that gets up petitions for the pardon of murderers. I believe he almost hated my father. At any rate he prayed for him that morning. I don't mean, of course, that he referred to him directly, but with Biblical quotations. It was always understood in the congregation that father was meant by 'the fool hath said in his heart,' and that our pew was 'the seat of the scornful.'

"Father always went to church; sitting square and straight in his pew, never bowing his head during prayer. That Sunday was the only time I ever caught any expression in his face. It was gone so quickly I couldn't be sure, but it seemed a sort of boy's grin, not ill-natured or resentful. He had been studying into Mrs. Pringle's affairs that week, and was beginning to think he saw a way out, and where to have the deacon. Bessy went to sleep in his lap, and Harold, obscured between him and the high end of the pew, was allowed to draw pictures on an old envelope. I could see, and envy, from where I had to sit 'like a lady' by my mother.

"The deacon was not at church, but his family were: his wife, an apologetic, thin little thing, in heavy, beaded silks; his daughter-in-law, with her crutches (it was said her husband abused her); and his son, heavy-jowled, greasy—of a build similar to his father's. Poor Mrs. Thompkins looked across at the Pringle children once, and then put her handkerchief to her eyes. The daughter-in-law was a fierce, repressed-looking woman with remote Indian blood—but her mother-in-law seemed to be leaning on her while she cried.

"As we were all coming out after church, some one behind us asked the elder Mrs. Thompkins where the deacon was, and she said that he had been rather poorly lately. The woman who had asked was voluble and loud in sympathy. There was a quality in her voice that indicated her remarks were for father's ears as much as for Mrs. Thompkins's.

"The organ accompanied our retreat, with those big soft chords that jar under one's feet and seem to mean all sorts of solemn, fateful things. (Deacon Thompkins had given that organ to the church, by the way.) Outside were sunshine and sweet smells from the trees, and a few white butterflies playing in the road. There was a lamp-post quite near the church entrance. A man stood leaning his back against the post, holding his silk hat in his hand.

"It was Deacon Thompkins. The minister

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went up to shake hands with him, hesitated, and drew back a step. Then other people came up, and the deacon was whining—'Please help a poor man!' He seemed not to know any one.

"Something had happened to his brain that made him think he was a beggar; so he stood there and begged, the spring sun shining on his bald spot, his sleek hat held out for pennies. It was spectacular enough.

"'"*And desolation shall come upon thee suddenly*,"' a voice near us said softly. It was young Mrs. Thompkins, leaning on her crutches. She did not look sorry. Then up came the Thompkins carriage with the son, the elder Mrs. Thompkins in hysterics, and the doctor. They took the deacon home, objecting, but always in the same words, 'Please help a poor man!' Beggar he was, so far as he knew, and the curse had fallen.

"Well, they had a nurse for him and kept him at home except for drives now and then, but sometimes he would get away and be found in the most crowded part of the town, with his whine—'Please help a poor man!'

"He was harmless and gentle, with a dazed and pitiful expression that never changed, but he was so persistent in getting away that the family grew careless at last, particularly after they had met so many losses that they could not afford to keep the nurse. Then you could see him almost every day—grown thin and bent; shabby, too; the silk hat battered and fuzzy. Strangers never imagined he was not a real beggar. When his wife would come after him there would sometimes be pennies in his hat, and she would cry.

"But she died about two years afterward. The son lost what little property was left, and drifted away somewhere. The big house was boarded up and labeled 'For Sale.'

"Everybody said that the deacon ought to be sent to an institution; some said the poor-house; but no one did anything.

"There was an old tool-house on the place, with a stove in it and a carpenter's bench, and he lived there when he was not at his post. No one bought the great bare house. Such history of it as was authentic was melancholy enough, and in time they added a ghost story. So although a good many people looked at it, the boards remained at the windows and the sign 'For Sale' on the lawn, and the deacon in his tool-house was undisturbed.

"People were kind to him, now that his beggary was an achieved fact. His hat would be quite heavy with pennies at the end of a good day. They saw that there was wood for his stove in winter, and brought him food and arranged his carpenter's bench into some semblance of a bed, with mattress, pillows, and blankets.

"About five years after that Sunday a day or two passed without his being seen.

"They went and broke open the door. He was dead—lying as straight and dignified on the bench as a crusader on a monument.

"My father said that his body was so shrunken and light that he could have carried it himself without difficulty. The face, he said, had a curiously contented look, as of one whose accounts with the world are squared. Perhaps they were.

"A little hoard, amounting to a hundred dollars in pennies, dimes, and quarters, was found under the floor, and used for funeral expenses.

"Grandma lived for some time after that. Father had saved a good deal from the wreck, though I fancy he stretched a point and came out of the transaction lighter in pocket himself and owner of some bad securities.

"She regained her speech pretty well, and could walk with a cane about the house and into the garden. But she never spoke of the deacon, and no one dared mention him in her presence. My father seemed to take his place, though she never appeared to know much about what he had done for her.

"Sometimes, however, she would bless him, Scripturally, and quote passages about the 'righteous man'—embarrassing him horribly, though I'm not sure he didn't enjoy it, in a qualmish way.

"Once he said, with a rather foolish, shame-faced smile, that he hoped her blessings were as powerful as her curses.

"Mother said, 'You mustn't speak lightly of such things!'

"I'm not sure that he was speaking lightly."

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Illustrations by Blanche Greer

THE bed, which stood on the second-floor piazza, was covered with a great comforter of down, bedight with pink roses, cunningly stitched about its edges with rose-pink wool, and tied with knots of rose ribbon. Near by was a white table set with a bowl of lilies, doing their utmost for the sake of the summer. And from among my pillows I could look away over smooth green to a vast bed of ferns, laid like a rug on the little lake's border. Being ill in such a spot was, as I told Pelleas every day, a pastime which one must be perfectly well thoroughly to enjoy.

Avis, with a rose in her hand, came out on the piazza. To walk in perfect harmony with her own appearance Avis should always have gone about carrying one rose, though indeed she was too simple to have supported the affectations of the window-saints, inseparable from their lilies. Avis was in a blue-print frock, and she moved with a beautiful dignity —the girlish dignity of the woman who is past her first youth and is delicately fulfilling its alluring promise. She was still slender, flowerlike, conformable; but the buoyancy and questioning and restlessness of her youth had been drawn finely out, as one hears a single strain of music persist toward meaning; and now she was simple and grave and—oh, so tender to every one. I had never seen her until, the week before, Pelleas and I had come down to Little Rosemont to be the guest of the Chiswicks, whose niece she was; and yet already she called me Aunt Ettarre—though I dare say that was partly because, being now past seventy, I seem more an aunt than a human being.

"Aunt Ettarre," said Avis, laying the rose against my cheek, "a man wants to come here to-day to see you."

"Ah!" said I with feigned interest. "And is he bringing seed catalogues, or felt slippers, or pills? When one is past seventy a strange man always means one or another."

Avis shook her head.

"Not at all," she said, and patted my lips with the rose in divine reprimand. "This is quite another kind of man. He has heard about you from Madame Sally and Miss Willie Lillieblade and Hobart Eddy and every one. He—he would be making a pilgrimage here to see you."

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"Ah, well now," I admitted sadly, "I suppose I *am* a kind of relic—and they always do look up relics, and go miles to meditate on what they may have been. What is his name—this man?"

"Lawrence Knight," answered Avis, and suddenly held the rose to her own face and, I thought—for a second, for a breath—averted her eyes from mine.

I was ill, and the physician had ordered perfect quiet, and I was on the second-floor piazza to avoid all excitement; but I protest that the moment I noted these signs in Avis my pulse quickened to normal—or subsided to normal; or did whatever aged, unruly pulses do.

"Lawrence Knight," I repeated, to prolong the moment, "and who is Lawrence Knight?"

"He is a musician—a tenor," explained Avis—rose in place, eyes anywhere but on mine.

"Young?" I demanded, like a savage.

"Not—not so very," admitted Avis. "Older—older than I am."

"I should like to thank him for his years," I murmured. For I find that at my age I have no longer the courage to listen to certain divine nonsense about life that once amused me; and though all these young Blissfuls have, I do believe, a kind of hold upon the truth about living, it terrifies me to see Truth toyed with instead of worshiped; called divinity instead of deity.

"He wishes to come this afternoon," said Avis, "and they think he may see you for half an hour, if you are willing. And Aunt Ettarre——"

"Yes?" said I innocently, knowing well enough that I was now upon the verge of some solution of the whole matter.

"If he should come"—Avis hesitated—"you—you need not say anything to him, if you don't mind, about my being here at Little Rosemont."

I lifted myself somewhat on my pillows, and I saw how her face had glowed a heavenly color; but her eyes were quite serene now, and met my own.

"He doesn't know I am here," she went on evenly. "He telegraphed Aunt Ellen to ask if he might come, on the chance of seeing you. And she means to ask you. And if you *should* say yes, and *should* see him—would you *not* speak of me—please?"

As I looked at Avis, so tranquilly seated, so unwontedly and unwillingly lifting a veil from before the inviolable secret of her unrevealing eyes, so girlishly flushing at what I might be guessing, I felt suddenly as if new life had been poured in my veins, and I protest that at that moment I entered upon my recovery. Sometimes I have remembered how Herder, dying, said: "Oh, if some grand new thought would come and pierce my soul through and through I would be well in a moment"; and I, being a sentimental old woman, have been driven to prophesy that if, when I am dying, they will only bring to my bedside two lovers, timid or estranged, I shall find myself sitting robustly among my pillows, able to bid them kiss each other and meet life.

"Very well," I said, with my eyes cunningly closed to conceal their eagerness, "Lawrence Knight. Not mention Avis. Half an hour. Pilgrimage to the relic. Now bring a book and read to me, and mind you don't tell me what you bring."

For I love to guess what it is that they read aloud to me; and I love not to know what dessert will come up on my tray. These two mysteries make the pastime of my hours.

Avis tossed the rose upon the roses of the slumber-quilt, and while I waited for her to bring the volume I lay looking toward the little bowing ferns, that were so frankly glad of the kiss of the wind. So frankly glad that one wonders how any living thing can ever fear to greet one whom he loves. To say nothing of avoiding him. To say nothing of not wishing him to know that one is at Little Rosemont. To say nothing—upon which I reminded myself that I was stupidly taking a great deal for granted in the case of Avis, and that I would better pay attention to what she was about to read aloud, looking a picture in the big willow porch chair.

Of what she did read I have but the very faintest notion, so deliciously engaged were my thoughts. But I remember that it must have been about Italy, for I bring back a picture of carved balustrades and sculptured terms set among the ilexes, or routs of Bacchanals and nymphs wreathed with bay, of painted figures "in love with an unearthly quiet." And suddenly, like a kind of enchantment, this sentence caught at my fancy and enthralled me:

"'*This*,'" read Avis, "'*is a world of spells; let us repeat some.*'"

"Ah," said I, well knowing that the pleasure of reading aloud is half in the interrupting, "so it is. A world of spells, indeed. And verily I believe that we have only to learn how to say them in order to bring to pass whatever we will, like the real fairies."

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"I wish you were right, Aunt Ettarre," said Avis, letting her book fall.

"Ah," said I airily, "for myself, I have any number of spells in which I believe infinitely."

Avis looked at me curiously. I have an unconfirmed suspicion that she hardly knows whether to believe in me or in my complete madness.

"For example," I pursued, "when I wish to see a rose, I walk in the garden. When I decide to sleep, I shut my eyes. When I feel the need of making some one happy, I contrive a little gift. When I am hungry for dreams, I open a book I know. I have never known these to fail."

"Yes," said Avis, "but——"

"Precisely!" cried I. "But if these are true of the things of every day that we know about, think how many must be true that we never even guess. For myself," I added with some importance, "I am continually stumbling upon them."

"Tell me what they are," said Avis simply. (Oh, I hope that you have friends who accept your most extravagant fancies as simply as certain other friends accept your contented observations anent the wall-paper, the patent screens, the climate, and the like!)

"You must let me think about it a little," said I. "Sometimes it is not permitted one to tell these things. Read on, my dear. I'm not delirious. Though how people can keep their senses with so many delicious things in the world waiting to be discovered, I protest I've no idea."

So she read on about the rout of nymphs and Bacchanals, and I heard not one word; for I lay watching the little bowing ferns, so frankly glad of the kiss of the wind that one wonders how any living thing can ever fear to greet one whom he loves.

"Is he true and splendid like his name—this Lawrence Knight?" I broke out once, without in the least intending it; and my heart smote me when I saw how her face glowed a heavenly color as she forced her eyes to meet my own. "I mean will he amuse me?" I lamely patched it up; and hardly forebore to smile at her eager:

"Oh, yes, he will. I am certain that he will, Aunt Ettarre. I have never known so delightful a companion."

"I'm bound to say that you do not seem overeager for that companionship—" I muttered indistinguishably into the heart of the rose; and then a strange thing happened:

Out of the heart of that rose, just as unmistakably as from beloved lips, I insist that the idea came to me. Else, I put it to the fair-minded, how could it be that there occurred to me the possibility of a certain spell to lay upon this situation which Avis had partly revealed and I had partly guessed? Every one must see that the rose was responsible.

I lay still, turning the matter well in my mind—though I confess that my idea of considering anything is to marshal all the arguments that meet my favor, and to discard the opposing forces. I lay still, turning the matter well in my mind while Avis read on about ilex paths and hautboys' voices. And over and over in my delighted thought beat rhythmically the magic sentence which holds something of my creed about life:

"*This is a world of spells; let us repeat some.*"

Presently my luncheon came up, a tray of fragile, painted china and a handful of lilies, and the necessary omelet and figs and toast. And then, when I had pretended to sleep for a little, and had shamelessly used the time to perfect my scheme, I begged Avis to come to me and make me splendid in my lavender dressing-jacket and lavender cap. Do you think that I did not smile to myself, in the happiest satisfaction, when I saw that she was wearing a little gown of tucked muslin with a burnished girdle that brought out all the gold of her hair and the amber of her eyes? I had never seen her so lovely. There was something in her face—a flush, a tenderness—and yet my heart was sad for the sadness of her eyes. Did she think to deceive me? Me, whose chief use in life is to penetrate the faint deceptions of lovers who pretend to have forgotten love?

"Avis," said I, when the awning had slipped cool shadows over the recess where I lay, "is there anything that you wish very much—*very* much?"

She looked magnificent unconcern and stood rearranging the quilt o' roses.

"Very much indeed?" she repeated musingly—as if we were not all a kind of catch-bag of wishes! Verily, that recollection has drawn me near to many an unpropitious stranger of whom I have thought: But if I could see his heart I should find it wistful of this little blessing, and that little hope, and many an innocent joy.

"Yes," said Avis, "many things."

"Then," said I, "I will tell you the spell I

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have discovered. Do you promise to have entire faith in it?"

She promised, laughing, and I loved the unconsciousness of her persistent, reticent glances toward the driveway where at any moment Lawrence Knight might appear.

"That is the first step," I said, as became an oracle. "Confidence is the very prince among spells. You remember," I added, drawing from the bowl of ferns the rose that she had brought to me that morning, "the tree of Blush roses where this grew — the one by the turn of the path beyond the sun-dial?"

Yes, Avis remembered. And she paid me excellent attention, considering that she saw nothing but the drive. Is it not strange how the serene, grave heart of her flowered before me like that of a girl in the sweet of her shy, first love? I could find it in my own heart to believe that we are all a race of wizards, so potent is the Great Enchantment of which all are the keepers.

"Take this rose in your hand," I directed solemnly, "and make a wish. But mind that it is *the* wish—that which you wish more than anything in this world. Isn't that enough to make all the world at peace," I cried, "to think that each of us carries about some great, secret wish to 'drive along' the days? I suppose the real test of one's worth would be in that wish. Suppose we were all to tell our Great Wish," I said musingly, "how much nearer humanity——"

Oh, and her face glowed with so heavenly a color that I protest I felt like a beldame who had wrested away her secret by my black art!

"But I shall not tell mine!" I cried with energy. "And just you wish yours in this rose, and then hurry down and sit for an hour — mind, for an hour, beside the bush where it grew. And when you come away —mind, not until you come away, you must read the motto on the sun-dial."

Looking a picture in the big willow porch chair

Avis looked startled.

"The motto on the sun-dial," she said. "There isn't any, Aunt Ettare."

I regarded her as one who sits above all negatives. Did I not know that Pelleas, having found the dial mottoless, as no sun-dial has a right to be, had secretly, and all but by night, engraved a motto upon it, since our coming to Little Rosemont?

"There may have been no motto," I observed. "How that was I do not say. But, if you do not look until the hour is up, you will find a motto on the sun-dial now. That will be the spell. And that will be the answer to the wish."

"You dear," said Avis, "what a born fairy godmother you are!"

"Wish!" I impatiently commanded.

So Avis took the rose and buried her face in its petals and wished—ah, and it was the right wish, the wish I suspected, the wish I knew. I could not doubt that. For I have read many signs, but none clearer than her eyes. Then she tossed the rose on the quilt, brushed my hair with her lips, and was gone just as my dull hearing caught from the drive the first thud of the feet of a riding-horse.

"Suppose I do not approve of him?" I

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thought in a tardy alarm as my hostess stepped with my guest on the piazza—but directly I touched his hand and looked in his face I knew that in the plan I purposed I had practised inspired precipitation.

Lawrence Knight took my hand and then sat in the willow chair by the bed and told me, so simply that I felt like some one else, that he had always wished to meet me. He added, still so simply that I found myself listening with a wholly impersonal air, that when he was in the cemetery at Clusium, he had gone to a tomb about whose inscription (in the days when I was able to write so that a few were deceived) I had made a kind of verse.

"I went there often," he said, "because I was not in America and could not hope to see you. Once, in St. Myon, I barely missed you and I followed you and your husband to Cherbourg——"

"Why not to America?" I asked gaily. "Were you, then, an exile?"

The shadow in his face deepened a little. Ah, these "minor immoralities" of ours, these thrusts that we give to each other's hearts when we do not know!

"Yes," he said quietly, "I was an exile. Not by political edict or for conscience' sake. There are other——"

He did not finish, and I caught up the rose that lay on the quilt, and turned it in my hand.

"Sometimes these pass," I ventured gently.

He shook his head, smiling kindly at my commonplace of comfort.

"But one never knows," I persisted. "I dare say there are all sorts of things true in the world if only one had the formula to discover them."

"Yes," he assented, "but one must learn the formula by blood and tears. And most of us miss it."

"Formula!" I cried in a fine impatience. "Blood and tears! Yes, true enough. But out upon both where they are unnecessary. Do you know that I chose the word 'formula' because you are a man, and I always begin by talking science to men for fear they will not understand art? Throw away your search for formula and take to saying spells instead!"

Lawrence Knight nodded gravely.

"With all my heart," said he, "if I could find the right spell to say."

Was it not simple—I ask you whether ever in the world a great, distinguished man fell so neatly into the trap laid for him by a designing old woman? Yes, when one thinks of it, surely others have done so. How else have women achieved such a mighty reputation for guiding conversation and molding the opinions of salons? Partly by their toilets, no doubt, but largely by precisely such tactics as I, in my lavender cap and dressing-sack, had just practised. For here, in five minutes' talk, we were within the borders of the Enchanted Subject which lay, I was certain, near the heart of this stranger. And for that matter, since in matters of romance I am a most interfering old woman, near my own heart too.

"'*This*,'" quoted I gravely, "'*is a world of spells; let us repeat some.*'"

When I wish to see a rose—I walk in the garden.

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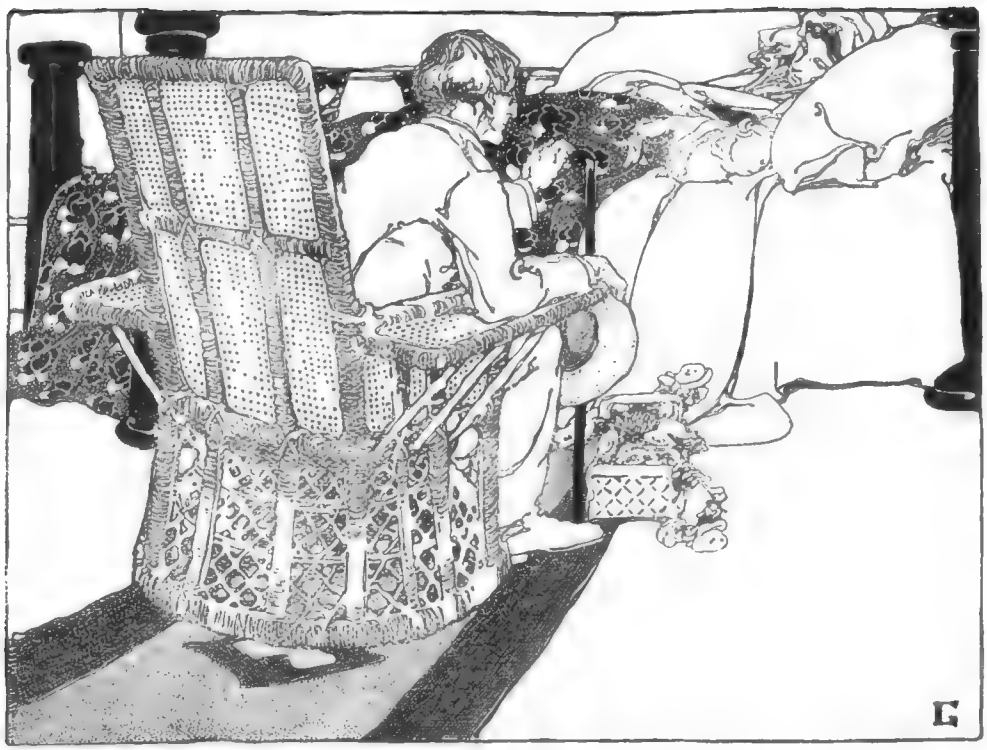

Pelleas sat down beside my bed.

"With all my heart," said Lawrence Knight again.

"Ah, well," said I airily, "for myself I have any number of spells in which I believe infinitely."

"I have no doubt of that," he said gently, "or of their potency."

"For example," I pursued, "when I wish to see a rose, I walk in the garden. When I decide to sleep, I shut my eyes. When I feel lonely, I send for some one I love——"

"Is that so easy?" asked Lawrence Knight.

Was it not as if the great heart of the world spoke to me in his voice? Is it so easy? Ah, they go asking that in many lands!

"It is easier than people know," I answered simply.

And I was preaching no doctrine to which my heart does not subscribe. I am old, and I have seen much magic; but I might have seen a great deal more if only people believed.

"Besides," I added, "if these spells are true of the every-day things that we know about, think how many must be true that we never even guess! You, as a musician," I cried triumphantly, "are bound to believe in the constant harmonies that are too fine for our ears. Why not go a step further—such a little step!—and believe in spells?"

"I do—I do," he said, laughing a little. "I recant. I subscribe. Teach me."

"Have you ever seen such a rose?" said I—and laid the great Blush rose in his hand.

He looked at it without smelling it—and from that instant I knew him to be a man of genius. The appeal of flowers to the eye is by far the finer, and I like to see a man obedient to it instead of to mere odor—but after all I would see a woman lift a flower to her face.

"Do you really wish me," I asked boldly, "to teach you a certain spell—to bring you your heart's desire?"

"I suppose," said Lawrence Knight, laughing a little, "that no one in the world ever wished it so much."

"It is very simple," I assured him gravely.

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"I am certain that I know the spell. But you must leave me for a few minutes alone!"

"Ah," he said chivalrously, "that is one trouble with spells: they come so high." But I make no doubt that he was saying to himself: "Alas, this mad old woman! I should have come to visit her ten years earlier, at the least."

"Leave me for a little," said I, "leave me for as long as you shall decide. The spell will be wrought while you are gone. Suppose," said I, making a splendid effort at unconcern, "suppose you go down to the garden, and find the bush of Blush roses like this one—take this for a sample. And on the way back, after a little, I recommend that you read the motto on the sun-dial, at the turn of the path. Have you so much faith in my spells?"

Lawrence Knight stood up—ah, yes, he was true and splendid like his name, as Avis had said. He smiled down into my eyes, and his own were infinitely tender with that tenderness which bodied forth his spirit. He bent to kiss my hand.

"How few beautiful things," he said, "they let us keep. Thank you for being one of them."

You see, already the spell of this spell was come upon him!

He went away down to the garden, to the bush of Blush roses where Avis would be, for the hour was not yet spent. Presently they would read the motto on the sun-dial, together. Had I not kept troth? I had not so much as mentioned to Lawrence Knight the name of Avis. And when one makes a pilgrimage to a relic does he not expect to find some blessing descended upon him?

I lay there in the cool recess under the awning, with the sun and leaves making faint patterns upon the roses of the quilt. I looked away to the bed of bowing ferns, so frankly glad of the wind's kiss that I wondered again how any living thing can ever fear to greet one whom he loves. And then I heard a step on the piazza, and Pelleas sat down beside my bed.

"Ettarre," he said, and I saw that his face was flushed as in some delicate perturbation. I waited in pleasant expectation of some sweet secret of the garden which he is always surprising. Since Pelleas and I have grown old together the events of our days lie rather among plants than people, or so we imagine.

"You know," he said with a kind of happy importance, "we wondered who would be the first to find our motto on the sun-dial."

"Yes," I said eagerly.

"Just now," imparted Pelleas, "I came through the rose-garden. And at the turn of the path by the Blush-rose tree, I surprised—but I took care they didn't see me—two lovers, reading the motto."

"Lovers!" cried I in fine excitement. "How do you know that they were lovers, Pelleas?"

"Ah, well now," said Pelleas, "I am not so old that I cannot tell two lovers—are you, dear?"

And at that moment we looked down upon the lawn. And there moving across the green toward the bed of bowing ferns went the two, Avis and Lawrence Knight, and the whole picture had about it such an air of Paradise that I turned to Pelleas with happy tears.

"Pelleas," I said, "we are all in a kind of enchantment, aren't we—aren't we? To be happy one has only to find a certain spell, for oneself or for some one else. I am sure of it. Dear heart, what if we had never found it?"

He put his arm about me, and we sat so, watching the two who walked below.

"Say over the motto, Pelleas, please," I asked him presently.

And he answered with the sun-dial words:

No rose is dead
That in this garden blows;
No hour is fled
That my dial shows;
True love is never sped;
So the heart knows.

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Soldiers of the Common Good

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL
Author of "The Greatest Trust in the World"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A strange and wonderful thing has happened in Australia. Workingmen—carpenters, bricklayers, stone-masons—control the government of that colony. The prophets of the money-hunters have always said that such a government must be ruinous. Mr. Russell heard all around the world that the workingman's government was a vulgar and costly failure. He went to Australia, and in this, the first of two articles on the political and economic conditions there, he tells what he found. Among other things, he found that, with the benign approval of a previous government administered by enlightened, non-laboring politicians, shameless, old-fashioned human slavery has existed in Australia within six years. It has ceased. Nor is this the only change wrought by "the wreckers."

CHAPTER XXII

AND NOW THE MAN THAT LABORS WITH HIS HANDS TAKES HOLD

"WHAT," I asked casually of a new acquaintance in Sydney, "seems to you the best of all the extant writings on political and social economy?"

"Why, the Sermon on the Mount," he answered promptly. He said "Why" as if he were astonished that any one should ask such a question, and the rest of the sentence he spoke as if he were stating a self-evident truth, obvious to all men.

This was my introduction to the terrible Labor Party of Australia. I was talking with George Ryland, Labor member of the Queensland Parliament, and formerly a plowman on a sugar plantation. He educated himself, and should be proud of the job, though he is not, for he has digested every standard work on economics and social philosophy, and has stored his mind with such a mass of historical data, names, facts, incidents, conclusions, and records as puts to shame the best achievements of the average university man. Of these things study and reading have given him a mastery; for years and years he had plowed by day and studied and pondered by night, assimilating the significance of man's slow exit from the jungle while he followed the best thoughts of the best minds. Gradually I drew from him an account, most interesting, of the evolution of his own faith through many by-ways among the learned writers up to the Sermon on the Mount as the ultimate rock of doctrine and practise for all men and all nations. Nothing more was needed, he said, for any guidance anywhere. In manner, strange to say, this seemed the least demonstrative of beings, the least assertive, the furthest removed from the arrogance and vanity that the wise world has decided must belong to the labor agitator, for this man was always low-voiced and gentle-mannered, in all his comments most fair, most moderate, and tolerant; at all times with a certain obvious and unmistakable sincerity that perhaps for its novelty exercised a potent charm. At first I supposed him to be a single specimen and doubtless unique. Later, to my boundless astonishment, I perceived that he was but a type of what is, on the whole, the most interesting class of men I have ever met—the Labor leaders of Australia.

All the way from London to Marseilles,

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from Marseilles to Bombay, from Calcutta to Colombo, from Colombo to Adelaide, I had been warned against these dreadful men. No sooner was it known in any English-born company that I was going to Australia than up rose the dispraising chorus. These were the men, I was told, these frightful Labor creatures, that had absolutely ruined Australia. Gloomy pictures were hourly drawn for me of the devastation they had wrought; history had scarcely a parallel to this record of a wrecked nation. About other matters my English fellow passengers might differ radically; on this the hammer and anvil rang true and incessant harmony. Australia was going to the dogs because of the Labor Party, that party had passed a succession of preposterous, unjust, and harmful laws, capital was taking flight in alarm, immigration had ceased, people were swarming away. I have never heard a more dismal story. One man assured me that in five years the population of New South Wales had declined by 200,000. He uttered this fantastic invention exactly as if he believed it himself and expected me to believe it, and when he saw I had doubts, said he had read it in a London newspaper and every one knew it was true. Everybody was leaving Australia that could get away, he said; nobody lived there except on compulsion. Why? Well, now, he would leave it to me as a fair-minded man. How should I like to be governed by a crew of low, common people, carpenters, bricklayers, stonemasons, and he knew not what, a dreadful lot? Of course no respectable persons would wish to live in such a country. I could see that very plainly for myself.

This man was an Englishman; generally speaking, the other wielders of the joyous hammer were typical English people of what are called the better classes. What they said of Australia was the universal sentiment of their kind; I knew that very well. I think that in five years I have not heard an Englishman mention Australia without condemning it, and I cannot now recall in an English newspaper an editorial reference to Australia that was not at least sneering or disparaging. Here in America we are apt to think the average Englishman over-liberal of acrid criticism of us and our affairs; I assure you the worst he says of America sounds like praise compared to his comments on Australia.

Sometimes on these steamers the speakers were returning and wealthy Australians, and I was amazed to note how often and with what strange zest they joined in the attacks on their country. I have never met men that seemed to have so little pride in the place of their birth. To them England was "home" and Australia seemed to be a place of bitter exile. They said that the country might perhaps have amounted to something if it had not been ruined by the Labor Party. But really it was not fit to live in. Resources? Yes, sir, there are resources; but what good are resources in a place overrun and ruled by these low Labor fellows? The Labor Party has driven away capital, paralyzed industry, destroyed incentive, and so on down the dark catalogue of hideous crime.

Six years ago Australia adopted a Federal Constitution by which the jarring fragments of states were drawn together in one splendid Commonwealth and launched upon the road to nationality. How does the new constitution work? I inquired mildly.

The new constitution does not work at all, said the chorus. Everybody is sick of it. If they could. the Australians would abolish Federation and return to the old system of separate colonies; that is, the better classes would. I should find in Sydney a powerful and growing movement for secession; even Premier Carruthers is in favor of it. Oh, yes; the Australian constitution is modeled upon the American, with some supposed improvements, introduced by these Labor fellows, but it does not work well. So far, the only result has been to give the country over to the control of low persons who know nothing about government, and whose only purpose is to further their own interests, though everybody else become bankrupt. In the direction of affairs the better classes have no voice. The Labor element has excluded all immigration in order to raise the market price of its own members' services, it has made it a crime to employ any but union men, it has wantonly attacked every enterprise of capital, it is tyrannical, revolutionary, and destructive, and unless the better classes can succeed in throwing off the abominable yoke the country is practically doomed.

Why do I take time and space to go into all these assertions? Nothing can seem further from the legitimate purpose of our inquiry than to become involved in the partizan politics of alien lands. The Labor Party of Australia, you say, can be nothing to you and nothing to me.

Yes, it is very much to all of us. It is fighting out the battle that we shall have to fight.

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It has confronted the situation that is growing upon us. It has found the consequences of attacking old-rooted evil, and from its experiences we can learn the kind of a contest we have before us if we are to retain democratic institutions in America.

By this time it must be clear that all about the world is essentially one struggle between those that uphold and draw profit from and fatten upon the existing conditions of grab and gain, and those that protest against or attack present conditions as immoral, injurious, unnecessary, and fraught with peril to the race.

In Australia what is called the Labor Party is the advance wing of the army that is trying to better conditions.

I came to this conclusion from unavoidable evidence and in despite of every adverse preconception. The very name seemed to suggest strikes, lockouts, and trouble. All I heard outside of Australia seemed to confirm every hostile prejudice. And yet no fair-minded visitor, impartially weighing causes, can avoid the belief that the future of democracy in Australia and the cause of Need against Greed lies in the hands of the party whose basic faith begins with the Sermon on the Mount.

And the means by which nearly all the English-speaking world has been led to believe that the Labor Party has ruined Australia? That is where American interest should be the keenest. For this is the chief weapon in the armory of reaction, here no less than in Australia.

It is the Useful Art of Distorting the Issue.

For there is no ruin in Australia, not a vestige of it; there is no depression, no bankruptcy, no retrogression, no lack of progress. On the contrary, this magnificent country has never been so prosperous, its promise has never been so bright. The Labor Party has not excluded all immigration nor any desirable part thereof; it has not passed any radical, dangerous, or novel laws; it has not sought to gain for its own members an exclusive labor market; it has enacted nothing and sought for nothing that has not been made law in the United States or in New Zealand, or in both; it has not wrought evil; it has consistently sought the Common Good.

Finally, strange as it may seem, however much the Labor Party may influence legislation it is not in control of any branch of the Australian national government. In the lower house of Parliament it has twenty-five of the seventy-five members; in the Senate (or upper house) it has fourteen of the thirty-six members. And that is all.

The instructive truth is that contrary ideas have been produced in England and elsewhere by the elements that draw profits from prevailing conditions, and these have worked for their own ends upon a feeling prevalent among the well-to-do and "better classes" in every English community, the strangely surviving root of feudalism, the feeling that for men that labor with their hands to have actual share in government is abnormal and revolutionary, and can end only in disaster.

This is not agreeable to write; very likely it is not palatable to read. But it is the plain truth—wholesome for us to contemplate. In our own country we have seen much of similar operations and shall doubtless see more. We ought to recognize the fact that the methods by which false notions of Australia's ruin have been created in England are exactly the methods by which in our country every man that attacks the prevailing order is covertly assailed and misrepresented and lied about; the methods of the Standard Oil Company's secret press bureau, of the railroads' news agencies, and of the hired newspaper; the methods by which the anti-corporation contest is habitually discolored and distorted to the public eye.

The real crime of the Labor Party in Australia is that it has persistently agitated against certain evils created by certain Vested Interests. It has paid the penalty provided for every party and every man everywhere that attacks that sacred citadel.

Most of the troubles that now plague Australia come from its land system.

In other words, what the railroads and the trusts are to America, the great landed interests are to Australia. They are the foes of democracy, the bulwarks of absolutism and corruption, the rallying points for all the reactionary, subversive, and arbitrary influences in the community. Indeed, here is the parallel so closely drawn that practically the same problem confronts both countries. In both it is the supremacy of democracy or the supremacy of Vested Interests.

In Australia the contest is acute, as you shall see.

In the beginning Australia was a mining camp. Nothing but the huge attraction of

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THE CIRCULAR QUAY AT SYDNEY.

the Ballarat gold fields could draw men over those leagues of lonely sea, battered about in the dreary voyages of ancient sailing vessels. No one then thought much about the future of the country; the one purpose was to grub much gold quickly and to get away. But in all such cases are many men that grub but do not get away. Gradually a resident population grew up; these required produce; the land began to be occupied and tilled, discerning persons perceived its great fertility and possibilities and snapped up areas out of which they formed great landed estates in the manner of old England. It was crown land in the disposal of the government authorities, and ways were found to make the disposal easy to favored persons of the better classes. Some of these gathered land as if it were windfall apples. Vast tracts were taken sometimes for a song, sometimes for good-fellowship. Eminent or titled gentlemen went about the country locating estates. Sometimes these were of sizes exceedingly agreeable to the possessors. Two or three hundred square miles was not thought much for a deserving person or a good fellow to gouge out. Often it was more.

Other kinds of wealth than gold were discovered in Australia—great deposits of coal, iron, tin, copper; enormous areas of excellent timber, some of the richest wheat fields in the world, lands that would grow anything except edelweiss or razorbacks, lands exactly adapted to raising sugar-cane, cattle, cotton, fruits of all kinds. And, above all, the bewildering possibilities of the sheep and wool industry were disclosed, better than gold mines. The climate was attractive, the people that had settled in Australia were a progressive, intelligent, warm-hearted, welcoming race; and it became apparent that here were the essential elements for the building of a very great nation.

All but one. No cheap, fertile, accessible land was left to be offered to settlers. The good fellows of the early government had taken care of that. They had absorbed all the land and created the most obstinate of all aristocracies and the most stubborn of all reactionary influences, great landed families.

Australia was therefore in chains. She could not attract settlers without lands, and favored individuals and good fellows had grabbed the lands.

It is an old and puzzling situation. You will remember that Rome tripped over it—after the Gracchi had been sent to their death by the saviors of Roman society.

I will give you some idea of how grave is the matter in Australia.

In Victoria about a dozen families own one tract of two million acres, chiefly used for sheep runs and hunting grounds. For miles together are no inhabitants and no production except of primeval forest and native grass. Outside of this splendid domain settlers clamor for land; inside, the total population is insignificant and the use of the lands inconsiderable.

The last compilation of agricultural statistics by the government of Victoria makes

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this startling showing of conditions in that state:

Size of Holdings.	Number of Holdings.	Total Area.	Area Under Cultivation.
100,000 acres and more..	8	2,448,433	8,209
50,000 " to 100,000.	15	983,948	5,835
20,000 " to 50,000.	121	3,549,351	13,953
10,000 " to 20,000.	180	2,583,802	20,905
5,000 " to 10,000.	309	2,162,458	42,808

The fact that of nearly two million and a half of acres held by eight persons only 8,000 acres produced anything, amounts to a demonstration that these things cannot continue.

Yet these are typical conditions. In Queensland six families own 1,500,000 acres. One estate amounts to 250,000 acres. Ninety-two families hold 3,000,000 acres. Estates equivalent in size to a New England county were obtained in the old days, fifty years ago, for perhaps fifty cents an acre, and are now valued at $15 or $20 an acre, or even more; meantime, they lie as nature made them.

Against these conditions the Australian Labor Party has agitated unceasingly for a Henry George land tax that would break up these unused estates and open the country to settlers.

COLLINS STREET, MELBOURNE.

Naturally this agitation has provoked the bitterest animosity of the whole landed class, and likewise of that other class powerful in every British colony that clings to British tradition and British precedent and seeks to reproduce all the conditions of British society.

These classes control most of the opinion-making machinery in Australia as similar classes control it elsewhere. They control or influence most of the organs of public thought, and they control or influence most public men.

Many persons had long foreseen that some day radical action would be absolutely necessary to break the monopoly of land. Their warning protests and appeals passed unheeded until (as so often happens) the wave had first spent itself backward.

Now the manner in which this wave turned strikes me as highly interesting and worth remembering. Because, if the Labor movement in Australia were all of the evil influence that Vested Interests declare it to be, yet the Vested Interests would have chiefly themselves to thank for its existence. As observe:

Before 1891 Australia had no Labor Party worth any one's bothering about. Labor cut no figure in politics and promised to cut none. Australian labor leaders were like our own and discouraged political action, seemingly being of the cheerful faith that what labor wanted would be handed down from the skies, ready-made like so much pie. All laboring men were annually daffed and fooled by the same old Punch and Judy show of the regular parties. They were Liberals or Conservatives, as in America they are Republicans or Democrats, and never stopped to notice that whether Liberals or Conservatives won made not an iota of difference to any existing condition, and that while they were dutifully yelling themselves hoarse in the party ranks all social ills grew steadily worse. But in 1891 came the great strike at Broken Hill, and before that history-making event the precedents went scattering.

Broken Hill is the silver-mining region in New South Wales. Ore is abundant there,

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but has so much lead that properly it is a galena containing silver. Now, because of this lead predominance miners working in the Broken Hill drifts became "leaded." That is to say, they were afflicted with the most terrible forms of lead poisoning. Lead got into their systems and often crippled them for life. Paralysis or other dreadful maladies assailed them, or they became emaciated, hollow-eyed, touched with a horrible pallor, devitalized, unable to lift their hands above their hips, and so, maimed and twisted out of humanity's shape crawled on to die.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND LABOR MONUMENT AT MELBOURNE.

Living is expensive in every mining country. In Broken Hill the wages of the miners were $2.50 a day—with privilege of being leaded. On these wages it was impossible for the most thrifty to support their families and lay by any store against the inevitable dark day of lead poisoning. So the boys and girls went to work when they should have been at school, or were driven from home to earn what they could in the cities and elsewhere. I suppose you know what that means in our beautiful system of civilization.

Meantime the companies that owned the mines were doing right well, thank you. One of them was clearing $500,000 a month. I know that sounds like an exaggeration, but it is a recorded fact. In one year it made a profit of $6,000,000—one of the companies. No "leading" went with these dividends.

The men, privileged to work for $2.50 a day and paralysis, tried in various ways to better their condition. One of the ways was to form a union. You have heard much from eminent sources about the evils of labor organizations. I invite your attention to the record of this union. An agreement was made with the companies for two years of work at $2.50 a day and paralysis, all disputes to be referred to arbitration, the men not to strike and the companies not to enforce a lockout. This agreement had been in force not long when the companies notified the men of a new basis of pay for mining "stope" (the space between the levels of a mine) that would amount to a reduction of wages. The miners objected and asked for arbitration. The companies refused to arbitrate and gave notice that thirty days from date the agreement would be terminated and the companies would make with the miners such terms as they saw fit.

Whereupon the miners struck.

Vested Interests, represented by the mine managers, responded in a manner rather unusual even in Australia, where, I am told, it was once customary in case of a strike to "call out the militia and have them shoot the legs off the strikers."* The mine owners had six of the strike leaders arrested. What for? Why, for conspiring to prevent men from following their usual vocations. And how? By establishing a picket-line first, and then by issuing coupons that enabled the strikers to get food at certain grocery stores.

The strike leaders were not disturbed at this. They did not see how issuing orders for food to the needy constituted conspiracy. Moreover, the sentiment of all the region about was with the strikers (paralysis not being held there to be adequate compensation for a miner's labors), and the leaders received boundless encouragement from local sources. But Vested Interests, recognizing this untoward condition in Broken Hill, went quietly to work, secured a change of venue, and seizing the accused men by night, whisked them to a backwoods corner of the colony where a jury could be depended upon to be safe, sane, and conservative. There five of the six leaders were promptly convicted and sent to prison.

But one factor in the case Vested Interests had overlooked. The strike leaders were safely in jail, but public opinion was still at

* A certain Australian colonel of militia won wide fame if not glory by the command he was wont to give on these pleasant occasions, and "Lay 'em out boys! Shoot at their legs!" passed into the Australian vernacular.

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large, and public opinion was now aroused in a way new to the colony. Men that had no kind of sympathy with strikes or strikers bitterly resented the treatment these leaders had received, as bitterly as if the wrong had been done to themselves, for here was one of the aggressive and overt acts of tyranny that in other ages have piled the barricades in the streets and lined the sidewalks with the dead. Some way was needed to express the indignation of the outraged community. There

KANAKA LABORERS.

came on soon a general election. Some one suggested that the condemned men of Broken Hill should be nominated for parliament. The idea took root; it seemed to offer an opportunity for the smoldering protest; in the end not only these men but many others representing their cause were placed in nomination, and when the elections were over it was found that thirty-five labor men had been chosen to the New South Wales parliament. And that was the beginning of the Labor Party in Australia.

Being thus by circumstances and fate projected into the political field as a living force, the new party began to agitate for the reforms that did not now seem so hopeless as in the old days they had seemed. It stood for advanced democracy, for the discouraging of special privilege, for opposition to all kinds of monopoly, for laws that would give workmen a chance for their lives in lead-mines and elsewhere. And above everything else, it took up the fight against the crushing land monopoly, it stood for a tax system that would check the ravenous land hunger of rich men and for the public resumption of the public domain.

On these lines it gathered strength year after year, it exercised great influence in the framing of the new constitution, it secured for that instrument many democratic features. And it was rewarded with the fierce and undying hatred of the entire landed, society, capitalist, and reactionary classes.

Australia, under its constitution, is governed by a responsible ministry beneath the shadowy figure of a powerless governor-general representing the forgotten crown and the filmy figment of British supervision. At the head of the real government is the premier, who is the leader of the party that secures a working majority in parliament. Six states, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia, and Tasmania constitute the Commonwealth. In the lower house representation is on a basis of population; in the Senate, or upper house, each state has six members. Lower-house members are elected for three years, senators for six years, but senators' terms are so arranged that half the Senate must be elected every three years. Taught by our misfortunes the framers of the Australian constitution ordained the choice of their senators by popular vote and put it out of the power of their Supreme Court to become a third legislative body greater than the nation.

In our country we fool the people with some pretended differences between one party called the Republican and another called the Democratic. In Australia the influences and interests that fatten upon existing conditions fool the people with pretended differences between men that say they want protection and men that say they want free trade. In the midst of this excellent fooling appear the men that want only power and secure it. Protectionists and Free Traders (so called) were so divided in the Australian parliament that neither could gain a majority without the Labor Party. A succession of governments bowled over by labor votes drove this hard fact into the political intelligence. The Labor Party was then invited to take the government. For five months men that had been carpenters, bricklayers, and printers ad-

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ministered the nation's affairs. No convulsions of nature followed, no upheavals and no disasters. It is even admitted that the government of these men was conspicuously wise, able and successful. But having a minority party their way was necessarily precarious, and on the chance blow of an adverse vote they resigned. Some scene shifting followed, but in the end the present arrangement was reached, by which the government is in the hands of the Protectionists that follow Mr. Deakin, and the ministry is supported by the Labor Party on condition that the government adopt certain legislation. And that is the extent of the "absolute rule of the Labor gang." The Deakin government does not greatly care for the Labor Party nor for the Labor Party's ideas, but it rules by reason of the Labor Party's support, and in return therefor has passed certain moderate and well-intentioned measures of reform.

Indeed, the sum total of the "revolutionary, radical, and socialistic laws" passed by the Labor Party, directly or by bargaining with the Deakin or other ministries, indicates an exceedingly gentle order of revolution. It has done much in New South Wales and elsewhere to mitigate the great estate evil by enacting graduated land taxes; it has passed humane and reasonable laws regulating employers' liability for accidents to workmen and laws greatly bettering the hard conditions of labor in mines and factories. It has passed a law to exclude trusts from Australian soil. It has stood for equal rights for men and women. In New South Wales it has enormously bettered conditions for toilers by regulating hours of employment even in department and other stores and by instituting a weekly half-holiday the year around for everybody. It has tried to abolish strikes with a defective Arbitration and Conciliation Act. To guard Australia against the sobering terrors of the race problem that confronts America, it has succeeded in keeping out colored aliens. It has agitated for a Henry George land tax and for the national ownership of public services and obvious monopolies. And with one exception this is the full catalogue of its misdeeds.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE AUSTRALIAN LABOR PARTY AS A LIBERATOR

THE one exception was its greatest blunder —tactical.

It abolished slavery in Queensland.

Very curious observations pertain to the Anglo-Saxon practise in nomenclature by which a thing becomes something else if called by another name. Thus there is no Chinese slavery in South Africa, we are assured, because the conditions there are called "Coolie labor." In Assam the employer holds over his employee in the tea-fields every right that a resident of Alabama held over his negroes previous to 1863, but we must not call the condition slavery—it is "indentured labor." Queensland sugar planters used to hire ruffians to go in schooners among the South Sea Islands and capture the natives and bring them to the plantations to labor, but the men engaged in this pleasant traffic were not slave catchers; they were "recruiters." They used to bring their captures to shore in vessels so like the old slave-ships you could hardly tell the difference, but the busi-

MUNICIPAL BATHS AT MELBOURNE.

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VIEW OF PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA.

ness they were engaged in was not slave-trading; it was merely "labor."

"Two Hundred Head of Labor for a Hatful of Amens"—perhaps you remember the terrible story hinted by the old Sydney scoundrel in Stevenson's "Wrecker." It was for the Queensland sugar planter that men turned labor thieves and risked their souls among the islands. With tricks and lies the natives were inveigled on board. Once there they were supposed (for the sake of formula and nomenclature) to sign a document that bound them to labor for a term of years in the sugar-fields. As none of them could read or write or understand the document they were supposed to sign, the true nature of this solemn farce may be readily gathered. One hundred dollars a head the planter was wont to pay the "recruiter" for catching Kanakas and landing them in Queensland—rather less than African slavers' rates in the good old days, but the distance was much less and the danger nothing, because for reasons of its own the British Government protected this traffic. Once in Queensland the Kanakas* labored in the cane-fields for "wages." They got $30 a year each. That is, they got $30 a year if they lived. Very often they died. The death-rate among them after they reached Queensland was never less than fifty in the thousand and was sometimes as great as 168. When a Kanaka died, his kind, indulgent employer inherited all his effects—including his wage claims.

You think this was a long time ago, two or three centuries at least, and pertained to conditions now happily passed from earth. Yes? Then you should be interested to know that in its substantial features it was going on six years ago under the sanction and protection of the flag of a civilized nation.

From time to time missionaries and good-hearted people that knew the true meaning of the "labor trade" made earnest protests. They pointed out that the trade would depopulate the islands, that it would obliterate the Kanaka race. By 1884 these continual representations had so much effect that the government undertook to regulate the traffic—not to suppress it, you understand; merely to regulate it. So they passed several flabby laws providing that the Kanaka must be sent home at the expiration of his indenture (if he could not be "induced" to reenlist), that he must not be ill-treated on the voyage, that his kind, indulgent employer must not rob his dead body, and the like.

The missionaries continued to complain. They declared that the only way to regulate the traffic was to annihilate it. They went among the islands and gathered appalling evidence of the abuses, the cruelty, and the murderous results of the system. They argued and appealed. In all this they battered with bare hands upon a stone wall. Many things were attempted for relief; nothing was really done. "Indentured labor trade" was declared to be necessary to the prosperity of the Queensland sugar planter; it enabled him to "develop the industry." We have lately seen American manufacturers assuring a committee of Congress that unless they were allowed to sell underweight or to palm off poisons for food their whole vast industries would be ruined. With like solemnity the Queensland sugar interests declared that un-

* This word in South Sea "labor" parlance has liberal application and includes not only Kanakas and Maoris but Papuans and all other dark-skinned inhabitants of the islands.

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less they were allowed to have the slave trade they could not grow sugar. And in the face of these declarations the missionaries might as well have howled in the Barcan wilderness.

Until the Australian Labor Party obtained some hold upon the government. Then they abolished the whole crimson iniquity, root, branch, and fruit.

As I said before, their tactical error was great. Involved with the Queensland sugar planter were the most powerful Vested Interests in the country, the kind of interests that with us maintain political bosses, finance political machines, buy legislatures and city councils, own reactionary newspapers, dominate news associations, and work the Punch and Judy show. The Australian reactionaries merely took pattern from the American corporations. In another age they would have seized guns and put the labor leaders to death. In this age they seized the organs of public opinion and used skilful, adroit, well-considered misrepresentation. The best way to attack the Labor Party was to arouse English criticism, antagonize English conservatism, and frighten English capital. All this was thoroughly effected. And now you have the whole story of the "ruin" brought upon Australia by the terrible Labor Party.

Some elements besides the desire for profits were in the spirit of these maneuvers. Old legislative correspondents will agree with me that hell hath no fury like a briber scorned. At the height of the controversy certain interests made a proposal to the Labor leaders that if they would consent to postpone for ten years the departure of the Kanakas, $400 000 would be added to the Labor Party's campaign fund. In America we do not regard such transactions as constituting bribery, because they are done on a wholesale plan by our best citizens, our model captains of industry, our most reputable business men. To the Labor leaders of Australia the offer had a far different aspect, and although the party was in sore need of help, and although the only funds it had ever known had been secured by passing the hat at meetings, the leaders scornfully rejected the proposal. At the same time many attractive doors were opened on many fine ground floors, and many men had chances to pick up good things in the way of "legitimate investments"; but no Labor man changed for an instant his face of absolute opposition to the whole slave trade. Perhaps we at least have no call to throw stones at these men. Profitably and with humiliation we may remember how differently fared the American Sugar Trust in Cleveland's second administration when it confronted a condition similarly inimical to its gross dividends. Profitably we may remember what fortunes owe their origin to that strenuous time, what ground-floor doors were opened, and how easily the Sugar Trust got what it wanted and had no right to have. No, we, at least, seem hardly in a position to slur the Australian Labor leaders, low, common persons though they be. And to one

THE TYPE OF ISLANDERS KIDNAPPED BY THE SUGAR PLANTERS.

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that succinctly remembers the recent history of South Africa, it may seem that hostile English criticism comes with still less grace.

This year will see the departure from Queensland soil of the last of the Kanaka "recruits." Will their going ruin any sugar industry, or bankrupt any planters, or precipitate any panics, or produce any other disasters? Not in the least, good friends. The sugar planter will make his good profits, the marvelous country will continue to grow in prosperity and wealth, the mills will revolve, the banks will declare their dividends, the land will laugh with plenty just as before. But the prosperity will be a prosperity of small farmers, not of great estates and monstrous plantations. Slave labor requiring large capital restricted the sugar business to a few hands. Freedom throws it open to all upon equal terms. Nothing in the world is so wasteful as cheap labor; nothing builds prosperity like the advancing wage scale. The government of Queensland, now in the hands of low, common people, is helping and insuring the Common Good and general welfare by building and operating public cane-mills. These cut the heart out of the cane-grinding monopoly and assure the profits of the small grower. Days are dark ahead for the Sugar Trust and the refinery corporations; for the producers and consumers they have never been so bright.

Anyway the slave trade in Queensland is abolished, let us give thanks; and abolished it will remain. And if I were of the nation that produced Wilberforce and Clarkson I should be humbly grateful to any party of any name whatsoever that took that blot from my flag.

In the October number Mr. Russell will continue his astonishing arraignment of the lies that have been told about the Workingmen's Government in Australia.

The Door in the Wall

By H. G. WELLS

Author of "The War of the Worlds," "Mankind in the Making," "The Food of the Gods," etc., etc.

Illustrations by T. K. Hanna and John Adams

ONE confidential evening, not three months ago, Lionel Wallace told me this story of the Door in the Wall. And at the time I thought that so far as he was concerned it was a true story.

He told it me with such a direct simplicity of conviction that I could not do otherwise than believe in him. But in the morning, in my own flat, I woke to a different atmosphere. And as I lay in bed and recalled the things he had told me, stripped of the glamour of his earnest, slow voice, denuded of the focused, shaded table light, the shadowy atmosphere that wrapped about him and me and the pleasant bright things, the dessert and glasses and napery of the dinner we had shared, making them for the time a bright little world quite cut off from every-day realities, I saw it all as frankly incredible. "He was mystifying!" I said, and then, "How well he did it! . . . It isn't quite the thing I should have expected him, of all people, to do well."

Afterward, as I sat up in bed and sipped my morning tea, I found myself trying to account for the flavor of reality that perplexed me in his impossible reminiscences by supposing they did in some way suggest, present, convey—I hardly know which word to use—experiences it was otherwise impossible to tell.

Well, I don't resort to that explanation now. I have got over my intervening doubts. I believe now, as I believed at the moment of telling, that Wallace did to the very best of his ability strip the truth of his secret for me. But whether he himself saw or only thought he saw, whether he himself was the possessor of an inestimable privilege or the victim of a fantastic dream, I cannot pretend to guess. Even the facts of his death, which ended my doubts forever, throw no light on that. That much the reader must judge for himself.

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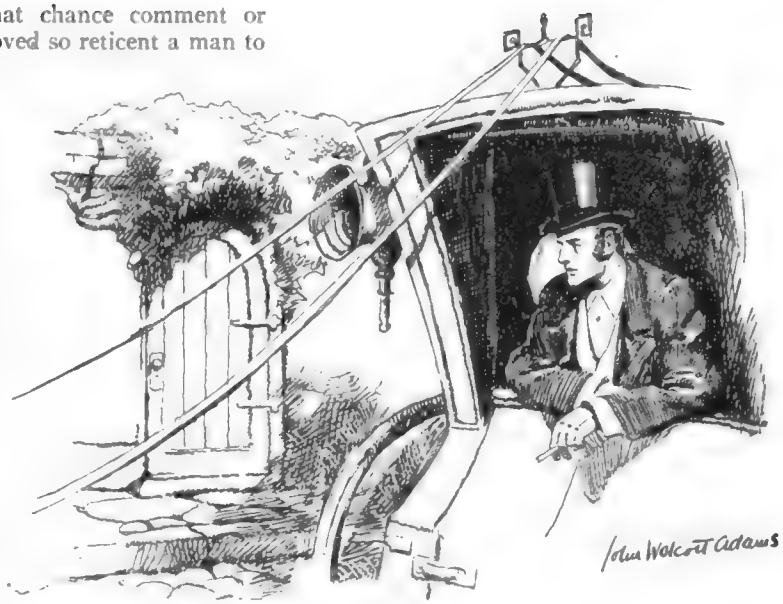

"IT LEAPED UPON ME FOR THE THIRD TIME."

I forget now what chance comment or criticism of mine moved so reticent a man to confide in me. He was, I think, defending himself against an imputation of slackness and unreliability I had made in relation to a great public movement in which he had disappointed me. But he plunged suddenly. "I have," he said, "a preoccupation——

"I know," he went on, after a pause that he devoted to the study of his cigar ash, "I have been negligent. The fact is—it isn't a case of ghosts or apparitions—but—it's an odd thing to tell of, Redmond—I am haunted. I am haunted by something—that rather takes the light out of things, that fills me with longings. . . ."

He paused, checked by that English shyness that so often overcomes us when we speak of moving or grave or beautiful things. "You were at Saint Æthelstan's all through," he said, and for a moment that seemed to me quite irrelevant. "Well"—and he paused. Then, very haltingly at first, but afterward more easily, he began to tell of the thing that was hidden in his life, the haunting memory of a beauty and a happiness that filled his heart with insatiable longings, that made all the interests and spectacle of worldly life seem dull and tedious and vain to him.

Now that I have the clue to it, the thing seems written visibly in his face. I have a photograph in which that look of detachment has been caught and intensified. It reminds me of what a woman once said of him, a woman who had loved him greatly. "Suddenly," she said, "the interest goes out of him. He forgets you. He doesn't care a rap for you—under his very nose. . . ."

Yet the interest was not always out of him, and when he was holding his attention to a thing Wallace could contrive to be an extremely successful man. His career, indeed, is set with successes. He left me behind him long ago, he soared up over my head, and cut a figure in the world that I couldn't cut—any way. He was still a year short of forty, and they say now that he would have been in office and very probably in the new Cabinet if he had lived. At school he always beat me without effort—as it were by nature. We were together at Saint Æthelstan's College in West Kensington for almost all our school time. He came into the school as my coequal, but he left far above me, in a blaze of scholarships and brilliant performances. Yet I think I made a fair average running. And it was at school I heard first of the "Door in the Wall"—that I was to hear of a second time only a month before his death.

To him at least the Door in the Wall was a real door leading through a real wall to immortal realities. Of that I am now quite assured.

It came into his life quite early, when he was a little fellow between five and six. I remember how, as he sat making his confession to me with a slow gravity, he reasoned and reckoned the date of it. "There was," he said, "a crimson Virginia creeper in it—all one bright uniform crimson in a clear amber sunshine against a white wall. That came into the impression somehow, though I don't clearly remember how, and there were horse-chestnut leaves upon the clean pavement outside the green door. They were blotched yellow and green, you know, not brown nor

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dirty, so that they must have been new fallen. I take it that means October. I look out for horse-chestnut leaves every year and I ought to know.

"If I'm right in that, I was about five years and four months old."

He was, he said, rather a precocious little boy, he learned to talk at an abnormally early age, and he was so sane and "old-fashioned," as people say, that he was permitted an amount of initiative that most children scarcely attain by seven or eight. His mother died when he was two, and he was under the less vigilant and authoritative care of a nursery governess. His father was a stern, preoccupied lawyer who gave him little attention, and expected great things of him. For all his brightness he found life a little gray and dull, I think. And one day he wandered.

He could not recall the particular neglect that enabled him to get away, nor the course he took among the West Kensington roads. All that had faded among the incurable blurs of memory. But the white wall and the green door stood out quite distinctly.

As his memory of that remote childish experience ran, he did at the very first sight of that door experience a peculiar emotion, an attraction, a desire to get to the door and to open it and walk in. And at the same time he had the clearest conviction that either it was unwise or it was wrong of him—he could not tell which—to yield to this attraction. He insisted upon it as a curious thing that he knew from the very beginning—unless memory has played him the queerest trick—that the door was unfastened, and that he could go in as he chose.

I seem to see the figure of that little boy, drawn and repelled. And it was very clear in his mind too, though why it should be so was never explained, that his father would be very angry if he went in through that door.

Wallace described all these moments of hesitation to me with the utmost particularity. He went right past the door, and then, with his hands in his pockets and making an infantile attempt to whistle, strolled along beyond the end of the wall. There he recalls a number of mean, dirty shops, and particularly that of a plumber and decorator with a dusty disorder of earthenware pipes, sheet-lead, ball-taps, pattern-books of wall-paper, and tins of enamel. He stood pretending to examine these things, and *coveting*, passionately desiring, the green door.

Then, he said, he had a gust of emotion. He made a run for it, lest hesitation should grip him again, and he went plump with outstretched hand through the green door and let it slam behind him. And so, in a trice, he came into the garden that has haunted all his life.

It was very difficult for Wallace to give me his full sense of that garden into which he came.

There was something in the very air of it that exhilarated, that gave one a sense of lightness and good happening and well being; there was something in the sight of it that made all its color clean and perfect and subtly luminous color. In the instant of coming into it one was exquisitely glad—as only in rare moments and when one is young and joyful one can be glad in this world. And everything was beautiful. . . .

Wallace mused before he went on telling me. "You see," he said, with the doubtful inflection of a man who pauses at incredible things, "there were two great panthers there—yes, spotted panthers. And I was not afraid. There was a long wide path with marble-edged flower borders on either side, and these two huge velvety beasts were playing there with a ball. One looked up and came toward me, a little curious as it seemed. It came right up to me, rubbed its soft round ear very gently against the small hand I held out, and purred. It was, I tell you, an enchanted garden. I know. And the size? Oh, it stretched far and wide, this way and that. I believe there were hills far away. Heaven knows where West Kensington had suddenly got to. And somehow it was just like coming home.

"You know, in the very moment the door swung to behind me, I forgot the road with its fallen chestnut leaves, its cabs and tradesmen's carts, I forgot the sort of gravitational pull-back to the discipline and obedience of home, I forgot all hesitations and fear, forgot discretion, forgot all the intimate realities of this life. I became in a moment a very glad and wonder-happy little boy—in another world. It was a world with a different quality, a warmer, more penetrating, and mellower light, with a faint, clear gladness in its air, and wisps of sun-touched cloud in the blueness of its sky. And before me ran this long, wide path, invitingly, with weedless beds on either side rich with untended flowers, and these two great panthers. I put my little hands fearlessly on their soft fur, and caressed their round ears and the sensitive cor-

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ners under their ears, and played with them, and it was as though they welcomed me home. There was a keen sense of home-coming in my mind, and when presently a tall, fair girl appeared in the pathway and came to meet me smiling, and said 'Well?' to me, and lifted me and kissed me and put me down, and led me by the hand, there was no amazement, but only an impression of delightful rightness, of being reminded of happy things that had in some strange way been overlooked. There were broad red steps, I remember, that came into view between spikes of Delphinium, and up these we went to a great avenue between very old and shady dark trees. All down this avenue, you know, between the red chapped stems, were marble seats of honor and statuary and very tame and friendly white doves.

"And along this avenue my girl-friend led me, looking down—I recall the pleasant lines, the finely modeled chin of her sweet, kind face—asking me questions in a soft, agreeable voice, and telling me things, pleasant things, I know, though what they were I was never able to recall. . . . And presently a little Capuchin monkey, very clean, with a fur of ruddy brown and kindly hazel eyes, came down a tree to us and ran beside me, looking up at me and grinning, and presently leaped to my shoulder. So we went on our way in great happiness——"

He paused.

"Go on," I said.

"I remember little things. We passed an old man musing among laurels, I remember, and a place gay with paroquets, and came through a broad, shaded colonnade to a spacious, cool palace, full of pleasant fountains, full of beautiful things, full of the quality and promise of heart's desire. And there were many things and many people, some that still seem to stand out clearly and some that are a little vague, but all these people were beautiful and kind. In some way—I don't know how—it was conveyed to me that they all were kind to me, glad to have me there, and filling me with gladness by their gestures, by the touch of their hands, by the welcome and love in their eyes. Yes——"

He mused for a while. "Playmates I found there. That was very sweet to me because I was a lonely little boy. They played delightful games in a grass-covered court where there was a sun-dial set about with flowers. And as one played one loved. . . .

"But—it's odd—there's a gap in my memory. I don't remember the games we played. I never remembered. Afterward, as a child, I spent long hours trying, even with tears, to recall the form of that happiness. I wanted to play it all over again—in my nursery—by myself. No! All I remember is the happiness and two dear playfellows who were most with me. . . . Then presently came a somber, dark woman with a grave, pale face and dreamy eyes, a somber woman who was wearing a soft, long robe of pale purple, and who carried a book and beckoned and took me aside with her into a gallery above a hall—though my playmates were loath to have me go, and ceased their game and stood watching as I was carried away. 'Come back to us!' they cried. 'Come back to us soon!' I looked up at her face, but she heeded them not at all. Her face was very gentle and grave. She took me to a seat in the gallery, and I stood beside her, ready to look at her book as she opened it upon her knee. The pages fell open. She pointed and I looked, marveling, for in the living pages of that book I saw myself; it was a story about myself, and in it were all the things that had happened to me since ever I was born. . . .

"It was wonderful to me because the pages of that book were not pictures, you understand, but realities."

Wallace paused gravely, looking at me doubtfully.

"Go on," I said. "I understand."

"They were realities—yes, they must have been; people moved and things came and went in them; my dear mother, whom I had near forgotten then, my father, stern and upright, the servants, the nursery, all the familiar things of home. Then the front door and the busy streets with traffic to and fro. I looked and marveled, and looked half-doubtfully again into the woman's face and turned the pages over, skipping this and that, to see more of this book and more, and so at last I came to myself hovering and hesitating outside the green door in the long white wall, and felt again the conflict and the fear.

"'And next?' I cried, and would have turned on, but the cool hand of the grave woman delayed me.

"'Next?' I insisted, and struggled gently with her hand, pulling up her fingers with all my childish strength, and as she yielded and the page came over she bent down upon me like a shadow and kissed my brow.

"But the page did not show the enchanted

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garden, nor the panthers, nor the girl who had led me by the hand, nor the playfellows who had been so loath to let me go. It showed a long gray street in West Kensington, in that chill hour of afternoon before the lamps are lit, and I was there, a wretched little figure, weeping aloud, for all that I could do to restrain myself; and I was weeping because I could not return to my dear playfellows who had called after me, 'Come back to us! Come back to us soon!' I was there. This was no page in a book, but harsh reality; that enchanted place and the restraining hand of the grave mother at whose knee I stood had gone—whither had they gone?"

He halted again, and remained for a time staring into the fire.

"Oh, the wretchedness of that return!" he murmured.

"Well?" I said after a minute or so.

"Poor little wretch I was!—brought back to this gray world again! As I realized the fulness of what had happened to me I gave way to quite ungovernable grief. And the shame and humiliation of that public weeping and my disgraceful home-coming remain with me still. I see again the benevolent-looking old gentleman in gold spectacles who stopped and spoke to me, prodding me with his umbrella. 'Poor little chap,' said he; 'and are you lost then?'—and me a London boy of five and more! And he must needs bring in a kindly young policeman and make a crowd of me, and so march me home. Sobbing, conspicuous, and frightened, I came back from the enchanted garden to the steps of my father's house.

"That is as well as I can remember my vision of that garden—the garden that haunts me still. Of course I can convey nothing of that indescribable quality of translucent unreality, that *difference* from the common things of experience that hung about it all; but that—that is what happened. If it was a dream, I am sure it was a daytime and altogether extraordinary dream. . . . Hm!—naturally there followed a terrible questioning, by my aunt, my father, the nurse, the governess—every one. . . .

"I tried to tell them, and my father gave me my first thrashing for telling lies. When afterward I tried to tell my aunt, she punished me again for my wicked persistence. Then, as I said, every one was forbidden to listen to me, to hear a word about it. Even my fairy-tale books were taken away from me for a time—because I was 'too imaginative.' Eh? Yes, they did that! My father belonged to the old school. . . . And my story was driven back upon myself. I whispered it to my pillow; my pillow that was often damp and salt to my whispering lips with childish tears. And I added to my official and less fervent prayers this one heartfelt request: 'Please God I may dream of the garden. Oh, take me back to my garden! Take me back to my garden!'

"I dreamt often of the garden. I may have added to it, I may have changed it; I do not know. . . . All this, you understand, is an attempt to reconstruct from fragmentary memories a very early experience. Between that and the other consecutive memories of my boyhood there is a gulf. A time came when it seemed impossible that I should ever speak of that wonder glimpse again."

I asked an obvious question.

"No," he said. "I don't remember that I ever attempted to find my way back to the garden in those early years. This seems odd to me now, but I think that very probably a close watch was kept on my movements after this misadventure to prevent my going astray. No—it wasn't till you knew me that I tried for the garden again. And I believe there was a period—incredible as it seems now—when I forgot the garden altogether. When I was about eight or nine it may have been. Do you remember me as a kid at Saint Æthelstans?"

"Rather!"

"I didn't show any signs, did I, in those days, of having a secret dream?"

He looked up with a sudden smile.

"Did you ever play northwest passage with me? . . . No, of course you didn't come my way!"

"It was the sort of game," he went on, "that every imaginative child plays all day. The idea was the discovery of a northwest passage to school. The way to school was plain enough; the game consisted in finding some way that wasn't plain, starting off ten minutes early in some almost hopeless direction and working one's way round through unaccustomed streets to the goal. And one day I got entangled among some rather low-class streets on the other side of Campden Hill, and I began to think that for once the game would be against me and that I should get to school late. I tried rather desperately a street that seemed a cul-de-sac, and found a passage at the end. I hurried through that with renewed hope. 'I shall do it yet,' I said,

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as I passed a row of frowsy little shops that were inexplicably familiar to me, and behold! there was my long white wall and the green door that led to the enchanted garden!

"The thing whacked upon me suddenly. Then, after all, that garden, that wonderful garden, wasn't a dream! . . ."

He paused.

"I suppose my second experience with the green door marks the world of difference there is between the busy life of a schoolboy and the infinite leisure of a child. Anyhow this second time I didn't for a moment think of going in straightway. You see— For one thing my mind was full of the idea of getting to school in time—set on not breaking my record for punctuality. I must surely have felt *some* little desire at least to try the door—yes, I must have felt that. . . . But I seem to remember the attraction of the door mainly as another obstacle to my overmastering determination to get to school. I was immensely interested by this discovery I had made, of course—I went on with my mind full of it—but I went on. It didn't check me. I ran past, tugging out my watch, found I had ten minutes still to spare, and then I was going down-hill into familiar surroundings. I got to school, breathless, it is true, and wet with perspiration, but in time. I can remember hanging up my coat and hat. . . . Went right by it and left it behind me. Odd, eh?"

He looked at me thoughtfully. "Of course I didn't know then that it wouldn't always be there. Schoolboys have limited imaginations. I suppose I thought it was an awfully jolly thing to have it there, to know my way back to it, but there was the school tugging at me. I expect I was a good deal distraught and inattentive that morning recalling what I could of the beautiful, strange people I should presently see again. Oddly enough I had no doubt in my mind that they would be glad to see me. . . . Yes, I must have thought of the garden that morning just as a jolly sort of place to which one might resort in the interludes of a strenuous scholastic career.

"I didn't go that day at all. The next day was a half-holiday and that may have weighed with me. Perhaps, too, my state of inattention brought down impositions upon me and docked the margin of time necessary for the detour. I don't know. What I do know is that in the meantime the enchanted garden was so much upon my mind that I could not keep it to myself.

"I told. What was his name?—a ferrety-looking youngster we used to call Squiff."

"Young Hopkins," said I.

"Hopkins it was. I did not like telling him, I had a feeling that in some way it was against the rules to tell him, but I did. He was walking part of the way home with me, he was talkative, and if we had not talked about the enchanted garden we should have talked of something else, and it was intolerable to me to think about any other subject. So I blabbed.

"Well, he told my secret. The next day in the play interval I found myself surrounded by half a dozen bigger boys, half teasing and wholly curious to hear more of the enchanted garden. There was that big Fawcett—you remember him?—and Carnaby and Morley Reynolds. You weren't there by any chance? No, I think I should have remembered if you were. . . .

"A boy is a creature of odd feelings. I was, I really believe, in spite of my secret self-disgust, a little flattered to have the attention of those big fellows. I remember particularly a moment of pleasure caused by the praise of Crashaw—you remember Crashaw major, the son of Crashaw the composer?—who said it was the best lie he had ever heard. But at the same time there was a really painful undertow of shame at telling what I felt was indeed a sacred secret. That beast Fawcett made a joke about the girl in green——"

Wallace's voice sank with the keen memory of that shame. "I pretended not to hear," he said. "Well, then Carnaby suddenly called me a young liar and disputed with me when I said the thing was true. I said I knew where to find the green door, could lead them all there in ten minutes. Carnaby became outrageously virtuous and said I'd have to—and bear out my words or suffer. Did you ever have Carnaby twist your arm? Then perhaps you'll understand how it went with me. I swore my story was true. There was nobody in the school then to save a chap from Carnaby, though Crashaw put in a word or so. Carnaby had got his game. I grew excited and red-eared and a little frightened, I behaved altogether like a silly little chap, and the outcome of it all was that instead of starting alone for my enchanted garden, I led the way presently—cheeks flushed, ears hot, eyes smarting, and my soul one burning misery and shame—for a party of six mocking, curious, and threatening schoolfellows.

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"We never found the white wall and the green door. . . ."

"You mean——?"

"I mean I couldn't find it. I would have found it if I could.

"And afterward when I could go alone I couldn't find it. I never found it. I seem now to have been always looking for it through my schoolboy days, but I didn't come upon it again."

"Did the fellows—make it disagreeable?"

"Beastly. . . . Carnaby held a council over me for wanton lying. I remember how I sneaked home and up-stairs to hide the marks of my blubbering. But when I cried myself to sleep at last it wasn't for Carnaby, but for the garden, for the beautiful afternoon I had hoped for, for the sweet, friendly women and the waiting playfellows and the game I had hoped to learn again, that beautiful forgotten game. . . .

"I believed firmly that if I had not told . . . I had bad times after that, crying at night and wool-gathering by day. For two terms I slackened and had bad reports. Do you remember? Of course you would! It was *you*—your beating me in mathematics that brought me back to the grind again."

For a time my friend stared silently into the red heart of the fire. Then he said: "I never saw it again until I was seventeen.

"It leaped upon me for the third time—as I was driving to Paddington on my way to Oxford and a scholarship. I had just one momentary glimpse. I was leaning over the apron of my hansom smoking a cigarette, and no doubt thinking myself no end of a man of the world, and suddenly there was the door, the wall, the dear sense of unforgetable and still attainable things.

"We clattered by—I too taken by surprise to stop my cab until we were well past and round a corner. Then I had a queer moment, a double and divergent movement of my will; I tapped the little door in the roof of the cab and brought my arm down to pull out my watch. 'Yessir!' said the cabman smartly. 'Er—well—it's nothing,' I cried. '*My* mistake! We haven't much time! Go on! Go on!' And he went on. . . .

"I got my scholarship. And the night after I was told of that I sat, over my fire in my little upper room, my study, in my father's house, with his praise—his rare praise—and his sound counsels ringing in my ears, and I smoked my favorite pipe—the formidable bulldog of adolescence, and thought of that door in the long white wall. 'If I had stopped,' I thought, 'I should have missed my scholarship, I should have missed Oxford, muddled all the career before me.' I began to see things better! I fell to musing deeply, but I did not doubt then that this career of mine was a thing that merited sacrifice.

"Those dear friends in the garden and that clear atmosphere seemed very sweet to me, very fine, but remote. My grip was fixing now upon the world. I saw another door opening—the door of my career."

He stared again into the fire. Its red light picked out a stubborn strength in his face for just one flickering moment and then *he* vanished again.

"Well," he said, and sighed, "I have served that career. I have done much work, much hard work. But I have dreamt of the enchanted garden a thousand dreams, and seen its door, or at least glimpsed its door—four times since then. Yes—four times. For a while this world was so bright and interesting, seemed so full of meaning and opportunity that the half-effaced charm of the garden was by comparison gentle and remote. Who wants to pat panthers on the way to dinner with pretty women and distinguished men? I came down to London from Oxford, a man of bold promise that I have done something to redeem. Something—and yet there have been disappointments. . . .

"Twice I have been in love—I will not dwell on that—but once as I went to some one who, I know, doubted whether I dared to come, I took a short cut at a venture through an unfrequented road near Earl's Court, and so happened on a white wall and a familiar green door. 'Odd!' said I to myself, 'but I thought this place was on Campden Hill. It's the place I could never find somehow—like counting Stonehenge—the place of that queer day-dream of mine.' And I went by it intent upon my purpose. It had no appeal to me that afternoon.

"I had just a moment's impulse to try the door—three steps aside were needed at the most—though I was sure enough in my heart that it would open to me—and then I thought that doing so might delay me on the way to that appointment in which I thought my honor was involved. Afterward I was sorry for my punctuality—I might at least have peeped in, I thought, and waved a hand to those panthers, but I knew enough by this time not to seek again belatedly that which is

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not found by seeking. Yes, that time made me very sorry. . . .

"Years of hard work after that, and never a sight of the door. It's only recently it has come back to me. With it there has come a sense as though some thin tarnish had spread itself over my world. I began to think of it as a sorrowful and bitter thing that I should never see that door again. Perhaps I was suffering a little from overwork—perhaps it was what I've heard spoken of as the feeling of forty. I don't know. But certainly the keen brightness that makes effort easy has gone out of things recently, and that just at a time—with all these new political developments—when I ought to be working. Odd, isn't it? But I do begin to find life toilsome, its rewards, as I come near them, cheap. I began a little while ago to want the garden quite badly. Yes—and I've seen it three times."

"The garden?"

"No—the door! And I haven't gone in!"

He leaned over the table to me, with an enormous sorrow in his voice as he spoke. "Thrice I have had my chance—*thrice!* If ever that door offers itself to me again, I swore, I will go in, out of this dust and heat, out of this dry glitter of vanity, out of these toilsome futilities. I will go and never return. This time I will stay. . . . I swore it, and when the time came—*I didn't go.*

"Three times in one year I passed that door and failed to enter. Three times in the last year.

"The first time was on the night of the snatch division on the Tenants' Redemption Bill, on which the government was saved by a majority of three. You remember? No one of our side—perhaps very few on the opposite side—expected the end that night. Then the debate collapsed like egg-shells. I and Hotchkiss were dining with his cousin at Brentford; we were both unpaired, and we were called up by telephone and set off at once in his cousin's motor. We got in barely in time, and on the way we passed my wall and door—livid in the moonlight, blotched with hot yellow as the glare of our lamps lit it, but unmistakable. 'My God!' cried I. 'What?' said Hotchkiss. 'Nothing!' I answered, and the moment passed.

"'I've made a great sacrifice,' I told the whip as I got in. 'They all have,' he said, and hurried by.

"I do not see how I could have done otherwise then. And the next occasion was as I rushed to my father's bedside to bid that stern old man farewell. Then, too, the claims of life were imperative. But the third time was different. It happened a week ago. It fills me with hot remorse to recall it. I was with Gurker and Ralphs—it's no secret now, you know, that I've had my talk with Gurker; we had been dining at Frobisher's, and the talk had become intimate between us. The question of my place in the reconstructed ministry lay always just over the boundary of discussion. Yes—yes. That's all settled. It needn't be talked about yet, but there's no reason to keep a secret from you. . . . Yes—Thanks, thanks. But let me tell you my story.

"Then, on that night, things were very much in the air. My position was a very delicate one; I was keenly anxious to get some definite word from Gurker, and hampered by Ralphs's presence. I was using the best power of my brain to keep that light and careless talk not too obviously directed to the point that concerned me. I had to. Ralphs's behavior since has more than justified my caution. . . . Ralphs, I knew, would leave us beyond the Kensington High Street, and then I could surprise Gurker by a sudden frankness. One has sometimes to resort to little devices. . . . And then it was that in the margin of my field of vision I became aware once more of the white wall, the green door before us down the road.

"We passed it talking. I passed it. I can still see the shadow of Gurker's marked profile, his opera hat tilted forward over his prominent nose, the many folds of his neck wrap, going before my shadow and Ralphs's as we sauntered past.

"I passed within twenty inches of the door. 'If I say good night to them and go in,' I asked myself, 'what will happen?' And I was all atingle for that word with Gurker.

"I could not answer that question in the tangle of my other problems. 'They will think me mad,' I thought. 'And suppose I vanish now! Amazing disappearance of a prominent politician!' That weighed with me. A thousand inconceivably petty worldlinesses weighed with me in that crisis."

Then he turned on me with a sorrowful smile, and speaking slowly, "Here I am," he said.

"Here I am!" he repeated, "and my chance has gone from me. Three times in one year the door has been offered me—the door that goes into peace, into delight, into a beauty

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beyond dreaming, a kindness no man on earth can know. And I have rejected it, Redmond, and it has gone——"

"How do you know?"

"I know. I know. I am left now to work it out, to stick to the tasks that held me so strongly when my moments came. You say I have success—this vulgar, tawdry, irksome, envied thing. I have it." He had a walnut in his big hand. "If that was my success," he said, and crushed it and held it out for me to see.

"Let me tell you something, Redmond. This loss is destroying me. For two months, for ten weeks nearly now, I have done no work at all, except the most necessary and urgent duties. My soul is full of inappeasable regrets. At nights — when it is less likely I shall be recognized—I go out. I wander. Yes, I wonder what people would think of that if they knew. A cabinet minister, the responsible head of that most vital of all departments, wandering alone—grieving—sometimes near audibly lamenting—for a door, for a garden . . . !"

I can see now his rather pallid face, and the unfamiliar somber fire that had come into his eyes. I see him very vividly to-night. I sit recalling his words, his tones, and last evening's *Westminster Gazette* still lies on my sofa, containing the notice of his death. At lunch to-day the club was busy with him and the strange riddle of his fate.

They found his body very early yesterday morning in a deep excavation near East Kensington station. It is one of two shafts that have been made in connection with an extension of the railway southward. It is protected from the intrusion of the public by a boarding upon the highroad, in which a small doorway has been cut for the convenience of some of the workmen who live in that direction. The doorway was left unfastened through a misunderstanding between two gangers, and through it he made his way. . . .

My mind is darkened with questions and riddles.

It would seem he walked all the way from the House that night—he has frequently walked home during the past session—and so it is I see his dark figure coming along the late and empty streets, wrapped up, intent. And then did the pale electric lights near the station cheat the rough planking into a semblance of white? Did that fatal unfastened door awaken some memory?

Was there, after all, ever any green door in the wall at all?

I do not know. I have told his story as he told it to me. There are times when I believe that Wallace was no more than the victim of the coincidence between a rare but not unprecedented type of hallucination and a careless trap, but that, indeed, is not my profoundest belief. You may think me superstitious, if you will, and foolish, but, indeed, I am more than half convinced that he had, in truth, an abnormal gift, and a sense, something—I know not what—that in the guise of wall and door—offered him an outlet, a secret and peculiar passage of escape into another and altogether more beautiful world. At any rate, you will say, it betrayed him in the end. But did it betray him? There you touch the inmost mystery of these dreamers, these men of vision and imagination. We see our world fair and common, the boarding and the pit. By our daylight standard he walked out of security into darkness, danger, and death. But did he see like that?

The Secret

By MARY NORMILE

"BUT you have grown so grave and sweet"—
His questioning eyes I could not meet.
A rose and its bud within his hand
I gently laid. Did he understand?

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FACES THAT PROTRUDED OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

The Two Mickeys

By HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Author of "The Smoke-Eaters," etc.

Illustrations by Walter Jack Duncan

LITTLE "Mickey," leaning over the edge of the gallery, said disgustedly: "Aw, dink it!" The hero, on the stage below—having just returned from a long sea voyage that had left no marks on either his complexion or his new sailor suit—had gathered in the heroine with both arms and cried "My-y-y wi-i-ife!" in a voice that ran an arpeggio of emotion. She had lifted a fond smile to him and replied shrilly "My-y-y husband!" Then he pressed her cheek against a clean shave; and Mickey said again: "A-aw *dink* it!"

His father leaned forward in the seat beside him, to ask: "Uh? What'd yuh say?"

"Dhey ain't doin' *not'in'*," Mickey whined. "Dhey's all jus' talkin' to dheyselves."

The elder "Mickey"—who was still "Mickey" to his friends, although he should, long since, have been "Mike"—sat back to allow himself an abdominal chuckle. His son's posture was not one that he could take without having his laughter choked in his waist. He was as plump as a bartender. In fact, he had been a bartender until he married—rather late in life—a hard-working widow, proprietor of a delicatessen shop; and now he sliced bologna sausage and Swiss cheese with all the vacuous good-nature that goes, professionally, with beer.

He smiled a somewhat fuddled smile at little Mickey's shoulders, breathed heavily, and let his pouched eyes settle again on the pair of lovers before the footlights far below him. He did not hear what they were saying. He was occupied with thoughts of pride in his boy's precocity.

The heroine had continued to talk to her "dear Robert" in a voice of affection that continued to make little Mickey squirm. He was not only impatient; he was not only disgusted; he was beginning to despair. Since the rising of the curtain, there had been nothing but this "muggin'" going on. A blind wife had begun it, in a sickening high falsetto, her arms around her husband's neck. Then the comic Irishman and the innkeeper's daughter had taken it up. Now another pair was at it. There had not been so much as the distant hint of a murder or a robbery to bear out the promises of the bloody posters on the avenue billboards. And Mickey—watching with eyes that were as big and round in his pale face as two holes in a triangle of his mother's Swiss cheese—kept complaining to himself: "Aw, dhis's rotten! Aw, say, dhis's *rotten!*"

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Behind him the gallery rose in tier on tier of intent faces—faces strangely white in the reflected glare of the footlights—faces that protruded out of the darkness, bodiless, unblinking, like the faces of a nightmare. But from tier to tier an uneasy shuffling of hidden movements replied to Mickey's impatience. To all the "gods" this sentimentality was "dead slow"; they wished what Mickey wished—to see "somethin' doin'."

Mickey abandoned himself to his disappointment, and fell back in his seat. "I wisht we hadn't 'a' come."

His father nodded. (The loving wife on the stage was a fiction that had been largely discredited for him by his marital experience.) "'S all hot air, *that*," he said. "They just does it to make out the show."

"D' yuh t'ink dhey'd give us back the price?"

Mr. Flynn shook his head. "Keep yer shirt on. This's on'y the first act."

"Aw, gee! I wisht we hadn't 'a' come."

To little Mickey, as to most of the others in that gallery, this Saturday night at the "show" was the blissful reward of a week of self-denial; and to Mickey it was more, for he expected to be well punished by his mother when he should come slinking home at midnight to meet her angry "Now whayr've yeh been?" He had no hope that his father would be able to protect him; it had been tacitly understood between them that for the sake of family peace Mrs. Flynn should not be told how the elder Mickey had guiltily joined in the truancy. But Mickey had hoped to go to bed with a dazzled soul in his smarting body; and now he foresaw that he would have no sweetly shudderful remembrance of murder and crime to ease his aches.

He slid down dejectedly on his back-bone. "Dhis's slower 'n church!"

It was a remark that appealed to his father—for personal reasons. He wheezed and shook appreciatively. "Don't yuh like goin' to church?"

"Naw."

"Why *don't* yuh?"

"Why don't *you?*"

Mr. Flynn evaded the question. "Yer mother wants yuh to go."

"She wants *you* to go, too."

"I ust to go when I was your age."

The boy looked up at him with the sharpness of a self-sufficient little animal. "Did yuh like it?"

Some one behind them said: "Shut up, will yuh? Youse ain't the show." And Mr. Flynn coughed apologetically, glad of the interruption.

He had been vaguely aware, of late, that Mrs. Flynn was setting his son against him; and although she had been welcome to the care of the boy as long as he was an infant, now that he was growing old enough to take a side in the family quarrels, Mr. Flynn began naturally to feel a jealous interest in him. It was for this reason that they were at the theatre together. And the elder Mickey smiled to find that in their dislike of church-going—as in their common contempt of feminine affection as it was misrepresented on the stage—he and his son were not divided. Mrs. Flynn would not be able to make a mother's "Willie" of that boy. He had too much of his old father in him.

Little Mickey had dropped his elbows to his knees again and craned his neck. A man with a villain's black mustache was attempting to interfere between the sailor and his wife. The two men raised their voices in a sudden quarrel; and then the sailor, clenching an indignant fist, swung an upper-cut upon the villain's chin and felled him to the boards. Immediately Mickey crowed and cackled. "'D yuh see him jab 'm?" he cried to his father. "Gee! Didn't he hand him a beaut!"

His father grinned, rubbing the reddish bristle on his unshaven chin. She wouldn't be able to make a mother's "Willie" of *that* boy.

Then the comic Irishman developed unexpected powers as a hypnotist—not only hypnotizing a whole man in an instant, but paralyzing an arm or a leg by merely drawing his fingers down the limb and waving a hand over it. Little Mickey tittered—giggled—shook—and screamed with laughter. The villain took another excruciating punch in the eye. A half-dozen plots of love and secret marriage, robbery and pursuit, tangled themselves inextricably together, with every knot a tableau. And when the curtain fell on the end of the act, the villain had sworn thrice, horribly, to have revenge; the captain of the gang had undertaken a dangerous robbery; the sailor's young wife was pursued by the villain because he had learned of a secret will by which she was made the heiress of the old miser's fortune; and the comic Irishman had shown a promising ability to be always in the wrong place at the right moment to frustrate villainy and rescue virtue.

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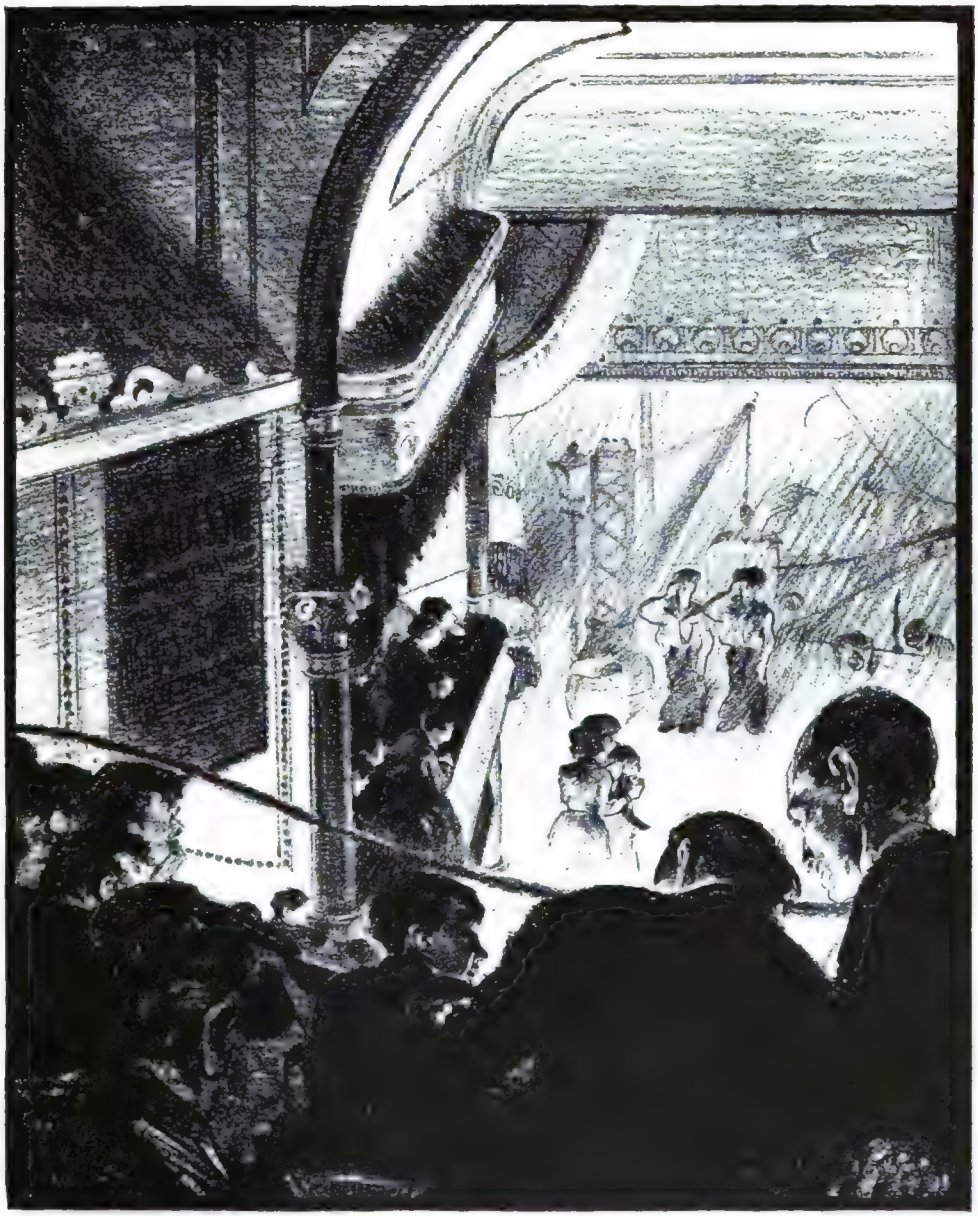

"AW, SAY, DHIS'S *ROTTEN!*"

Mickey gazed unseeingly at the curtain, gloating over the recollection of it all. His father had gone down-stairs to get a "drink"; and this fact added, in an obscure way, to Mickey's enjoyment. It was a part of the daring truancy of the evening; for he knew how his mother fought his father's love of a frequent glass. He smiled at the curtain.

The smile faded as he became aware that the curtain was not the one that he had seen there before. It was a tame pastoral—a Sunday-school prize volume compared with the penny-horrible in paint that had been hanging there.

"Dhey was a bull-fight on d' odder one—d' ol' one," he explained to his father, who had returned refreshed. "An' dhe bull was jus' givin' it to 'em—an' dhey was bleedin'

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blood." His voice went husky with the thought of so much gore.

"Was they?" His father turned a blearily sympathetic eye on the place where the masterpiece had hung.

"It was did by a convic'. An' he was in fer life. An' dhey pardoned 'm—fer doin' it!"

His father nodded, drawing a package of candy from his pocket. Mickey took it awkwardly, without thanks. "'D yuh get yer drink?" he asked, to be "sociable."

"Sure! Havin' a good time?"

Mickey, sucking on a candy, winked archly. "Uh-huh!"

His father grinned. There was no need of words, he felt. They understood each other.

When the curtain rose again, it rose on the promised robbery, on low lights and tremulous violins, on an air vibrating with mystery and crime; and little Mickey forgot his father. He leaned out over the edge of the gallery, tingling with an indescribable sensation of joyful apprehension that moved in his lower insides. The captain was picking locks. He had found the miser's strong box. He was forcing it. He was emptying it on the table—with a noisy jingling of stage money. He was looking for the secret will. When he held up a yellowed paper hanging from a huge red seal, Mickey recognized it. He had seen stage wills before. He breathed as if on tiptoe; and his father's restraining hand, on his coat tail, hushed the very beating of his heart.

It was then that the robber awoke to the danger of his situation. The door—the door behind him! It is opening! He is discovered. "Help! Help!" He throws himself upon the miser. The old man struggles and chokes, and Mickey strangles the gallery railing with a relentless clutch. A gurgle, a sob—What? He has killed him! He'll be caught! "Ssss-sh!" Some one—some one—is—coming! It's the robber's blind wife. "Thank God, she's blind!" Mickey catches a long breath, and the robber escapes noiselessly through the open door, just as the blind woman, stumbling on the body of the dead miser, screams an alarm. The innocent sailor rushes in to her cry. He is seized by the police (who seem to have been in the next room). "Arrest that man for murder!" "I am *in-no-cent!*" Then the robber captain's deep bass booms out from the background: "And *my* evidence will *prrrove* it!"

When the captain, posing for Liberty enlightening the Upper Bay, uttered those generous words, Mickey brought his dirty little palms together with a smack that led the gallery. A whirlwind of applause beat upon the curtain, and—when the curtain rose again—upon the actors bowing before the storm. Mickey's shrill pipe of happiness topped it all. When the uproar dwindled down to an excited interchange of appreciations, his treble kept the key-note. "Gee! Wasn't it great? 'D yuh see 'm grab d' ol' guy be dhe pipe? Say, wy didn't he lift dhe box, 'stead o' monkeyin' roun' dhere till dhey got in on 'm, eh? Gee, dhough, wasn't it great?"

His father had been watching Mickey rather than the play; but he simulated a smiling interest and answered: "Sure! That was somethin' *like*, eh?"

A boy of Mickey's acquaintance—the son of Schurz, the butcher—leaned in from the aisle to say: "Yer mother's out huntin' fer yuh, Mickey. *You*'ll get it!" And Mickey's face fell half-way to an expression of unhappiness before it lifted to upper glee again. He turned to his father, full of the self-sacrifice of the robber captain's climax. "Dhat's all right," he cheered his parent. "If she finds out 't *you* was here, I'll tell her I took yuh."

"She won't find out nothin'. Never mind *her*. Havin' a good time?"

Mickey chortled. "Say! D'yuh guess dhe cap'n's goin' to confest?"

They discussed the question, sharing the candies, drawn to each other by the guilt of their conspiracy and forgetful of the nemesis that was preparing for them.

For the remainder of the evening, Mr. Flynn, between his frequent visits to the founts of comfort, sat in a blinking state of smiling bliss, as happy as his dreams. And little Mickey, too, moved in another and a fairer world—a world of robber dens, of marvelous disguises, of treachery thwarted, and "the minions of the lawr" evaded and abused. It did not matter that the villain was trying to betray an outlaw who lived by robbery and escaped capture by committing murders. The outlaw had a kind heart and always addressed to the gallery sentiments that were emphatically noble. When the company filed before the curtain, Mickey hissed that villain with a venomousness that irritated even his sympathetic neighbors. "Say, kid," a man leaned over to him, "turn it off, can't yuh? Are yuh tryin' to spit a tooth?"

"'S all right," his father protested thickly.

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"Lell 'm 'lone." And Mickey hissed till his mouth ached.

He feasted his eyes on the mystery of the robber's cave in the woods, where all the trees were painted in tints of misty blue most beautiful. He shivered in the gloom of their underground retreat in Paris, where never a door was opened except with an appalling rattle of locks and chains. He looked on the furniture in the secret office of the chief of police, and his hair stirred on his head when he recognized the fearless captain, disguised as a gendarme, entering that lion's den. There was a struggle between the mighty outlaw and five gendarmes who tried vainly to handcuff him. There was another when he escaped from his dungeon with a revolver and a pocket file, having first shot his guards with a blank cartridge and so startled Mickey with the explosion that he bit his tongue. Finally, there was the captain's revenge upon the villain who had betrayed him. "'Tiss midnight," he hissed. "And . . . vengeance . . . is . . . MINE!!!" Those were the last words he spoke to Mickey, for he had been shot exactly in the heart, as was obvious from the red on his shirt bosom. He died with his face upturned to Mickey, and the curtain fell.

Mickey did not move until some one butted him in the side with an impatient knee. He was shoved along with his father in the crowd; he floated down the stairs to the chill air of the streets, still half stupid. There he stood, staring at the gutter, until his father said: "C' malon'. Goil 'ome? Uh?"

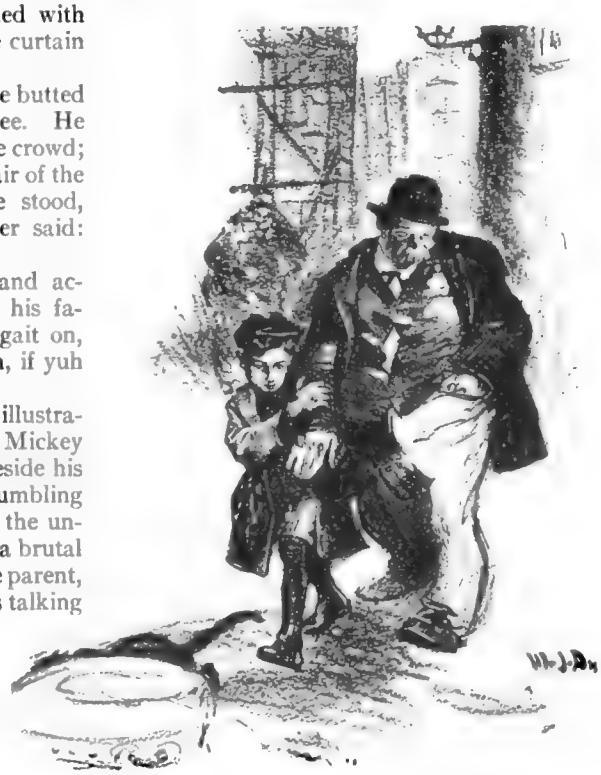
Mickey looked up at the man—and accepted his responsibility. He took his father's sleeve. "Yuh'd better get a gait on, pop," he said. "She'll give it to yuh, if yuh don't."

They would have made a moving illustration for a temperance tract. Little Mickey trotted along, thin and eager-eyed, beside his father, who rolled in a fat stagger, mumbling to himself. They made a picture of the unhappy child of poverty leading home a brutal parent to his wretched hovel. But the parent, in the riotous turmoil of his mind, was talking to Mickey as a boon companion, proud of his boy and tenderly affectionate. And Mickey, in *his* excited imagination, was the robber captain, leading his blind wife by the hand, his pockets full of the miser's stolen gold, narrowly watching the policeman at a street corner, and ready, on the instant of interference, to throw himself upon that minion of the law and throttle him to death. Happily, the streets were dark; the villain did not leap out from any doorway to intercept him with a file of gendarmes; and Mickey saw with relief, at length, the light at the door of his underground retreat shiningly awaiting him—and saw no spy watching to betray his hiding-place to the chief of police.

He stopped. "Go on ahead dhere," he ordered. "I'll folly in a jiffy." He added: "Don't tell 'm 't yuh seen me."

Mr. Flynn nodded with a ponderous sagacity, patted Mickey on the shoulder, and went on alone. As soon as he had disappeared, unchallenged, in the door of the delicatessen shop, Mickey turned back, crouching in the shadows, and proceeded to throw all the sleuths off his trail by doubling around the block.

His elaborate precautions carried him, untracked, as far as the front of Schurz's butcher shop. But there the whole sidewalk lay in a blaze of light; and Mickey hid behind the



THEY WOULD HAVE MADE A MOVING ILLUSTRATION FOR A TEMPERANCE TRACT.

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wooden Indian of a tobacconist's shop, next door, planning a detour. It was indeed a dangerous pass. When he heard Schurz's door-latch click as a customer came out, he was quick to see that he might be discovered in a suspicious posture of guilt; and he decided to carry off the situation with a bold front. He disguised himself, quickly and effectually, by pulling his cap down to his eyes and clasping his hands behind him. Then he stepped out from his hiding-place—and swaggered into the arms of his mother.

"Mickey!" she screamed, and caught him by the arm.

He looked at her, bewildered. "Gee!" he said, surprised to find himself suddenly in another world and subject to maternal authority.

She shook him. "Yeh little imp, yeh! 'Twas at the theayter yeh was, was yeh? Didn't I tell yeh——"

He did not listen to what it was that she had told him. He knew that young "Shirty" Schurz must have betrayed him. If "Shirty" had not betrayed Mr. Flynn, too, it must be because the traitorous villain had failed to see that Mickey was not alone in the gallery. He hunched up his shoulders against his mother's wrath, and planned to be avenged on "Shirty."

She hustled him along with her, scolding plaintively. "Have yeh no consarn at all fer yer poor mother—worryin' me soul out about yeh—thinkin' yeh'd been run down be the cayrs er drownded in the river? Are yeh goin' to grow up no better than yer fahther? An' me thinkin' I'd bring y' up dacint to be a comfourt to me." He remained sulkily silent. "Whayr'd yeh get money fer the theayter?" she demanded in another tone. "Have yeh been playin' the craps again?"

"Naw, I ain't. I ain't been doin' not'in'."

"Whayr'd yeh come by it, thin?"

"Some one give 't to me."

She released him, to hitch her shawl about her shoulders. She set her thin lips. "That's a lie fer yeh, Mickey. Yer fahther'll hide yeh fer that."

She was a small, determined woman, as a judge harshly just, but as an executioner soft-hearted; and in her management of her little household she had always made her big husband execute her judgments upon Mickey with a leather strap. ("I won't," Flynn had said once. "Do yer own lickin'. D'yuh want to make the boy hate me? I b'lieve yuh do." She replied: "Yeh'll do yer dooty as a fahther, er yeh'll march out o' here now. Yer a dang poor husband—an' I've stood fer *that*. But yeh'll tend to Mickey, er I'll have yeh hulkin' round here no longer. Take the strop!" And with the air of a Lady Macbeth, she had forced him to lift the figurative dagger.)

Little Mickey had no fear of his father this night, but he pretended that he had. He allowed himself to be almost dragged to the shop door, and as soon as he was inside he bolted past Mrs. Flynn's sister—who had been tending the counter while Mrs. Flynn was away—and ran to hide himself in the little room in which he slept.

It was at the very back of the small suite of rooms in which the Flynns lived; and it was as dark as the robber captain's dungeon cell. But Mickey was not afraid of the dark; there had been no fond nursery nonsense in his education. He shut his door and took off all his outer clothing except his knickerbockers. Then he clambered into bed and waited for whatever wrath there was to come.

Of the interview between Mr. and Mrs. Flynn he heard only the muffled shrill voice of the wife interrogating silences. He lay on his back, his legs and arms spread wide, ready to resist any attempt to turn him over and expose his vulnerable rear. He was wondering, dully, whether his mother would succeed in extorting a confession from his partner in crime. He himself was prepared to endure all the mythical tortures of the "t'ird degree" rather than speak a word that might betray his faithful confederate. At the same time, he saw himself, on the very edge of his doom, saved from paying the final penalty of his silence by the magnanimous interference of his father. "I am in-no-cent!" he would cry. And his father, rushing into the room, would shout: "And my evidence will *prrrove* it!"

He stiffened at the sound of approaching footsteps, bracing himself from his heels to his elbows. Mrs. Flynn threw open the door. She had a light in one hand and the strap in the other. He saw that she had been crying. He shut his eyes, instinctively hardening his heart.

"Mickey now," she pleaded, "tell me how yeh come be the money. Tell me the truth, an' I'll not lick yeh. Tell me, child."

He answered stubbornly: "Some one give 't to me."

"Who was it?"

"Some one."

"That ain't the truth, Mickey."

"'Tis so."

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"MICKEY NOW," SHE PLEADED, "TELL ME HOW YEH COME BE THE MONEY."

"Why w'u'd any one be givin' yeh money? Did y' arn it someway mebbe?"

"Naw. Dhey jus' give 't to me."

She put down her lamp. "Get up! Get up out o' that," she said with a hard sob. "I'll have no boy o' mine a liar if I have to kill 'm fer it."

It would have been better for Mickey if he had obeyed her; for in the obstinate struggle that ensued, Mrs. Flynn lost her temper; and when Mickey, at last, came out of bed to the floor—still spread like a crab and struggling—she beat him in a nervous frenzy, beside herself with anger, flaying him mercilessly. He did not utter a sound. He did not even cry out "I am in-no-cent!" And when she suddenly dropped the strap, in a physical horror of what she had done, and ran from the room

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sobbing hysterically, little Mickey relaxed with the groan of innocence that has been deserted in distress by the hero who was to have rushed to its rescue.

He was not subtle. He was not sentimental. He had merely boyish ideals of conduct. But no one could fail in these without disgrace; and his father had shamefully failed. In that bitter moment the boy who had hissed the villain and applauded the hero saw his father as a coward, a "sneaker." His mother's broken sobs pleaded against any resentment of her cruelty. She, too, had been betrayed; and in the dumb-thoughted way of a boy his admiration and his love went out to her with the first burst of tears that shook him.

He crawled back into bed and wrapped himself as well as he could in the coverlet. An hour later, when his mother came in to look at him, he was throttling a damp pillow in his dreams, with a faintly mumbled "'S midnight—an' vengesmine!"

She did not know that this triumph was her own. She did not know that the elder Mickey had taken the first irrevocable step toward losing his son; that, thereafter, the boy was to be more and more her defense against her husband's good-natured but skulking shiftlessness and—as time went on—against the world that fought her down with poverty. She had learned only that Mickey had been at the theatre, and she stood looking down at him through the meager tears of an emotion that was very near despair. She touched him on the shoulder, with a weary gentleness. "Lay off yer clothes, Mickey," she said. "Yeh can't sleep so."

Something in his swollen eyes, as he opened them sleepily, reminded her of his father. She shook her head. "The two o' them," she said. "The two Mickeys! . . . Ah, child, have I put nothin' of mesilf into yeh? Nothin' at all?"

Nocturne

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE moonlight is flooding the lake;
The hemlocks are heavy with sleep,
But the stars and the winds are awake—

Winds that are soft as the night;
They brood on the water, and creep
In wandering shimmers of light.

Now all the dark forest is still,
Save the dew, dropping softly and slow,
Or the cry of a far whippoorwill.

A bird, winging south, twitters low,
Unseen in the wonderful sky
Where the little winds, hesitant, go.

Then the ripples die out in the sedge;
The moon swings alone in the lake,
And the hemlocks sleep on by its edge.

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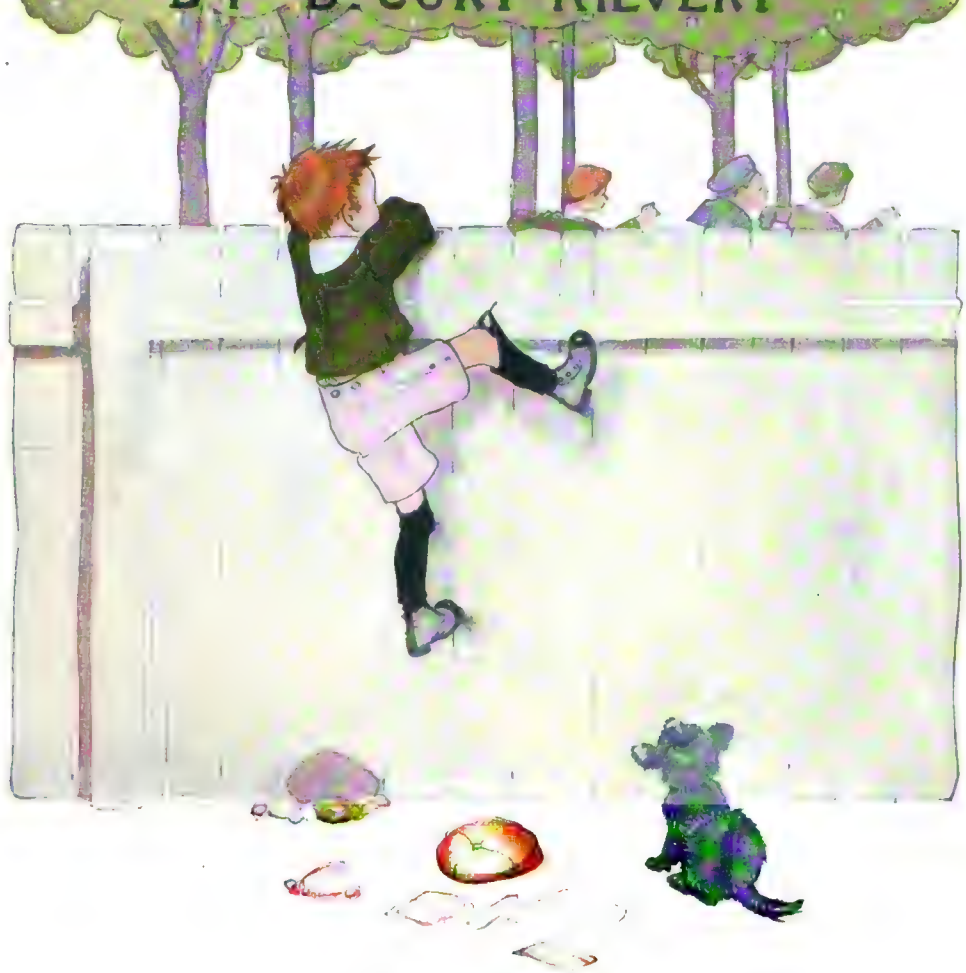
"Us Fellers"

PICTURED
BY B. CORY KILVERT



"WAIT FOR ME!"

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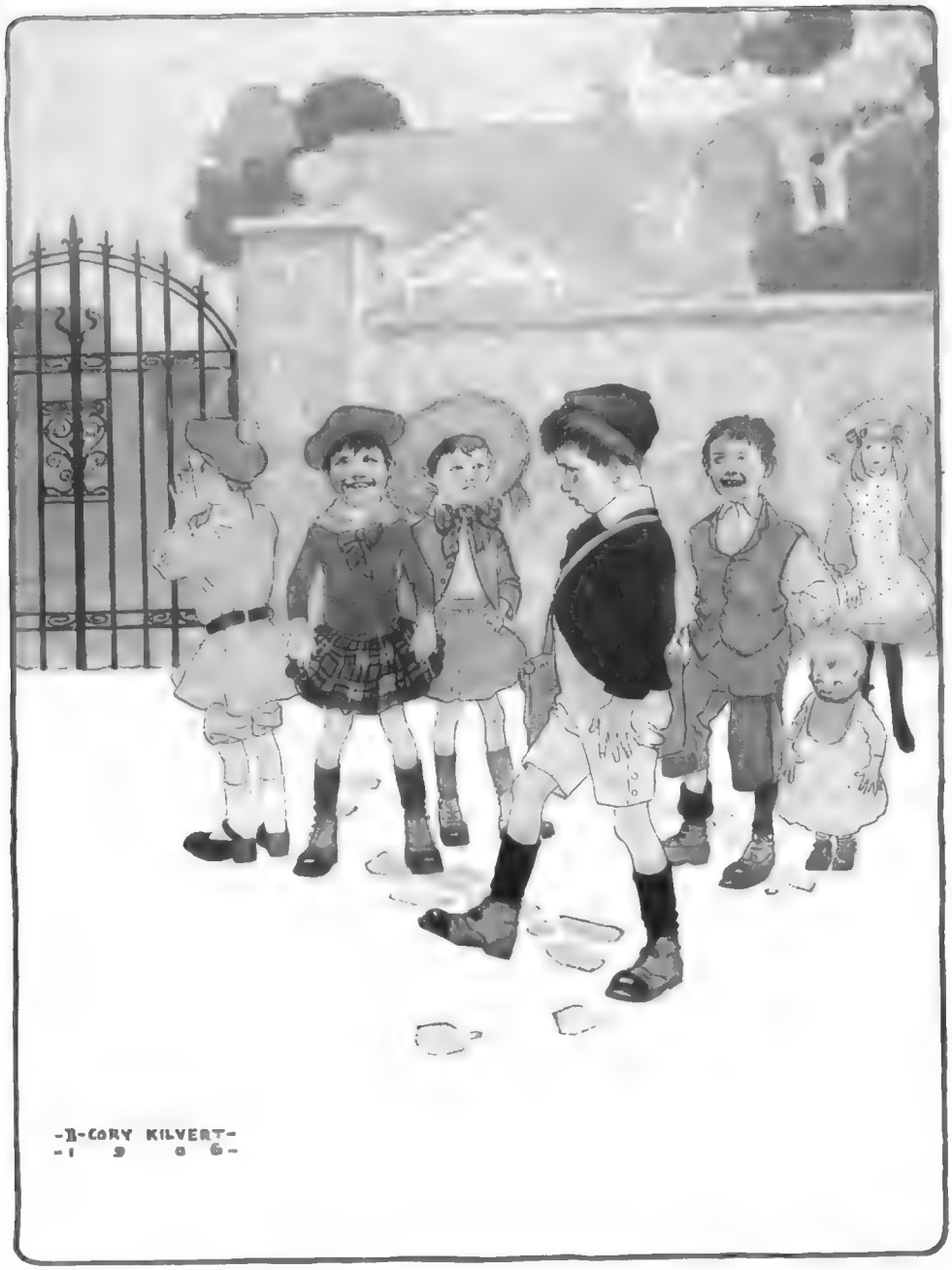

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HIS FIRST PANTS.

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CHOOSING UP SIDES.

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"THE DOG CATCHER'S COMING!"

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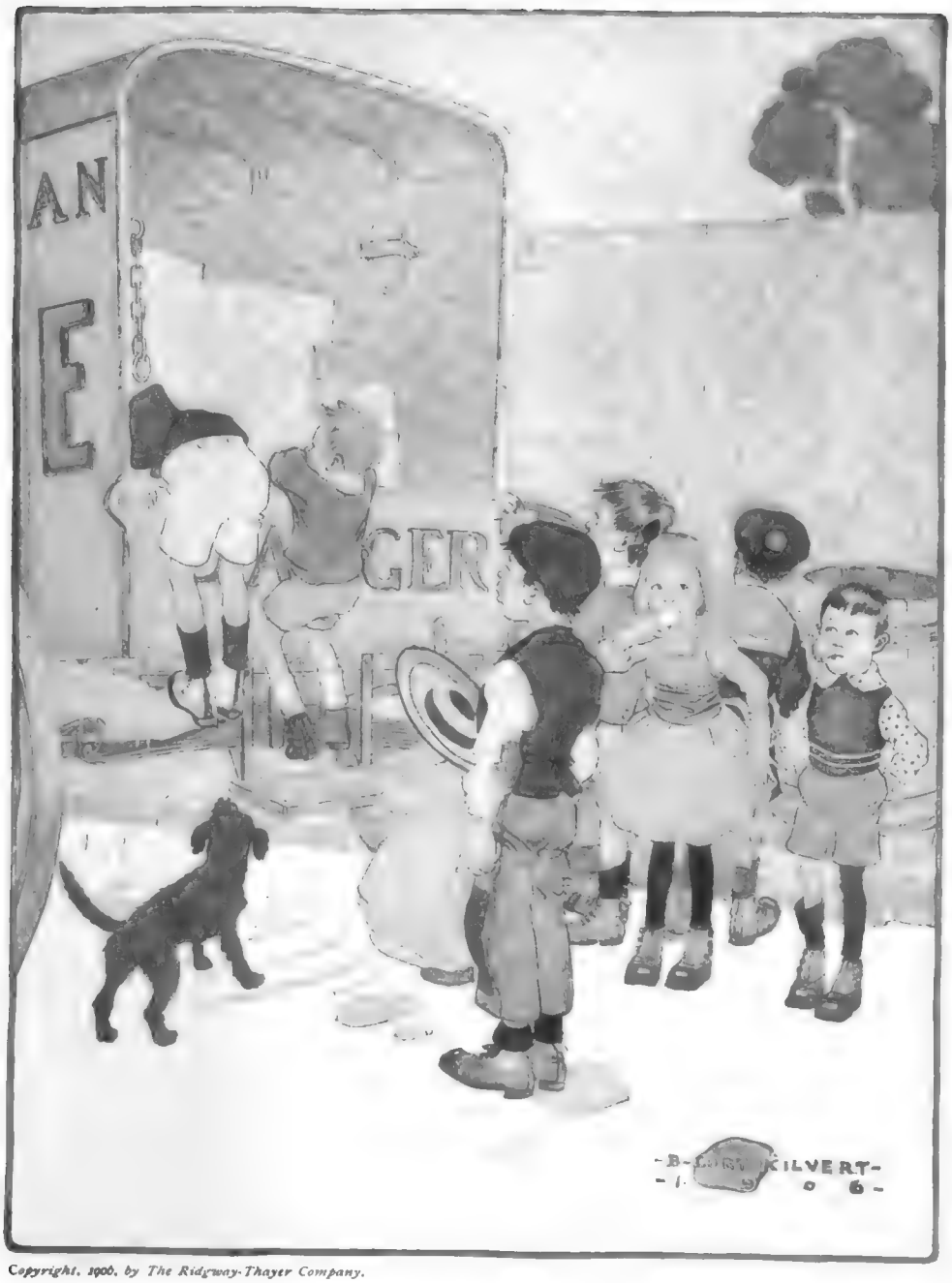

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"HOOK BEHIND!"

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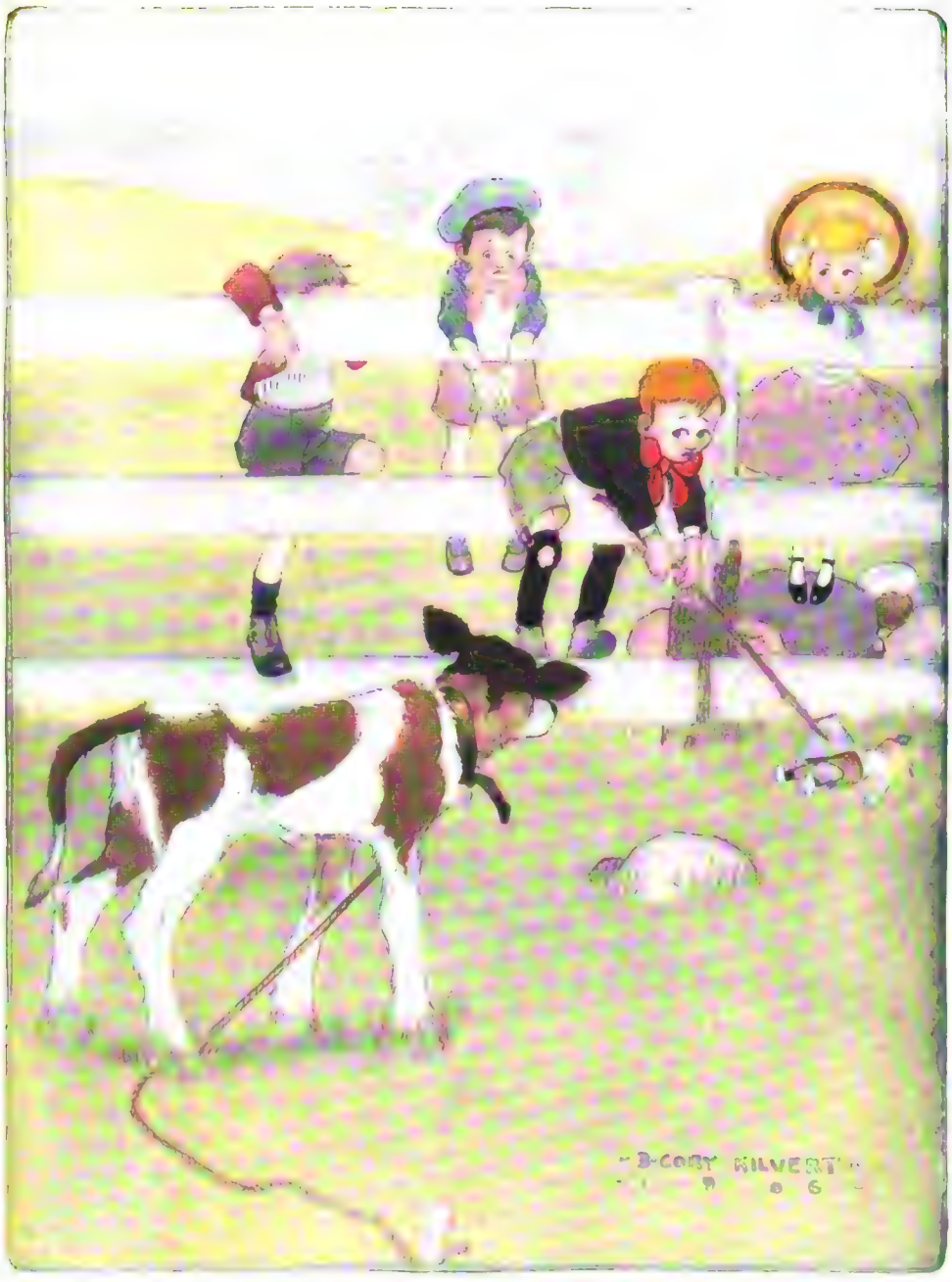

THE HERO.

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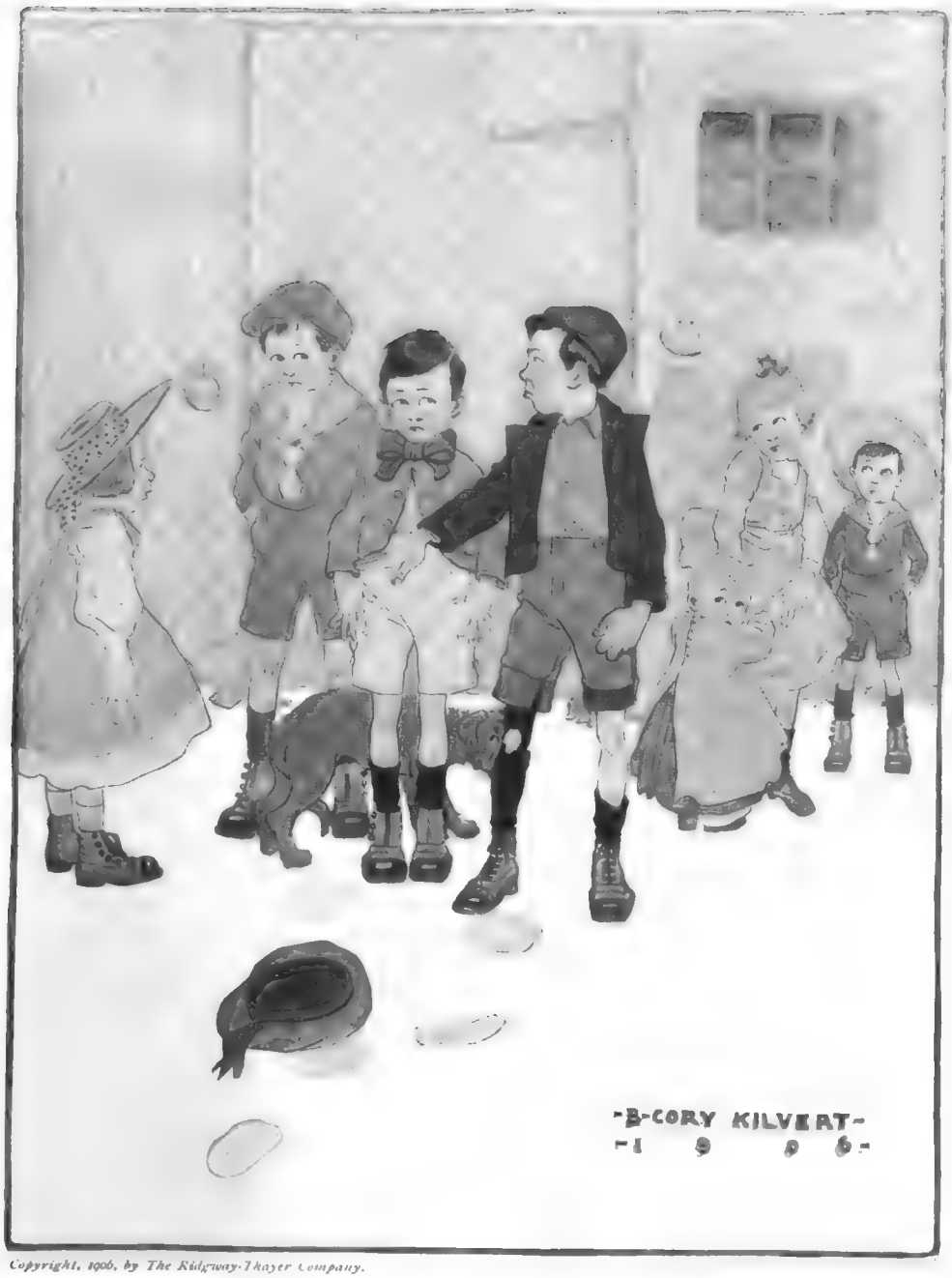

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THE BULLY.

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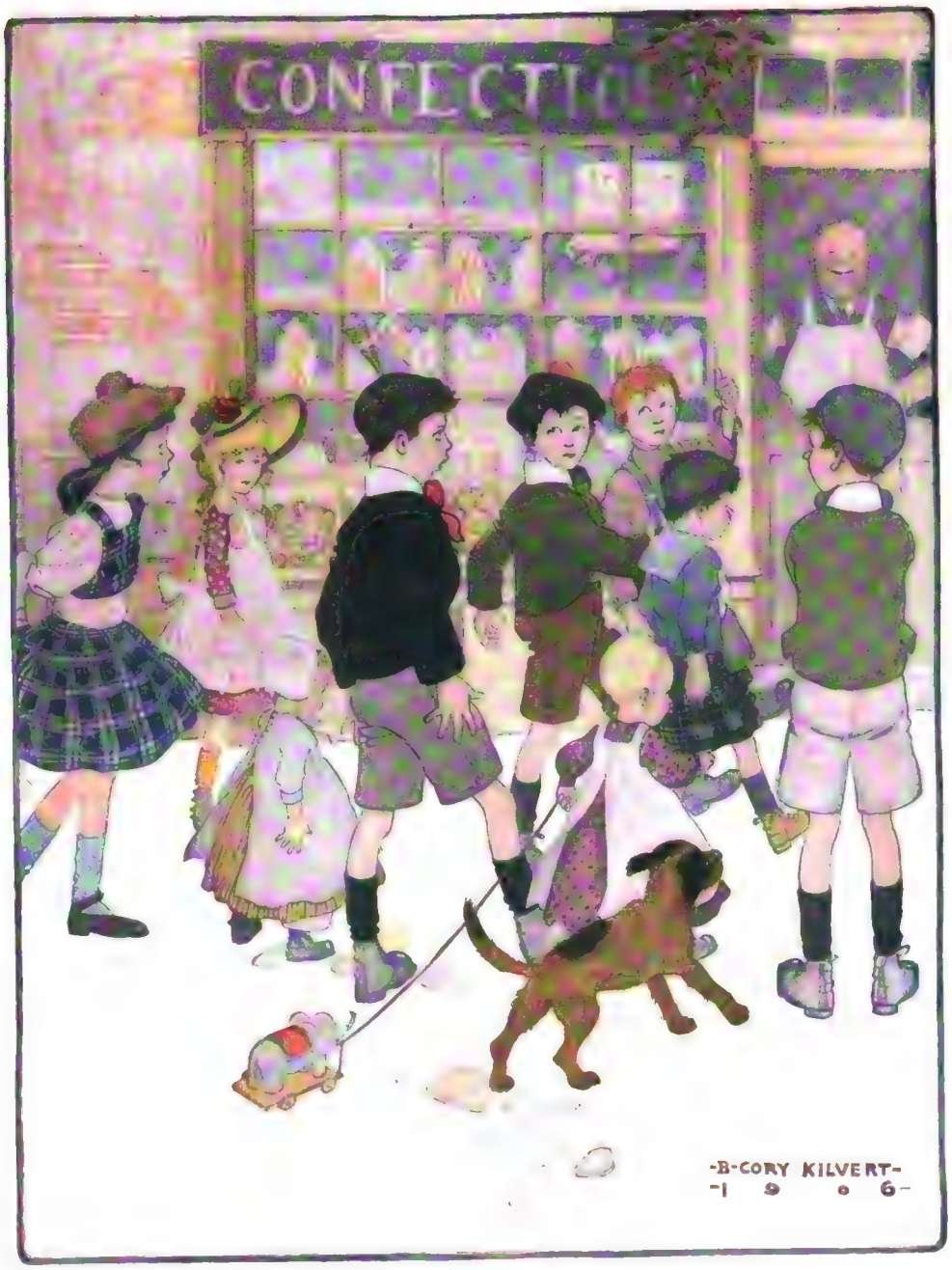

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BILLY'S GOT A PENNY.

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The Face of the Shadow

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

KEMPER put down his pen and glanced at the tall, carved clock on the mantel, then at the sinking fire below. The room was growing chill; instinctively he put out a hand to ring for Peters, then drew it back, reflecting that it was past midnight, and that the man was surely abed. For a while he sat fumbling listlessly over the papers scattered on his great desk. Fumbling was an incongruous trick in Kemper; it was the last occupation on earth for his reaching, powerful hands. He noticed their aimless movements with vague annoyance. Nothing but nerves, of course. However, his nerves should be under better rein than this.

At length he pushed the letters aside and crossed the room to stir the grate.

A coal fell with a sharp clatter. Kemper sprang back, gasping, his arm flung up as if to ward off a blow. Then his arm dropped foolishly. He threw off the shock with a vexed laugh.

"I'm off my head a bit, that's certain," he remarked, frowning. He turned again to his desk, and stood looking absently at its chaotic disarray, so different from his usual and characteristic order. An odd, furtive change flickered across his face. His handsome, arrogant features seemed to narrow to guarded, listening lines. His shoulders took on a wary stoop; his eyes grew stealthy.

He stepped from window to window, and drew the shades, already lowered, tight against the sill. He tiptoed to the door and locked it soundlessly. He even peered behind the high bookcases and into the deep-curtained window-seat. At last, with a final glance over his shoulder, he took up the evening paper, and read again the brief, colorless item that had blurred his sight and snatched at his heart three hours before:

DIED.—WARREN.—At Mercy Hospital, Tuesday, March 6th, John Augustine, sole surviving child of the late John Percival and Mary Adams Warren, aged thirty-seven years.

From an adjoining column a second paragraph leaped out to meet his eye:

The death of John Augustine Warren, who passed away to-day in the inebriate ward at Mercy Hospital, recalls to mind one of the most noted crimes of recent years. In 1896 Warren, who was a young man of brilliant prospects, and a member of an eminent family, was suspected of irregular dealings in his position as assistant cashier of the Third National. Investigation proved that his accounts had been systematically falsified for eleven months. During this time nearly $60,000 had disappeared. When accused, young Warren broke down and admitted that he had taken the money, but swore that he had done so at the instigation and by the aid of another employee, and that the entire sum, except a few thousand dollars, which he accounted for, was in the hands of this accomplice. His confession made a tremendous sensation, which was redoubled a few days later by the news that the young man had suffered a violent nervous collapse, and that the chances were against his recovery. The investigation was pursued for months with no result. The accomplice had covered his tracks completely. In time young Warren won back his physical health, but his mind never regained its balance, and his memory was a total blank. He was never able to give a clue to his accomplice. All the bank employees gave oath to their ignorance of the whole matter; and it is said that a strict surveillance has been kept ever since on every man then connected with the institution, but to no avail. It is now believed that Warren's confession was a blind to screen the real thief, although there is no possible doubt that the crime was planned by a shrewder and more unscrupulous mind than his own. What became of all the money is another mystery; and his death disposes of all hope that it will ever be solved.

Kemper put the paper down with a slow smile. For once the editor had hit the mark. The accomplice had covered his tracks; and now that Warren was dead at last, the mystery would never be solved.

He knelt at his desk and unlocked a shallow drawer, fitted invisibly beneath the shelves. He took out package after package of labeled papers; serried documents, collected here to uphold his plea of innocence; proofs of innocence which, if ever discovered in this mass, would damn him by their betraying prevision as surely as would the very proofs of guilt. He carried them to the fire and laid them on the dying coals. Poor Gus Warren was dead and gone. The one mouth that could accuse him was sealed forever. And with these fading ashes vanished the last wraith-hazard of his retribution.

He leaned back, staring at the lovely nocturne that hung above his cabinet of antique

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ivories. The dim, opalescent tones of the painting had always solaced him. But tonight he looked upon its starred horizon, its soft mysterious distances, as upon a staring written page on which his thoughts flared out inexorably clear.

So poor Gus was thirty-seven years old. It seemed past belief. He had always been tediously young for his years; and that shattering illness, followed by still more shattering dissipation, had stunned the life-growth out of him. He had never really grown up; a week ago, when Kemper had dropped in at the hospital to see him, he had noticed for the thousandth time how immature the fellow was, how utterly unchanged. Every feature clung obstinately to its threadbare youth; wide, credulous eyes; uncertain mouth; weak, pettish chin. Even his skin had kept its callow pink through all these smirching years. He would never have come to anything in the best of circumstances, Kemper thought; the marrow of integrity was not in him; he was fit for nothing but a tool, and a dismally poor tool at that. If he himself had not utilized the boy's lax will and spineless principles, some one else would have utilized them, inevitably; Gus was born to be worked, as the sparks fly upward. For that matter, the tool had served his ends well enough; though there had been days and weeks and months when the terror of the boy's returning consciousness had crawled in his veins and hung a blackening mist before his eyes. He shivered at the recollection. Those days had dripped slowly upon him, blistering moment by moment, like the long, dropping agony of the torture by water. To his last hour his soul would carry the scars of that torment; even now they drew and burned at the recollection.

But it was all over now. He was past all chance, all thought of fear. No wind of reproach could ever blow upon him. He had triumphed in every tourney of life. His niche in the world was lofty and assured. All the great conquests were his: wealth, honor, troops of friends. Gus Warren was dead. And with him had died that Shadow which had trailed his steps and had sat at his pillow through these ten years. It was all over. All his ghosts were laid. Never again would he know the thought of fear.

The house was utterly silent. He locked his desk and laid his hand on the switch button to turn off the lights. Then he stopped short. The indrawn breath died on his lips.

A slow, irregular step was coming softly down the hall. It paused at his door. There was a moment's halt; then a hand fumbled with the knob. It turned twice, without a sound. Then came two uncertain raps.

Kemper pitched to his feet. The room whirled and blazed and blackened around him; ghastly expectation clutched at his throat and peered into his brain. He groped his way to the door, gasping, white-lipped, stumbling inch by inch. His numb hands blundered madly up and down the smooth casing. O God, only to open it, open it! He could hold himself sane through any horror once seen clear; but his very soul must sink in night before the Horror unseen.

He gripped the key. The door swung slowly open. From the black hall beyond, a sweet, vexed voice saluted him:

"Jimmy, dear, what a poke you are! I do believe you were sound asleep."

Kemper reeled a little, then stood erect, bracing himself against the door. A gray sweat gathered round his bloodless mouth; his eyes laughed boyishly; his face put on swift, tender mirth.

In the doorway stood his young wife, her brown eyes hazed with dreams, her rope-like braids hanging like frayed gold over her trailing white and foamy laces. Lifted high against her deep young breast she carried her baby, a soft little armful of sleep, his fat hands doubled against her neck, his curly head like a golden petal against her cheek. She shifted the yielding weight in her arms and stood looking up at him guiltily; mischief self-convicted burned in her round cheek and sparkled in her eye.

"Ellen, you'll catch your death of cold! Come to the fire. What have you been up to, you monkey?"

"Stealing."

"Stealing?"

"Are you going to tell on me?"

Kemper crossed his heart with a grandiloquent gesture. "Not for worlds."

"She said I mustn't keep him with me at night—that it wasn't 'advisable.' Hateful thing!" She tumbled her baby into a chair, and faced him, crimson, eloquent. "That new nursery governess mother found for me, I mean. And I told her that my baby was quite old enough to be left entirely to me, and she smiled that hateful little professional smirk of hers, and said, 'Quite true, my dear child, but you're hardly old enough to be left to him.' So when it was his bedtime she went strutting off with him, and I didn't say 'Boo.' But I

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woke up a minute ago, and—and I wanted him. So I slipped in and snatched him up and ran, and she was sleeping so hard she never knew a thing. And I'll keep him to-morrow night if I want to. So there!"

Kemper chuckled. He had a whimsical recollection of some authority which declared that, howsoever superior a woman may be, she must forever look downtrodden in her nightgown. These pleasing generalities were not for such as Ellen. Her flowing white swept round her like a royal panoply; she towered before her baby like a defiant young goddess. Her husband looked on her imperial fairness with amused delight; but his face kindled as he stooped to gather up the sleeping child.

"It's a sneaky trick, Mrs. Kemper. But he's your own plaything, and I'll never give you away. Run along."

She swung the baby over her arm, and put up an obedient cheek for his kiss. Her light, retreating step pattered down the hallway, then was gone.

Left alone, Kemper lit a cigar and sat down to a magazine, aware that this interruption had startled him past chance of sleep for some hours, and determined to smoke it down. He would see Johnston to-morrow and get a prescription; it was outrageous that a moment of fatigue and a trifling shock should so overwhelm him.

He read on, page after page, not without interest, yet irritably conscious that his wakefulness steadily increased. Finally he threw the book aside, and faced his mood, open-eyed.

Yet, as he coolly realized, this tingling, incorrigible alertness was not a mood. Absurd, unreasoning as it seemed, this was just his old tenacious habit; the habit of dread, clinging upon him like a poisoned cloak, welded to his flesh through these ten years. With his first free breath he had supposed that he could shake it off. Now he knew that the poignancy of this long struggle had sunk into the fibers of his thought. It was graven on his consciousness as clearly as in the deep, relentless grooves upon his face.

Obviously he must break down its control; the sooner the better. He set himself to adding up his reasons for security, after a mathematical fashion. He had done a hideous thing. But he could never be punished. Not one scrap of evidence remained against him. And poor Gus Warren, the only creature who had ever known his secret, was dead. It was all over and done with. There was nothing left for him to fear.

He stirred in his chair with a restless backward glance. For still it hung at his elbow, that formless, lurking shape; that implacable Awareness that the record was not yet done. Like a veiled face, featureless, mercilessly real, the shadow lingered, hovered. Reason could not dislodge it; for all his denying judgment, he knew its nearness by every flinching sense. He could not read the meaning of his dread; he had a misty prescience that the day might never come when he must lift that veil and look upon that face of Retribution. Yet, sooner or later, its heavy hour would sound. Some day the balance must be struck, the dark account be closed——

"Damn you for a cowardly fool!" he burst out savagely. He stood up, brushing the wet from his temples, and looked again at the clock. It lacked a quarter to three.

"No wonder I'm in such a daft fidget," he grumbled. "Anybody would have queer notions at this time of night. Poor Gus! No wonder the news upset me. But by morning I'll have slept it off."

He went away up-stairs, stepping with slow caution that he might not rouse the slumbering household. His wife's door stood ajar; the dim night-light made a yellow spot in the gloom. He hesitated a moment, then crept noiselessly in. The sight of the low, white room soothed him like a gust of rain-swept April air.

His wife lay as she always lay, flung down like a sleeping dryad, one lovely arm pillowing a lovelier head. One long, firm hand brooded jealously above the baby; Kemper smiled at the thought of her wrathful rebellion against the nurse's rules. She was forever up in arms for her maternal dignities; this stealing the youngster was a frequent bit of mischief which Kemper alternately laughed at and adored. He leaned over her and touched his lips to the shining braid that lay on the counterpane. But his eyes looked past her to rest on the face of the child. And the passion that shook him was all for this, his son.

He lay sprawled beside his mother, limp as a sleeping puppy, his dimpled fists half-clenched, his mouth a shut pink rose. His little body enchanted in its blossom perfectness of lovely mold, of stainless bloom. His beauty caught the eye like a flame. Yet it was not this beauty alone that lighted the father's eyes and thrilled in his heart with aching joy. Past the mere loveliness of health and inno-

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cence one saw a further majesty. Even now, the soft, half-formed features revealed the swift-emerging lines of noble consciousness, of flying thought. Here was no common thing. This child was one of the inheritors. On him would be lavished all that life could give. And he would pour it back upon the world, enriched a thousand times by his toil, his thought, the alchemy of his soul. Through generations to come his life would beat, a throbbing, mighty force; a power through widening years for good or evil——

For evil?

Kemper shrank back with a muffled cry. The thought swooped down upon him like black, smothering wings. He struck out frantically against it; it closed on him steadily, without pity. He felt the ground give way beneath his feet. For evil—evil—evil——

At length the maniac horror loosed its hold, beaten back by his unconquerable will. His blind fear yielded; his sight returned once more. Yet this sane vision brought him no relief; instead, a bitterer anguish. Beside it, his first mad panic was but the fleeting terror of a dream. Now he could see clearly. And he knew that at last his doom had come upon him. He should see clearly all his days.

The laws he had braved would never turn upon him. The vengeance for poor Gus Warren's broken life, his empty, piteous death, would never crush him. The word of his sin would never be cried against his name. He would live out his days unharmed, unstained. But what of this helpless, precious thing, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, heir to his body and mind, his life, his honors, his crime?

"Not on him. Not on him. Let it come to me!"

Yet even through the agony of his prayer there rang the mock of its futility. What he had sown another hand must reap. He could not undo the web that his own hands had wrought. Day after day, year upon year, he had woven those pitiless meshes of craft and fraud and trickery: their endless strands were twined through a thousand other lives; not one lifetime, not ten, could undo them. And he could not cleanse the inborn taint of his own sins from the nature of his child. Implacable as the countless threads of his deceit, it was stained through the very tissues of his son's being. For himself, he could take the chastisement of his own sins if he so desired; but chastisement is not absolution. Here lay the sacrifice for his atonement. This tender flesh must expiate. This innocent soul must pay.

And it was as if the veil was drawn at last from the shadow that had so long pursued him. And the face of his retribution was the face of his little son.

Voiceless

By THEODORE ROBERTS

THE poet sinned, and God said—"This be his hell" . . .
The rivers sang him their lyrics. The forests weaved him their spell.
He followed the Spring and Summer, knowing the winds by name.
He saw the riddle of Life when the maples were touched to flame.
The crowded spruces loved him, and taught him their ancient lore,
And the wonders that kings would learn stole close to his humble door.
Then he rose in his joy—and then he tasted his hell
With the knowledge of things in his heart and never the word to tell.

The Poet lived, with never a song to sing.
He heard the wind in the grass and the wild, free birds take wing.
He felt the snow on his face, like tears from an angel's eyes,
And he heard the whisper of silence out of the silent skies.
"Peace," he said to his heart. "Why should you tear me so?
Would the world be a jot the wiser, knowing the things we know?
Peace," he cried to his soul, "for this is the will of the Lord!"
Then the music tore at his heart, slow rending it cord by cord.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE regrets to go to its readers this month without its usual chapter from Mr. Lawson. For the past three weeks Mrs. Lawson has been dangerously ill at Dreamwold, and Mr. Lawson has been continuously at her bedside. To be with her he has put aside all cares and duties, canceled all engagements, and withdrawn himself from all his multifarious labors.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE regrets the circumstances that have prevented Mr. Lawson's writing a September instalment; regrets, too, that the present financial and political crisis, in the development of which Mr. Lawson was the first and most potent factor, seems imperatively to demand his guidance.

Perhaps, however, EVERYBODY'S readers can see it in Mr. Lawson's way. He writes from Dreamwold: "I'm sorry that I can't give you an instalment this month, but I'm sure you won't miss it and certain you won't need it. The handwritings on the wall are so numerous and legible just now that an interpreter seems almost unnecessary.

"You have a whole chapter in the fact that, following the self-made verdict of the Massachusetts Legislature that it was as innocent of bribery as a blue-eyed baby, a member of that spotless body has given to District Attorney Moran the names of twenty-two of its guiltless members whom he himself bribed.

"You have an illustrated serial in the brazen nonchalance with which the New York and Mutual Life administrations ignore the cries and spend the money of the policy-holders, and the ostrich-like maneuvers by which these dollar-benumbed officials blind themselves to their coming destruction.

"And in the cornering of 'Standard Oil' and the 'System,' in the entangling of Rogers and Rockefeller in the infinite meshes of their own nets, in their Titanic struggles to break free, and in their last fiendishly desperate effort to draw the fire of a legally, financially, and morally outraged nation to the conspicuously courageous person of Theodore Roosevelt—in these you have a bulging volume, which needs no bookbinder's art to tell that it describes the final, culminating spasm—the death-rattle of the 'System.'"

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"SMITH, DEBTOR"

A Bucket-Shop Idyll

By JAMES H. GANNON, JR.

Illustrations by Rollin Kirby

"IT ain't no use tryin' to keep this game goin' no longer." Mr. Smith, whose chest development resembled a pouter pigeon's, and whose bull-neck made ridiculous the pretended domination of a turn-down white collar and a red neck-scarf weighted with a generous diamond, waved a disgusted fist at the *mise en scène* of the bucket-shop.

The fist paused a moment, as in its encircling sweep it pointed toward the door of the customers' room, from which could be heard the droning of a voice calling out the quotations of a ticker and the "click," "click" of the little wooden blocks which a boy was slipping into place on the big quotation board to keep pace with the ever-changing fractions.

Undisturbed by the silence of the young man who stood at the window looking out over Broadway to the little patch of green in Old Trinity churchyard, Mr. Smith resumed his argument.

"We're up against it good and hard, that's all; and we got to get busy. Six months we've been a-dopin' out the rent on these 'palatial offices'—them's your own words in the ads.—and what's happened? Once we had fifteen marks in a bunch, all reg'lar customers, and things began to look like a run for the money. Then along comes a bull market, and the fifteen begins to get the goods. We got 'em to pyramid, got 'em to pilin' up stocks on a margin that kept gettin' thinner and thinner, till we thought we could see their finish, sure.

"All it needed was what the wise financial editors call a 'healthy reaction' of about two points, and you an' me would've been sauntering down Easy Street in the sunshine.

"And what happened?" Mr. Smith repeated his favorite phrase with evident relish, and then, banging his fist on the big roll-top desk at which he sat in a restless swivel-chair, "Kept a-climbin', that's what happened. 'The higher the fewer,' as the guy in Pastor's says; the higher the stocks went the fewer the customers we had left. 'One by one the leaves is fallin',' that's what; and there's only three leaves left. Wise gazabos, those twelve, put next by all this 'campaign of education,' by a dub from Boston with a new game to work.

"And you and me sat there day after day, watchin' them come up all smiles an' grins, as polite as new barkeeps, cashin' in, cashin' in, while we was cashin' out. When I think of it, it makes me blush, it certainly does, me—with the fosterin' care old Pat Hale claimed he spent on my education in the old bucket-shop in 'Chi.' Me lettin' real money get away from me like that."

This picture of his own shortcomings was too much for Mr. Smith. He rose from his chair, and kicking it until it went whirling violently, he watched it with a malevolent eye.

"Why," he queried peevishly, "why didn't we bust up then, when we had the goods, instead of waitin' till now when we ain't got a red?"

"Why?" he repeated, as if his opinion had been sought; "because we're a pair of——"

Mr. Smith came to a full stop to watch the striking maneuvers of a head which for several minutes, in a wholly detached way, had been first thrust through and then withdrawn from a small wicket window opening into the cashier's office from the partners' private room. With the cutting off of Mr. Smith's voice, the head again came, tentatively, through the window until a pale face, largely obscured by huge, iron-rimmed glasses, turned expectantly, guiltily, toward Mr. Smith.

However strange its movements, this apparition was apparently familiar to Mr. Smith. Without ceremony and after a pre-

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liminary dash of profanity at its expense, he inquired what it all meant. A hand came up from obscurity to the thin lips of the face, warningly, and Mr. Smith, impressed by this plain request for discretion, swore only softly as he tiptoed over to the window.

The impassive man on the other side of the room, who had turned to find the reason for the unusual stillness, saw Mr. Smith incline his ear to the wicket to catch a whispered word; saw a swift flame of anger overspread Mr. Smith's features, and, practically coincidently, saw Mr. Smith's fist snap up and in toward the pale face, but too late. It had vanished with a swiftness born of long practise.

"Well?" queried the man at the street window.

Mr. Smith, whose anger seemed dissipated by his futile thrust at the pale-faced cashier, turned without a trace of ill-humor.

"One more leaf has fallen, Arty," he said. "And one from three leaves two. Our loyal cashier gleefully informs me that Mr. Joseph Silverman has just asked for a statement of his account and a check for his balance. He'll get the statement at once, but the balance, well, the balance——"

"'Has just stepped out for a moment; will you wait?' eh, Smithy?" said his partner sarcastically. "What a joker you are, just a joker; but that's no good in a poker deck. . . . Whoa, Smithy," he added soothingly, as Mr. Smith's face began to redden. "Whoa! just a joke; now, don't get hot. Well, what'll we do? That's what we want to talk about. Hang out a red flag and auction things off, or have a try at a dignified, gentlemanly private sale first, with lots of bait on the hook?"

"Private sale," said the still offended Mr. Smith, shortly.

"Good, Smithy. We'll try the private sale first, and advertise our palatial offices in out-of-town papers exclusively. In that way we get fresh fish, and avoid the affecting good-by calls of the instalment furniture man, the rent man, the precinct detective, the headquarters detective, and other old and dear friends. Ten to one, we'll land it on some poor guy, and then 'fresh woods and pastures new,' eh, Smithy?"

For seven days, that seemed as many years to Mr. Smith, whose sunny disposition grew more threadbare each day, even as that of his morose and sarcastic partner blossomed into something approaching sunniness, the brokerage business of Smith & Wise awaited a purchaser. In the mean time, the market slumped just enough to scare the two remaining customers into closing out their accounts, and their balances, like Mr. Silverman's, were paid. The partners welcomed their departure. With the disappearance of "the fringe," as Mr. Smith ill-naturedly designated the two faithful customers, the place was repopulated with sporting friends of the firm, who joined with zest in the game on foot.

At most moments of the day the offices looked like a gambling house, with poker and fan-tan games in full blast among the firm's friends, who lounged at ease in the luxurious armchairs and upon the couches, resting their

"'ONE BY ONE THE LEAVES IS FALLIN',' THAT'S WHAT."

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feet upon mahogany tables—where this attitude entailed no inconvenience to themselves.

A step in the corridor, betokening the approach of a possible purchaser of the business, brought a change, comparable only to a change in stage scenes under the hands of a most skilful director. Every one came to attention. The neglected ticker was surrounded by a bevy of anxious men, who left it only long enough to dash to the cashier's window to put in orders for stocks. The partners passed in and out among the crowd, penciling orders on "buy" or "sell" pads, or gave market opinions in no uncertain tones; and if either approached, at a certain angle, his desk in the private office, clamor broke forth on the telephone.

If the steps passed the door, as most of them did, the hubbub ceased; the scene shifted easily and naturally back again to that of a gambling room.

Only the pale-faced, bespectacled cashier jarred, jarred hopelessly, in either scene. He didn't belong in the cast, and he knew it, and was already meditating his exit, tarrying only to close out a certain long account, a purely sentimental but none the less real account, carried in his embittered but bookkeepingly logical mind as "Smith, Debtor." For six months, which seemed as many eons, he had been playing the part of the "nigger" in a "hit-the-nigger-and-get-a-good-cigar" game indulged in daily by the choleric Mr. Smith at the window of the cashier's office. Nursing bruises until he learned to dodge, he now nursed, painstakingly, his wrath, and gladly would have served thrice Jacob's term to vent it. And his chance came quickly.

Meantime, however, a good angel was on the wing, hastening due south. For up in Skaneateles, Onondaga County, N. Y., where he had operated a bucket-shop along bucolic lines, but with reasonable success until the hurried departure of the cashier of a local bank had been wantonly attributed to speculation in his place, Wallace B. Jones had seen the fetching advertisement of "Smith & Wise, Bankers and Brokers," and had appreciated it.

Resentful of the evident injustice of his fellow townspeople in the matter of the late cashier, chafing under the restrictions imposed by his contract with a big metropolitan "wire-house" bucket-shopping outfit that furnished to him his stock "mis-quotations," and consumed two-thirds of his legitimate profits, Wallace B. Jones was in that frame of mind which leads men to put things to the touch. And to him sighing for an opening, it came in the form of an advertisement in the Syracuse *World*.

To others it was just an advertisement, reading something like this:

SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY!

A well-known brokerage and banking business in the financial district, of solid credit and wide repute, is offered for sale to responsible party, owing to the desire of the partners to retire from active business and travel extensively. Only those who are in a position to maintain the name and fame of the house need answer. Address Lock Box 213, New York City.

Whatever this may have been to others, to Wallace B. Jones it was an opportune call to a wider field—the beckoning finger of the Goddess of Fortune—and he followed on, thrusting Skaneateles behind him without hesitation.

Therefore, once again footsteps echoed down the corridor leading to the offices of Smith & Wise, and this time the artists within, become careless through frequent disappointment, continued absorbed in their more natural rôles until disturbed by the rattle of the door-knob under the feverish hand of Mr. Jones.

As a result, the clamor that reached that gentleman's ears as he finally thrust open the hesitating door was far less artificial than its hundred futile predecessors. He stood bewildered, his first groping thought being one of amazement that sane men should dream of giving up a business such as this.

Gradually there came to him more definite impressions, of men fighting for a place at the ticker, scorning the slower quotation board. From this crowd each moment there broke away at a broad gallop some screaming individual, who lost himself in another crowd surging about the order window, scribbling madly on little slips, which Jones knew were order slips to buy or sell, or seemingly impatient at the delay involved in this, shouting hoarsely, inimically, at the window, orders for 100, 200, and even 500 shares of stock.

Mercilessly, Mr. Jones's thoughts traveled back to Skaneateles, to the modest little bucket-shop in the town-hall basement, with special entrance on an alley for the use of such Skaneateleans as paid homage to public opinion. He saw the morose group of individuals, heavily bewhiskered, figuring, figuring, and finally sighing like a furnace as they reluctantly plunged into a ten-share purchase.

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COMPLETING EACH CIRCLE AT THE UNMOVED SKANEATELEAN WITH A VICIOUS BUMP.

Only the figure of the late cashier of the Skaneateles bank relieved the picture—a regular plunger compared to his cautious fellow townsmen — but, alas! now a *late* cashier.

It was the voice of Mr. Smith, inquiring politely what service Smith & Wise could render him, that finally brought Mr. Jones back to realities.

Like one banishing a dread vision, Mr. Jones shook himself, awoke once more to the delicious present, and resolved that this present should be his future, cost what it might —a future of fame and power in the great "Street."

"Can we do anything for you?" asked Mr. Smith mellifluously, deferentially. He had sized up Mr. Jones, and, having given him time to drink in the scene, judged the psychological moment to have arrived for disturbing his sweet reveries.

Mr. Jones fumbled at his waistcoat pocket, awed, in spite of his careless front, by the imposing picture made by Mr. Smith, and drew out a copy of the Syracuse *World*.

"My name is Jones, of Skaneateles, N. Y., where I've been running a brokerage office. I saw this 'ad.'; and as I was coming down anyway, I thought I'd drop in to look the place over."

Mr. Jones rather congratulated himself on the skill with which he made his visit to Smith & Wise seem secondary, especially in view of his fixed intention of getting the business now that he'd seen it. Mr. Smith's rotund countenance betrayed no least sign of his full appreciation of this feeble maneuver.

"Glad to see you and have you look us over. If you'll excuse me half a jiffy, I'll see if my partner, Mr. Wise, is in. I think he is." And he left Mr. Jones to feed his passion on the scene about him.

"A guy from Skaneateles, Arty, to buy the shop." Mr. Smith used a stage whisper to convey the intelligence to his partner as he closed the door of the private office. "His name is Jones."

"Mud, you mean, Smithy," said Mr. Wise sententiously, "plain Mud. Well, bring Mr. Mud in, and we'll do him quick."

"Please, Arty, Jones, not Mud. You'll kill off the guy if you call him that in your funny business. Is the phony 'phone bell working O.K., Arty?"

"Yes, the thimbles are entirely rigged—on with the dance—or dunce, Smithy."

Mr. Smith vanished, only to reappear instantly with the amateur from Skaneateles, who was struggling hard to look like a broker born to the ticker.

"Mr. Jones," said Mr. Smith elaborately, "my partner, Mr. Wise."

"Exceedingly glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Wise heartily. "You're

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one of our number, I know; can't mistake the signs."

"Yes," admitted Mr. Jones modestly. "I've been running a shop up-State."

"Mr. Jones saw our advertisement, Art—Mr. Wise"—Mr. Smith corrected himself hastily—"and as he was coming down, anyway, he stopped in to look us over."

"Everything's at your disposal, Mr. Jones," said Mr. Wise, smiling pleasedly at the *double entendre*. "We're a going concern——"

Here Mr. Smith, who was in an agony of fear lest his partner's sarcastic points should penetrate Mr. Jones's intelligence, coughed heavily.

"A going concern, as you see from the customers' room," finished the imperturbable Mr. Wise. "But we are compelled to retire, in a way, by the condition of my partner, Mr. Smith. You noticed his cough. He thinks it's consumption. He doesn't look it now—does he, Mr. Jones?—but his doctors have told him to travel; and as for me, I'm just tired of work."

Mr. Smith, who had thus drawn down upon himself the unwelcome rôle of invalid, perforce coughed lustily again, to the evident enjoyment of Mr. Wise, who was beaming upon the enraptured Skaneatelean.

"Tired of work," in the way Mr. Wise said it, meant simply, to Mr. Jones, the anxiety for opportunity to spend the money which the little gold mine had turned out for an unappreciative young spendthrift.

"Now, me," said Mr. Smith, after he had coughed again sullenly, at a silent command from his partner, "I don't ask nothin' better than to stay, for I know a good thing when I see it, but there are the family physician and the family to consult. Mr. Wise, Mr. Jones, is the nephew of the celebrated fi-nancier, Russell Wise, and he naturally don't have to stop and think of little money details the same as you and me do. He can get tired of work at any time, especially so now that we've made such a hit here."

Mr. Smith broke off to answer the telephone on the desk at which he had seated himself in his rôle of invalid.

"Russell Wise's nephew!" The words charmed Mr. Jones into a moment's forgetfulness—to revel thus in the Eden of high finance! He was brought forth again by the soft voice of Mr. Wise.

"I don't think a lot of bragging about one's relatives, Mr. Jones, but this time it is rather important, since my uncle does a great deal of his buying and selling of stocks through our house."

"Excuse me, Mr. Jones," broke in Mr. Smith, "it's an important order I must give," and, coughing violently, he rolled over to the cashier's wicket, and to the pale-faced cashier, who opened it in response to a tattoo, shouted an order to "buy 500 Erie at the market for President Cary of the Amalgamated."

The pale-faced cashier grinned diabolically as he slowly closed the window.

"I was saying," continued Mr. Wise, "that my uncle deals through us, and if you satisfy him, will continue his trade with you. He's eccentric, as you may have heard, but——"

Again the monologue was interrupted by Mr. Smith at his desk 'phone.

"Who is it?" shouted Mr. Smith through the 'phone. "Oh, Cashier Cole of the City Bank! Yes, Mr. Cole, this is Smith. What—the market? Pretty strong; looks like a bull move all around. Three hundred Steel? O.K. at the market? Yes, thanks."

And again Mr. Smith rolled over to the cashier's window, and again the pale-faced cashier grinned behind the senior partner's back.

But no one saw this by-play, least of all Mr. Jones, whose usual caution little by little evaporated, as the course of the negotiations was repeatedly broken into, now by a call at the 'phone for Mr. Smith and now for Mr. Wise. Each call resulted in an order that made Mr. Jones blush for shame at the memory of his Skaneateles retail trade, and fixed him more firmly in his determination to have the business of Smith & Wise.

There were others after this business; a splendid chance naturally, as the partners explained while they exhibited the books and other business details of the firm. But they wanted the proper man to get it, on account of Uncle Russell Wise among other reasons, and, as Mr. Wise said with commendable frankness, Mr. Jones really seemed best able to fill the bill.

An earnest skirmish over the price was finally on, and Mr. Smith concluded that it was time to play the trump card. The bell of his telephone rang, and he picked up the instrument.

"Yes?" he said questioningly. "Oh——!"

"It's your uncle, Mr. Wise," he said softly, putting the 'phone down and getting out of his chair to make way for his partner.

Mr. Jones rose to leave the room, which had now become hallowed ground, while the

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heart-to-heart talk between uncle and nephew should be on. But with a finger at his lips Mr. Smith held him back, and Mr. Wise smiled graciously on him as he seated himself and picked up the apparatus.

"Yes, uncle." There was a world of deference in Mr. Wise's voice as he greeted his famous relative. "I know it—I *ought* to have come up to Fifth Avenue to dinner last night, but we were so busy at the office——"

Here Mr. Smith winked knowingly at Mr. Jones, and whispered behind a pudgy hand, "A little supper at Del's with his lady friends, the young scamp." And Mr. Jones, not to be thought untutored in the ways of the great metropolis and its gilded youth, winked back with interest.

"To-night?" asked the apologetic young man at the 'phone. "Yes, indeed; tell Aunt Mary I'll be there promptly, if she won't ask me to put on dinner togs. I'll be kept here till six, probably.

"Yes—I know—you don't say? Got the deal all fixed up already? Rockefeller told you he was putting two million into it and Morgan, too— Whew! million and a half? Gould's got a big interest, and the City Bank people take a three-million participation? Union Pacific will have the control of all the Western roads cinched — *c-i-n-c-h-e-d* — Oh, I mean absolutely safe, uncle!"

"Old man don't understand slang; *cinched* too much for him," whispered Mr. Smith jovially to Mr. Jones, whose eyes were popping out of his head as he listened to this familiar mention of financial giants.

Mr. Wise went on with the one-sided conversation:

"Where do you come in, uncle?" he asked solicitously. "Oh, you take a million in bonds and a half million in stocks! You like bonds better; that's right, safer, always. They asked you to be a director? Morgan insists on it, and won't go into the deal unless you accept? Rockefeller'll throw it over, too? Certainly, take it, by all means.

"Good idea, that; ought to be a good thing. How much do you want us to buy for you? Three thousand shares? All right. Buy a thousand for myself? You guarantee it? Good. You've got ten thousand already—Whew——!"

Mr. Jones had been unconsciously drawing nearer and nearer the telephone. At last, crowded up against the side of the big desk at which Mr. Wise sat, he stood like one entranced, seeing visions through a golden haze, for was not all this splendid traffic to be his?—the nephew had promised that the light of the uncle's countenance should be shed in turn on him if he bought, and he would buy all right—trust him to buy. So deep in his dreams was he that he just heard the "good-by" of the careless nephew as he hung up the receiver on the hook. The jangling of the telephone bell brought him back, and he stood there, waiting hungrily for some more of this food of ambition.

"GET YOUR FOOT OFF THAT BUTTON, YOU JAY!"

He failed to notice the look of anxiety on Mr. Wise's face as he removed the receiver again. The momentous bubblings in the bell, which persisted, although they should

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have ceased when the receiver came down, escaped him, as did the covert, uneasy signals which passed between Mr. Wise and his partner—signals which seemed to have direct reference to the position of Mr. Jones's feet, almost, oddly enough, as if Mr. Jones were unconsciously standing on a lost dime ardently coveted by two street gamins, at their wits' end to move him and get it. He paid no attention when Mr. Smith, with exaggerated politeness, invited him to come over to the window to view Trinity Church and its green turf above the graves; he was as far away from suspicion as those who slept so peacefully there. Mr. Smith bumped into him, at first easily, with a quick apology, and then, as this only prompted Mr. Jones to grip the side of the desk and stand fast in his tracks, almost savagely, like an enraged full-back at a stubborn line.

The bell still bubbled and Mr. Wise still shouted meaningless nothings into the transmitter, waving the while more and more frantic signals at his maneuvering partner, who tried in vain to move Mr. Jones. Perspiration burst out on Mr. Smith's round, red face, as he nudged and shoved at the un-understanding man from Skaneateles, who calmly held his place by the desk. At last a sort of madness seemed to grip Mr. Smith. He trotted off on small circles around the room, completing each circle at the unmoved Skaneatelean with a vicious bump. Gradually the circle enlarged, like those that spread from a stone cast in a pool, and finally Mr. Smith was galloping about, not unlike a fat white circus horse in his destined ring, while his partner did strange things with the clamorous telephone, which bubbled tirelessly.

Suddenly the cashier's window opened. The pale-faced, bespectacled cashier looked in on the scene, at first with amazement and mystification, as Mr. Smith dashed by on his orbit, and finally, as he heard the gurgling telephone bell, with understanding. A look of acute pleasure swept over the cashier's features. As Mr. Smith dashed by once more on his mad round, the sour face of the cashier was thrust clear through the wicket into the room, and making a trumpet of his hands, bellowed through them at Mr. Jones, of Skaneateles:

"Get your foot off that button, you jay!"

Then he fled, the long over-due sentimental account of "Smith, Debtor" being now liquidated.

As the flying footsteps of the cashier and of the pursuing Mr. Smith echoed ever more faintly down the corridor, Mr. Jones, with his eyes fixed on the floor, speculatively moved first his left foot, then his right. As he thought from the slight protuberance felt beneath the heel, *it was* his right. He lifted it. The bell ceased its jangle, and he knew the bump in the carpet for what it was, the push button of a dummy telephone, built for pleasant but deceptive monologues.

Dully, for the passion of his dream still gripped him, he looked at Mr. Wise, who tilted back in his chair, raised his arms above his head, and yawned with *ennui;* for to Mr. Wise it was a play played out, and, the audience still lingering, he arose and sauntered over to the window, with the view of Trinity and of its graveyard, of other hopes.

It was by contrast a pleasant outlook, perhaps, for he did not even turn his head as Mr. Jones silently passed out.

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How the American Wage-Earner Spends His Income

By F. W. HEWES

WHAT are the expenditures of American wage-earners? is a question that is constantly being asked by one or another class of persons—scientists, sociological workers, or the merely curious and interested.

How much goes for food? How much for clothing? How much for shelter? How much for amusements and vacations? How much for whisky and tobacco? How much to religion and charity? How much for sickness and death; and how much is left over?

In 1901, the opening year of this new century, Uncle Sam sent out many special agents to find just how his millions of wage-earners were spending their incomes, so that he could answer these questions, and so that those of us who are living when the twenty-first century begins may make interesting and valuable comparisons.

These agents were told to make their inquiries by families, including none except those in which the head was "a wage-worker or salaried man earning not over $1,200 during the year." When they had finished the count, they found that the families averaged almost exactly five and one-third (5.31) persons, and that the incomes averaged $827.19.

Diagram No. 1 shows the cost of food ($326.90 per family) compared with all other living expenses ($441.64). It also carries a third item—$107.91 for clothing. This clothing bill is, of course, a part of the $441.64, a little less than one-fourth of it, and a little more than one-eighth of the total income, while the food bill is a little over three-eighths. Therefore it takes a little over half of the total income to provide food and clothing.

Now to compare the several smaller items: the clothing bill is represented by a larger circle in diagram No. 2, and smaller circles represent the smaller portions of that $441.64 which, taken as a whole, covers all living expenses except the food bill. It shows that the rent bill ($99.53) is nearly equivalent to the clothing bill, the two making almost exactly one-quarter of the total income. The eight smaller circles, excluding the one in broken line, account for nearly all of the rest of the $441.64. The largest of these eight items is fuel and light ($40.34), not quite one-twentieth (5 per cent.) of the total income. One-fifth of the fuel and light bill ($8.15) is for light alone.

Next come three items within narrow limits: furniture and utensils, $26.28; liquor and tobacco, $23.36 (just a little over half of it for liquor); and sickness and death, $20.52.

The smallest item, sickness and death, cannot be wholly eliminated, although good health habits cut down the doctor's bill amazingly, and a sensible revolt against ostentation would easily cut the funeral bills in half.

The growing demands of employers for total abstinence on the part of workmen is cutting down the liquor bill, and the natural result will be to transfer the gain thus made to one or more of the four smaller items represented by the four smaller circles remaining. The tobacco habit, however, has no industrial opposition to cut it down.

Each of the items represented by the four smaller circles comprising the fourth group, has its proper place in all well-balanced living. The expenditure for religion and charity, $9.99 (one-fourth for charity), suggests the contribution of one more cent by each family to make an even $10; and the comparison of that amount with $12.30 for amusement and vacation will perhaps move some readers to advocate the transference of a portion of the larger item to the smaller. To some, also, $8.99 for labor and other organization fees, as against $8.38 for books and newspapers will seem disproportionately large.

The foregoing details are common to all families except such as either own their homes or are paying for them and therefore have no rent bills. The report gives an average expenditure of $18.92 as payments of taxes and on mortgages. This item, standing in the

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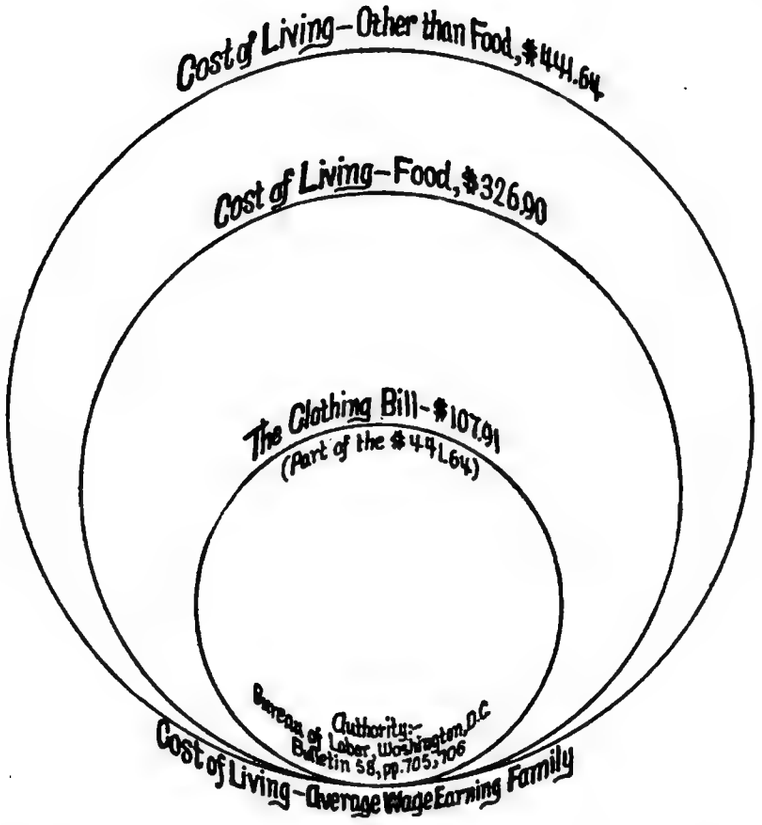

Cost of Living–Other than Food, $441.64
Cost of Living–Food, $326.90
The Clothing Bill–$107.91
(Part of the $441.64)
Authority:–
Bureau of Labor, Washington, D.C.
Bulletin 58, pp. 705, 706
Cost of Living–Average Wage Earning Family

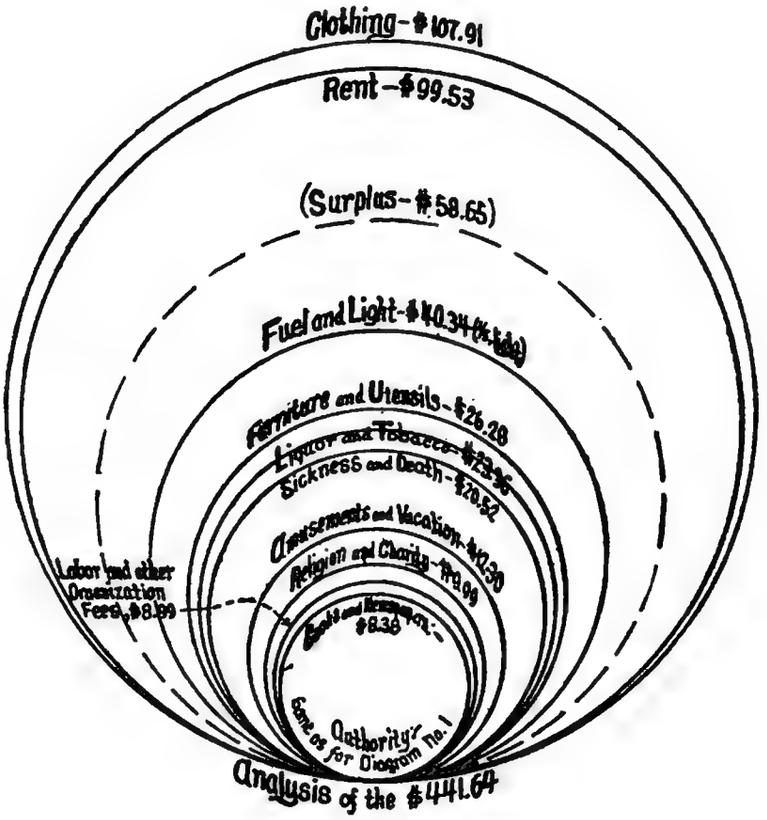
place of rent for those families whose homes are proof of their thrift, slightly reduces the total average cost for housing or shelter.

Insurance, as given in the report, is not specified as fire or life, or as both. Its amount ($20.99) is almost an exact equivalent of the expenditure for sickness and death. Placed in the diagram, therefore, it would make the impressive triplet of circles to which the latter item belongs a quadruplet.

Education is an item "conspicuous by its absence." We are thereby reminded that this is a country of "free schools." That, however, does not mean that these millions of working families are not paying their share of the cost of schooling their children. The rent item includes the school bill. It is from his rent collections that the landlord pays his tax bills. The tenant, therefore, is the real taxpayer.

In a few States text-books are bought by the school officers for the use of all school children. In others, the cost of school books is a goodly fraction of the $45.15 reported under the general title of Other Purposes, which includes that multitude of various expenses, each too small to put by itself in the final report, whose total is a little greater than the cost of fuel and light ($40.34).

Diagram No. 2 carries a broken circle whose parenthetical title reads Surplus, $58.65. This item is not a part of the $441.64 and only indirectly is related to the cost of living; and yet its importance warrants its introduction. To explain the meaning of this sum it is necessary to repeat that Uncle Sam found the average yearly income of his working family to be $827.19. Taking out the total Cost of Living ($768.54) leaves the Surplus ($58.65) set down in the diagram, a little over half as much as the clothing bill. It is from this surplus that the working family makes savings-bank deposits, purchases a home, or makes investment to provide for future increased cost of living. A part of it goes into Wall Street to feed the bulls and bears; but the indications are that of late years the savings-banks are being more favored, and Wall Street is not shearing so many lambs as formerly.



The geographical census distribution of the surplus is a matter of no small importance.

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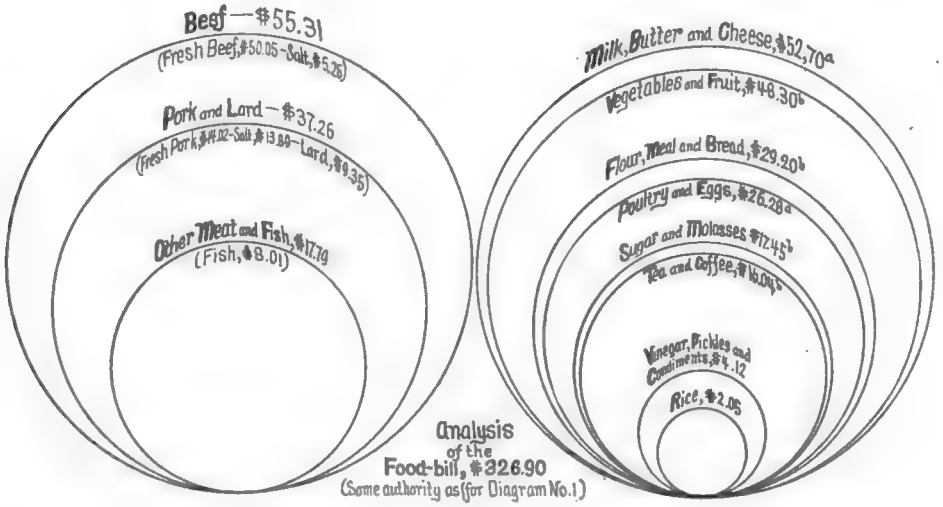
While the reports deal with wage-earning families in manufacturing and mechanical industries only, yet it is a fair conclusion that the financial conditions recorded are representative of the whole population in any given section. If they were not, agricultural families would quickly abandon their farms and enter these specified employments, as would also the families representing trade and transportation. When, therefore, it appears that the families of the great Western region are so careful in their expenditures that their surplus is larger proportionally (also absolutely) than that of any other section, it means much. That proportion (over 15 per cent. of the total income) for savings and local development year by year, with a strong hustle behind it, naturally gets ahead faster than the 4 per cent. surplus of the great South Central (Gulf States) region, of which hustling is not commonly understood to be characteristic.

This study of the surplus, although interesting, is a little aside from our theme, and it is pertinent for us next to ask how the food cost divides up. This is answered by means of two groups of circles in Diagram No. 3. The meat circles of the left-hand group, taken with the two meat-food circles (1st and 4th) of the right-hand group, make a total of $189.34,[1] considerably over half of the whole food bill ($326.90).

[1] Of the total for beef ($55.31), about one-eleventh ($5.26) is for salt beef.—Of the cost of pork and lard ($37.26), about one-fourth ($9.35) is for lard, and the averages for fresh and for salt pork almost balance.—Of the $17.79 for "Other Meat and Fish," nearly half ($8.01) is for fish.—The milk, butter, and cheese bills are, respectively, $21.32, $28.76, and $2.62.—Poultry, $9.49; eggs, $16.79.

The four pairs of circles of the right-hand group bring the smaller food bills into the comparison: vegetables and fruits ($48.30[2]) pair with milk, butter, and cheese ($52.70[1]). Flour, meal, and bread ($29.20[2]) pair more closely with poultry and eggs ($26.28[1]). Sugar and molasses ($17.45[2]) come closer still to tea and coffee ($16.04). Vinegar, pickles, and condiments ($4.20) and rice ($2.05) make a fourth pair, completing the analysis, except for the many other minor items, which amount to $20.40, and which, if placed in the diagram, would rank just above sugar and molasses.

This brief analysis shows how the American wage-earner spends his income; but it is really more than his income, for personally he earns only about four-fifths of it. The other fifth (nearly three times the surplus) is earned by the work of the wife and children, and it appears that the savings-bank deposits and the building and loan accumulations are chiefly due to their minor earnings. That explains why these items decrease in panic periods, for then the women's and children's little efforts find no opportunity of financial return. In "good times" there are many spare dimes and quarters for minor services. In panics the dimes, even the nickels and cents, are more carefully counted and less freely expended.


Beef—$55.31
(Fresh Beef, $50.05 - Salt, $5.26)
Pork and Lard—$37.26
(Fresh Pork, $14.12 - Salt, $13.89 - Lard, $9.35)
Other Meat and Fish, $17.79
(Fish, $8.01)
Milk, Butter and Cheese, $52.70a
Vegetables and Fruit, $48.30b
Flour, Meal and Bread, $29.20b
Poultry and Eggs, $26.28a
Sugar and Molasses, $17.45b
Tea and Coffee, $16.04b
Vinegar, Pickles and Condiments, $4.12
Rice, $2.05
Analysis of the Food-bill, $326.90
(Same authority as for Diagram No. 1)

[2] Potatoes, $12.03; vegetables, $18.85; fruit, $16.52; total, $48.30.—Flour and meal, $16.76; bread, $12.44; total, $29.20.—Sugar, $15.76; molasses, $1.69; total, $17.45.—Tea, $5.30; coffee, $10.74; total, $16.04.

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HE TOLD RATTY HOW HE CAME TO LEAVE CASTINE.

The Meat of David

By SEWELL FORD

Illustrations by Harry Townsend

NO doubt it was ordered. All things are, aren't they? But why, and to what end did these two unrelated personalities, summoned from widely separate limbos of obscurity, come together, clash, and go their ways again, in that mysterious, illogical fashion?

From the moment Clem Jordan and Ratty Kindig faced each other across the untidy supper table of a contractor's boarding-house they were conscious of a mutual dislike. Yet when they found themselves billeted, not only to work all day in each other's company, but to share the same room at night, neither made any effort to avoid the association.

Kindig scowled at Jordan, and Jordan thought Kindig the surliest, meanest-faced little shrimp he had ever run across. Yet that did not deter Clem from taking the fellow into his confidence. He simply had to talk to some one.

Sitting on the side of his narrow iron bed, leisurely unlacing his heavy shoes, he told Ratty all about how he came to leave Castine, or Kennebunk, or wherever it was, down on the Maine coast, that the call had reached him.

"I'd been sortin' shingles at Littlefield's mill for two months steady," said Jordan, "and for all I could see I was likely to keep on sortin' shingles till doomsday, when Al Mayberry comes along and says he's goin' down to Portland to play second cornet in the Peak's Island band. Must have been that

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made me feel uneasy. I kept on about an hour more and then, all of a sudden, I knocks off, goes up to the office, and says to old Littlefield: 'Say, I've quit sortin' shingles for you, or for any one else on top of the earth.' 'Sho!' says he. 'You don't mean it, Clem?' 'I do,' says I. 'What you goin' to do?' says he. 'I'm goin' off somewheres where I can show the kind of stuff I'm made of,' says I. And with that I walks up to the house, packs my valise, catches the 5.16 into Portland, and takes the next boat to New York. Hadn't been here ten hours before I gets this Subway buildin' job, and here I am."

By way of emphasis Mr. Jordan slammed the now unloosened shoe on the bare floor. He was a spare, big-framed man, with mud-colored hair, a generous mouth, and almost hueless eyes whose uncertain expression wavered between good-natured shrewdness and a sort of speculative wonder at all they saw. He talked without effort, and in that fascinating nasal drawl to which only a certain type of down-Easter can attain.

"Funny, ain't it," he continued, without the slightest encouragement to do so, "how a feller'll take a start like that sometimes? But I've cut loose now. I'm ready for anything that turns up. They think back home that I don't amount to much, but now we'll see."

Ratty Kindig made no reply. He was not a talkative man, at best. He was undersized, thin, hollow-cheeked, pallid. His black eyes were close set and restless. He was London born, but he had lived in India, Australia, Canada. Also he had earned his living variously. Just now he was a half-developed electrician; that is, from being a mere lineman, he had learned something about jockeying dynamos, computing ohms, and laying out wire systems. The Subway contractors had use for him.

Ill-matched as the two men were outwardly, their differences as to mental make-up were still greater. Clem Jordan, under all his vague chatter, sincerely believed that he was destined to play, somewhere and at some time, a heroic part. He thought very likely the opportunity would come to him in war. At least, in the picture which he was most fond of conjuring up, he saw himself engaged in some Titanic struggle. David going out to meet Goliath, Winkelried rushing on the spears, Paul Jones on his shot-riddled deck —these were some of his favorite visions. He would do something like that. Not that he put all this definitely into words. His talk, like his gaze, was uncertain.

Kindig took no pains to hide his contempt for such vaporings. He listened impatiently, sneeringly, yet not altogether unwillingly. He was acquiring a handle for his dislike. In time he succeeded in cordially hating Jordan. This was something of an achievement. Most men seemed to find the tall, lanky down-Easter rather entertaining. At any rate, he was too good-natured to quarrel with.

"I WAS LIKELY TO KEEP ON SORTIN' SHINGLES TILL DOOMSDAY."

But Kindig hated him; chiefly because he was such a big, healthy beast. Why, those long arms of his were as sinewy as a gorilla's. Kindig had seen him pick up a rock that two Italians had failed to budge. Ratty was dyspeptic and weak-lunged. As a Londoner, of course, he resented Jordan's very assumption of equality, while the Yankee's sugges-

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tions of coming greatness would fairly set Kindig's teeth on edge. Out of his beady little eyes he would glare wickedly at his big roommate, who, wholly wrapped up in his dreams, talked on quite indifferent to the malicious glances, if he was not unconscious of them.

As a matter of fact, Kindig was a conscientious and indiscriminate hater. The ruling passion of his life seemed to be a desire to punish adequately those whom he hated most. Wonderfully ingenious were some of his schemes, and amazingly cruel of conception. Occasionally he revealed them to Jordan, just for the pleasure of watching a look of horror creep into the big fellow's eyes.

"Suppose," he said one day as they were watching the pneumatic riveter at work, "just suppose I had you pinned against that rock there, and should turn that machine loose on you. You'd feel those taps, eh? I could punch you as full of holes as a colander."

As Clem turned to look at the little electrician, and caught the gleam of his eyes, he shivered.

"Blessed if I don't believe you'd do it!" he exclaimed. Whereupon Kindig gave vent to a crowlike squeak of satisfaction.

Usually, though, the Englishman maintained a sullen silence. Of course this did not make him popular. He became the butt of such crude practical jokes as the dull wits of his fellow workers could invent.

It was the advent of Betti Salvadore, however, that did the mischief. Betti was a niece of Victor Salvadore, who not only held a subcontract for mason work on Section B-157, but conducted a workman's boarding-house as well.

Betti had come over from Lombardy to wait on table and make herself otherwise useful. Incidentally, she was ornamental. Her eyes were big and brown and bold; her cheeks a transparent olive, with an underlying wine-red flush. Her figure was mature, but full of lithe grace, and, despite the fact that she was given to wearing purple waists with green skirts, she was pleasing to look upon.

From the first the gaze of Ratty Kindig followed her about hungrily. Others, too,

"I COULD PUNCH YOU AS FULL OF HOLES AS A COLANDER.

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were impressed by her vivid prettiness. Even Clem Jordan, diffident before all womankind, now and then favored her with an expansively appreciative smile, and declared that "they didn't raise that sort nowhere in Maine, b'gee!"

But as Betti paid little heed to any of their glances, and understood few of their clumsy compliments, nothing would have come of it had not the humorists noted with what dogged persistence Kindig watched her every movement. He was, in truth, fascinated. You could hardly dignify such a passion by calling it love; but whatever it was, it seized upon Kindig violently.

Just how great was his infatuation none of them dreamed until they hit upon the brilliant idea of leading the electrician to believe that Jordan was his secret and successful rival. The credulity of the man was astonishing. No matter how absurd the suggestions, if they concerned Betti he swallowed them eagerly. Day after day he fed his wrath against the unsuspecting Yankee.

There was a climax, of course. There was bound to be. It was the result of a chance combination of circumstances. Jordan went one Saturday night to spend Sunday on a schooner that had come down from his home port, laden with dressed stone. Betti chose the same time to go somewhere else, no one knew just where. And the story told to Kindig on Sunday afternoon was cunningly vicious.

"I'll bet they've been plannin' this thing for weeks," said one of the jokers.

Kindig called them a pack of liars, but he paced about like a caged tiger. Late at night they heard him tramping up and down in his room. He came to breakfast on Monday gaunt-eyed and feverish.

When the day shift was lowered to the shaft bottom they found Jordan in his place, ready for work. Kindig glared at him as he passed, but said nothing. The humorists were disappointed. During the intervals when the riveter ceased for an instant its ear-splitting rattle they fired coarse jokes at the Yankee, who, not being in the secret, retorted at random.

"Did I enjoy myself?" said he. "Why not?"

There was a howl of derisive laughter, and significant looks were cast toward Kindig.

"Did you hear that, Ratty?" they shouted. "How about it, eh?"

Oh, yes, Kindig had heard. And he had understood all that they could have wished him to understand. All his suspicions were confirmed, all his meanest conjectures indorsed. The swift poison of jealousy had been poured into his veins. So it was true, everything that they had told him about Betti and this drawling Yankee!

For a moment the storm of impotent passion made him sick and faint. He could neither speak nor move. He could barely see. And then the master motive reestablished itself.

Kindig was perched on a little scaffold up under the arch of the false work, where he had begun the job of putting in a step-down box, a transformer, so that he might rig a series of portable bunch lights for the use of the bricklayers, who were at work along the haunch. He wore yellow oilskins and rubber gloves. Over his head sputtered an arc light, and above that glistened the jagged roof of the excavation, dripping with rock seepage.

The setting was weird enough for almost any purpose, down there where they were hewing from the living rock space for a Subway station. The gloomy, noise-filled cavern suggested a corner of Inferno on a busy day. Uncouth figures moved about in the semi-darkness, shouting strange commands through the din. All seemed confusion, pandemonium.

Yet up on the surface, within an arm's length of the shaft head, street-cars were whizzing by. A policeman lounged on the nearest corner. Across the way they were hoisting a hideous zinc cornice to the top of a new flat-building. Within a few months this very shaft would be filled with ordinary, every-day people, going and coming on ordinary, every-day errands.

Some twenty feet below Kindig's perch stood Jordan, manipulating the steam pivot-derrick. He pushed a drum-lever from him, and down swept the great boom. The rockmen swarmed about to heap the bucket with glittering chunks of schist. When he drew the lever back, the boom rose. He grabbed a second lever, and the whole derrick whirled on its axis until the iron bucket caught the shaft-car. A chain was jerked, and half a ton of rock rattled out.

For several moments Kindig stood staring down into the derrick pit in silence. But his face muscles twitched convulsively. His fingers gripped and relaxed over the pliers in his hand. Suddenly he threw down the tool, dropped lithely over the edge of the platform,

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and swung himself down on the lagging. A few watched him curiously. He made his way to the foot of the derrick.

"Jordan, you Yankee cur, tell 'em you lied. Tell 'em, damn you, and quick!" His shrill, straining voice pierced the din like the squeal of a dry axle. The men at the riveter heard, and shut off the power to listen. Bricklayers paused. Italian cement carriers dropped their tubs and stood gazing.

Jordan seemed surprised, but unruffled.

"Hello, Ratty! What's the matter with *you?*" he asked.

"Will you tell 'em? Will you?" screamed Kindig.

Jordan had dropped the bucket among the rock handlers and turned. "Well, I'll be darned!" he ejaculated. "Fightin' mad, ain't you? But I've got no time to bother with you. Run along now."

From Kindig came a snarling, inarticulate expression of vain rage. He had jumped at the contemptuously waved arm, and was trying to bite through the coat sleeve, when Jordan plucked him off by the nape of the neck and gave him a half-arm thrust that sent him staggering until he toppled over on the rough bottom of the pit. He arose with a cut over his left eye, from which a scarlet rivulet streamed gaudily down.

"Say, you little snipe," said Jordan, "you try that on again and I'll be dog-goned if I don't break you across my knee."

"Betti! Betti!" shrieked Kindig. "She's mine, I tell you!"

"Oh, she is, is she?" drawled Jordan. "Yours!" and then his loud, taunting laugh rolled bellowingly out.

That did the work. Jumping for the scaffold ladder, Kindig went up it in eager haste. Those who took the trouble to look saw him working feverishly under the arc light, noted him pawing about among his tools and bending over a coil of black-coated wire. But no one suspected his purpose until he threw something from the platform and hurried down after it. Even then they did not comprehend. But when he was seen to pick up an eight-foot scantling, with a forked, snakelike streamer dangling from one end, they mistrusted mischief.

"Look out, Jordan; he's coming back," shouted some one.

The next instant they all saw what Ratty was up to, and a chorus of warning cries arose. The forked streamer was a double-conductor electric-light wire, with the points scraped bare. Behind it, off somewhere in the big power-house, were huge, purring dynamos.

Just as Jordan turned to look, these wires struck one of the steel cables guying the derrick top. There was a hissing, blinding spurt of blue flame, such a display as you can only get by grounding several thousand volts. The incandescents blinked, as for an instant their power was tapped, then burned steadily again, as the wires dangled free. Kindig, white of face, with pallid lips curling away from yellow, clenched teeth, and raising high that murderous whip, rushed on.

Standing about the sides of the shaft within a few yards of him were perhaps thirty men. In the face of any ordinary danger they would have acted. Had there been a cave-in or an explosion, they would have risked their lives promptly. But now not one of them lifted a hand. This was something new and terrible. Perhaps they had seen human beings in contact with an alternating current. So they stood back, after that vicious spurt of blue flame, stunned, awed, and silent.

The derrick was just inside the shaft opening, up whose jagged, perpendicular sides was neither scaffolding nor ladder. Jordan was cornered. He was caught in a blind pocket, a trap. Before him, blocking all escape to the tunnel, was Kindig, with that fearful weapon in his hands. And Kindig was coming for him as fast as he could make his way.

There was no hope of jumping out and tearing the thing from his grasp. Already he was beginning to flourish it, using it something like a two-handed sword, something like a flail. To touch it meant to have those raw wires drawn through his naked hands, and that—well, Jordan knew what that would mean. It chilled the very marrow of him. Ugh! To be seared and shriveled, like a slice of bacon on a hot griddle. For a moment the thought of his utter helplessness shook him, as a leaf is shaken. His face took on the color of fresh putty. His knees bent under him.

And then, in the midst of his panic, was born a desperate hope. Wheeling about, he reached for the hoisting lever and pulled it toward him. The derrick boom shot up until it stood at a sharp angle from the mast. Jerking another lever, he whirled the two on the base-pivot. Down came the boom, the iron bucket, with its cubic yard of broken rocks, swinging at the end. Three feet more and Kindig would be directly under it.

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But Ratty's rush had been stayed. Snarling, panting, he paused to consider this new element in the game. He saw at a glance what would happen if he should try to dash under the bucket. Jordan would either drop it on him, or pull the dumping chain. In either event he would be crushed, like an egg under a boot-heel.

Kindig, however, was no longer a cautious, reasoning being. The red mist of murder swam before his eyes. Lust for killing had possession of his senses. Only cunning remained. He pretended to retreat, backing off sideways. Then, when he was out of range of the bucket, he sprang forward.

The big Yankee was waiting for this. With a hand on either lever he swept the boom into a new position, stopping it with a jerk which set it vibrating ponderously. Again Kindig was blocked.

IT WAS THE ADVENT OF BETTI SALVADORE THAT DID THE MISCHIEF.

Then the contest was on in deadly earnest. Frenzied at being thus balked, driven on by the hate which seethed in his tortured brain, and equipped with such a weapon as perhaps no man ever wielded before, the white-faced little electrician hopped and staggered about on the rocks, now forward, now backward, now just escaping the bucket, now rushing madly in from a new direction.

Had the footway been clear, he could easily have dodged in and snapped the lash about Jordan's neck. But the shaft bottom was littered with loose rocks. Twice, in avoiding the bucket, he fell headlong just clear of it. Each time, though, he scrambled to his feet and renewed his tactics.

Jordan was alert, too. Every nerve of his big frame tingled. It was kill or be killed. He handled the great pivot derrick as a dandy twirls a cane. Under his skilful hands the thing seemed alive. It was an arm; a huge, thirty-foot arm, stiff at the elbow, but moving up and down, to the left, to the right, as easily as if it had been set in a shoulder socket. The steel block at the end was like a great hand, swinging a half-ton missile suspended by ten feet of wire cable. It was the arm of a giant, with a fist gripping a ball and chain. But the giant was handicapped. He could not pursue. He could only strike when his enemy came within reach.

The spectators, held by a common tensity of interest, behaved variously, as men always do in the presence of imminent tragedy. They were ranged on the construction scaffolding at either side of the derrick pit, almost as if they occupied boxes at a play. The stage was below them. The rough, dripping sides of the excavation formed a fitting background.

Some of the bricklayers affected not to be watching, half turning away, like sheepish schoolboys caught in mischief. Others gazed with frank fascination, trowels in their hands. Some were pale, some flushed. A half-dozen Italian cement mixers stared stolidly. MacAllister, the red-mustached gang foreman, leaned against an upright and mopped his face with a blue-bordered handkerchief, muttering in a dazed monotone:

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"See here, now, this thing's gone too far. Stop 'em, somebody. Why don't somebody stop 'em?"

As the men wielded their strange weapons they acquired wonderful facility. The stress of contest whipped their senses on. Kindig, frenzied by the prolonged delay, seemed to become insatiable. His dark eyes glowed with a greenish light, as a cat's in the dark. He had torn off the oilskin coat, dashed aside his cap, bared one slender arm to the elbow. Some of his straight black hair had fallen into the cut on his forehead and clotted there. His nostrils quivered.

He tried the experiment of lengthening the lash. He crept almost up to the boom and whirled the whip about his head, striking viciously at Jordan, reckless of the fact that should those copper points touch his own flesh he would meet the same fate he was trying to deal out. But the lash still fell short by a dozen feet, hissing luridly along the pools of water over which it skimmed.

And Jordan had learned to parry and thrust and lunge with the boom. He could make the bucket sway and swing spitefully. Once he spilled a rock from it almost at Kindig's feet. The wire cable sang on the drum, or twanged as it tautened on the dropped boom. Jordan was trying to catch Ratty under that half ton of broken rock. It was his only chance, for, sooner or later, if he did not smash him, the electrician was bound to rush in; and once he was past the bucket Jordan was lost. A momentary lapse of wariness, and he would be at Kindig's mercy. Big veins stood out on the down-Easter's neck. His jaw hung despairingly. He was feeling the strain.

At last MacAllister shook off his dazed numbness. Sidling along the scaffold, he stealthily reached the inner end, where was a short ladder leading down to the main tunnel. A telephone was placed there, connecting by private wire with the engineers' headquarters, a mile farther down-town. He rang up.

"Is Mr. Halpin there? Where is he, then? Coming up? When did he start? Yes, I want him. No, that's all."

Even as he hung up the receiver the rumble of an approaching hand-car was heard. Halpin, the engineer in charge of the section, was on it. He was a youthful-looking man, smooth of face, gray-eyed, rosy-cheeked, square-jawed. He wore a rain coat, hunting shoes, and a muddy felt hat.

In his haste to tell the whole story at a breath, the gang foreman sputtered disjointedly:

"They're at it, Mr. Halpin. It's a horrible sight. That little devil of a Kindig and the down-East derrick man. It's over a girl. There's murder being done in the shaft pit, sir."

The engineer hurried in to see for himself what was the matter. He saw. Kindig was creeping up warily for another rush. He had poised the scantling over one shoulder, gripping the end with both hands. Behind him, and off up to the false work, trailed the black wire.

"See, it's a live wire he's got," whispered the foreman. "He's turned the whole power current into it. Do you see?"

Halpin nodded.

"He tried to bite Jordan first," went on MacAllister; "now he wants to electrocute him. He's a devil, sir."

Again Halpin nodded. Then he spoke sharply, peremptorily:

"Kindig! You, Kindig! Put that thing down."

The familiar tone of authority carried its message to the little Londoner's seething brain. He hesitated, tore his gaze from Jordan, and glanced up. But he was beyond all ordering. In a whimpering, high-pitched voice he shouted back:

"Yah! *You* can't stop me. No one can stop me. I'm goin' to kill the hound, kill him! Then I'll finish off the rest of you," and he began to hop about the rocks, seeking an opening.

Halpin's shoulders lifted in a shrug. He cast an inquiring glance around. Then his square jaw took on a grim look. He gave an order to MacAllister in a low tone. The gang foreman disappeared. Halpin, his hands thrust into his coat pockets, resumed contemplation of the scene in the pit. A flicker of satisfaction played about his mouth corners as he saw Jordan fend off the electrician with quick swings of the derrick boom.

Presently MacAllister returned. Behind him came men dragging a three-inch hose. Without comment Halpin reached out and took the iron nozzle from them. Again his crisp tones rang out.

"Kindig, if you don't drop that thing, I'll skin you alive."

The only reply to this was a snarl of defiance. Ratty was edging in now, watching the swaying boom. At that instant the great arm swung swiftly to the left, leaving a wide open-

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ANOTHER MOMENT, AND IT HAD HIM BY THE HEEL.

ing. Jordan had made his first false move. For a moment his attention had been distracted by the words of the engineer. He had pushed the lever too far. Before he could swing the boom back Kindig would be inside his guard. A hoarse cry of triumph leaped from the electrician as he darted forward.

Just then Halpin raised his hand. "All right, go ahead!" he shouted.

The flattened hose swelled and writhed under the sudden current of force. There came an abrupt hiss, which instantly changed to a roar. From the nozzle shot out a glistening stream, striking the rocks with the noise of a small cataract. But the stream was not of water. It was of sand—minute particles of flint and feldspar and garnet—propelled by an air-blast of eighty pounds to the square inch. It was a stream that shaved off the rough edges of the quarried gneiss as readily as a hot iron smooths a piece of wax.

And now this hissing sand blast, guided by the steady hands and cool gray eyes of Halpin, pursued the steps of Ratty Kindig. Swiftly, remorselessly, unerringly, it followed. As he sprang forward almost upon Jordan, it overtook him. Another moment, and it had him by the heel. The thick leather vanished, as frost from a window-pane. Upward reached the stream. In a flash the stout oil-skin

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trousers, the overalls beneath, were stripped from the leg as far as the knee. The yielding cuticle smoked off in shreds.

It was too much. Human endurance could not withstand it. Flinging the electric whip from him, with a yell of pain and terror Kindig fell headlong.

"Shut off!" called Halpin back into the tunnel.

A dozen men climbed down and surrounded the prostrate electrician. But all the murder had been taken out of him. Limp and nerveless he lay, moaning something in constant repetition. What it was no one knew; in fact, no one will ever know, for Kindig had become a raving maniac some minutes before. He is one yet.

When they turned to Jordan they found him standing very erect by the derrick boom, a new steadiness in his eyes. They could not know, of course, but there in the shaft pit the lanky down-Easter had come into his own. He had tasted the meat of David.

"Good man!" they said to him. "You put up a great fight."

"Did I?" said Jordan, sweeping their faces eagerly with his gaze. "Well, say, I guess that a girl that's worth fightin' for's worth havin', ain't she? And I'll be darned if I don't get her."

More than that, he did.

Down in Castine, or Kennebunk, or wherever it was that he came from, they were duly shocked when they heard of it. But it isn't a bad match. And he is almost as proud of Betti as she is of him.

The Lantern

By WITTER BYNNER

LOVE went laughing by the house
  With a lantern in his hand . . .
From a round of high carouse
  Out I peer'd to see him pass,
Caught a flicker on the glass,
  And I ask'd a laughing lass,
One I thought might understand,
  Who it was went by the house
With a lantern in his hand.

So we tumbled out, we two,
  And we follow'd far and steep—
Until neither of us knew,
  When the birds awoke from sleep
And the sky was turning blue,
  If it merely were the peep
Of a star across the land,
  Or a will-o'-wisp, with pass
Of his wand the way he flew.

But he waited in the dew,
  Waited laughing for us two,
While I help'd the little lass;
  And we saw his eyes grow deep,
And we knew our love was true;—
  So when now the flashes pass
We may wholly understand
  Who is watching by the house
With a lantern in his hand.

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The Meanness of Rosy

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by Albert Levering

"LAZY?" repeated Mr. Wingate, who was in a talkative mood. "Lazy? Yes, yes! Washy Sparrow's lazy enough, land knows. So was his father afore him. The old man died of creepin' paralysis, which was just the disease he'd pick out *to* die of, and even then he took six years to do it in. Washy's brother Jule, Julius Cæsar Sparrow, he was as no-account and lazy as the rest. When he was around this neighborhood he put in his time swappin' sea lies for heat from the post-office stove, and the only thing that would get him livened up at all was the mention of a feller named 'Rosy' that he knew while he was seafarin', way off on t'other side of the world. Jule used to say that 'twas this Rosy that made him lose faith in human nature.

"The first time ever Julius and Rosy met was one afternoon just as the Emily—that was the little fore-and-aft South Sea tradin' schooner Jule was in—was castin' off from the ramshackle landin' at Hello Island. Where's Hello Island? Well, I'll tell you. When you get home you take your boy's geography book and find the map of the world. About amidships of the sou'western quarter of it you'll see a place where the Pacific Ocean is all broke out with the measles. Yes; well, one of them measle spots is Hello Island.

"Course that ain't the real name of it. The real one is spelt with four o's, three a's, five i's, and a peck measure of h's and x's hove in to fill up. It looks like a plate of hash and that's the way it's pronounced. Maybe you might sing it if 'twas set to music, but no white man ever *said* the whole of it. Them that tried always broke down on the second fathom or so and said 'Oh, hell!' instead. Course the missionaries see that wouldn't do, so they twisted it stern first and it's been Hello Island to most folks ever since.

"Why Jule was at Hello Island is too long a yarn. Biled down it amounts to a voyage on a bark out of Seattle, and a first mate who was a kind of Christian Science chap and cured sick sailors by the layin' on of hands—likewise feet and belayin' pins and ax handles and such. And, accordin' to Jule's tell, he *did* cure 'em, too. After he'd jumped up and down on your digestion a few times you forgot all about the disease you started in with and only remembered the complications. Him and Julius had their final argument one night when the bark was passin' abreast one of the Navigator Islands, close in. Jule hove a marlinespike at the mate's head and jumped overboard. He swum ashore to the beach and, inside of a week, he'd shipped aboard the Emily. And 'twas aboard the Emily, and at Hello Island, as I said afore, that he met Rosy.

"George Simmons—a cockney Britisher he was, and skipper—was standin' at the schooner's wheel, swearin' at the two Kanaka sailors who were histin' the jib. Julius, who was mate, was roostin' on the lee rail amidships, helpin' him swear. And old Teunis Van Doozen, a Dutchman from Java or thereabouts, who was cook, was settin' on a stool by the galley door ready to heave in a cuss word whenever 'twas necessary. The Kanakas was doin' the work. That was the usual division of labor aboard the Emily.

"Well, just then there comes a yell from the bushes along the shore. Then another yell and a most tremendous crackin' and smashin'. Then out of them bushes comes tearin' a little man with spectacles and a black enamel-cloth carpetbag, heavin' sand like a steam-shovel and seemin'ly tryin' his best to fly. And astern of him comes more yells and a big, husky Kanaka woman, about eight foot high and three foot in the beam, with her hands stretched out and her fingers crooked.

"Julius used to swear that that beach was all of twenty yards wide and that the little man only lit three times from bush to wharf.

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And he didn't stop there. He fired the carpetbag at the schooner's stern and then spread out his wings and flew after it. His fingers just hooked over the rail and he managed to haul himself aboard. Then he curled up on the deck and breathed short but spirited. The Kanaka woman danced on the stringpiece and whistled distress signals.

"Cap'n George Simmons looked down at the wrecked flying machine and grunted.

"'Umph!' says he. 'You don't look like a man the girls would run after. Lady your wife?'

"The little feller bobbed his specs up and down.

"'So?' says George. 'Ow can I bear to leave thee, 'ey? Well, ain't you ashamed of yourself to be runnin' off and leavin' a nice, 'andsome, able-bodied wife like that? Look at 'er now, over there on 'er knees a-prayin' for you to come back.'

"There was a little point makin' out from the beach close by the edge of the channel and the woman was out on the end of it, down on all fours. Her husband raised up and looked over the rail.

"'She ain't prayin',' he pants, duckin' down again quick. 'She's a-pickin' up stones.'

"And so she was. Julius said he thought sure she'd cave in the Emily's ribs afore she got through with her broadsides. The rocks flew like hail. Everybody got their share, but Cap'n George got a big one in the middle of the back. That took his breath so all the way he could express his feelin's was to reach out and give his new passenger half a dozen kicks. But just as soon as he could he spoke, all right enough.

"'You mis'rable four-eyed shrimp!' he says. ''Twould serve you right if I 'ove to and made you swim back to 'er. Blow me if I don't believe I will!'

"'Aw, don't, Cap'n; *please* don't!' begs the feller. 'I'll be awful grateful to you if you won't. And I'll make it right with you, too. I've got a good thing in that bag of mine. Yes, sir! A beautiful good thing.'

"'Oh, well,' says the skipper, bracin' up and smilin' sweet as he could for the ache in his back. 'I'll 'elp you out. You trust your Uncle George. Not on account of what

"CAP'N GEORGE GOT A BIG ONE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BACK."

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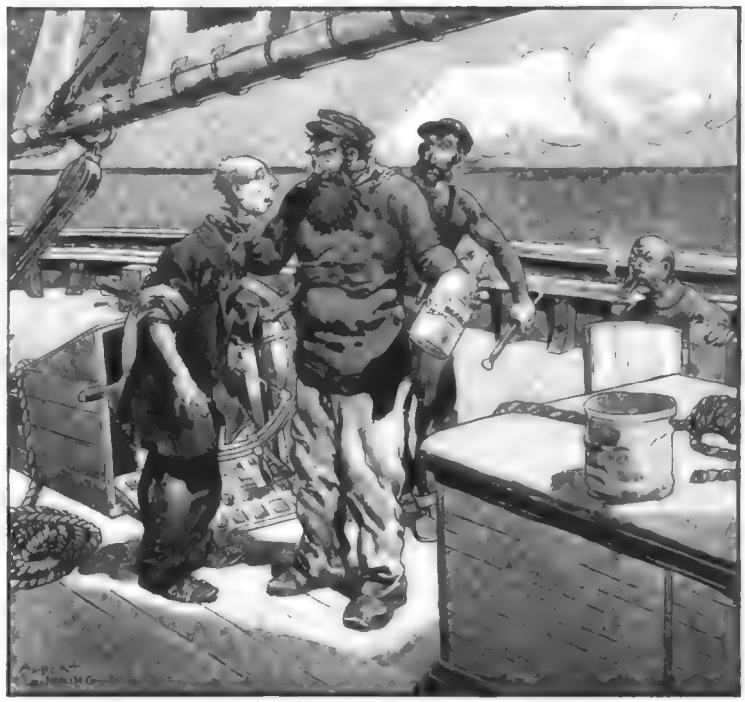
you're goin' to give me, you understand,' says he. 'It would be a pity if *that* was the reason for 'elpin' a feller creat— Sparrow, if you touch that bag I'll break your bloomin' 'ead. 'Ere! you 'and it to me. I'll take care of it for the gentleman.'

"All the rest of that day the Cap'n couldn't do enough for the passenger. Give him a big dinner that took Teunis two hours to cook, and let him use his own pet pipe with the last of Jule's tobacco in it, and all that. And that evenin' in the cabin, Rosy told his story. Seems he come from Bombay originally, where he was born an innocent and trained to be a photographer. This was in the days when these hand cameras wa'n't so common as they be now, and Rosy —his full name was Clarence Rosebury and he looked it—had a fine one. Also he had some plates and photograph paper and a jug of 'developer' and bottles of stuff to make more, wrapped up in an old overcoat and packed away in the carpetbag. He had landed in the Fijis first off and had drifted over to Hello Island, takin' pictures of places and natives and so on, intendin' to use 'em in a course of lectures he was goin' to deliver when he got back home. He boarded with the Kanaka lady at Hello till his money give out, and then he married her to save board. He wouldn't talk about his married life—just shivered instead.

"'But w'at about this good thing you was mentionin', Mr. Rosebury?' asks Cap'n George, mighty polite, but starin' hard at the bag. Jule and the cook was in the cabin likewise. The skipper would have liked to keep 'em out, but they bein' two to one, he couldn't.



"'ALCOHOL!' SAYS GEORGE."

"'That's it,' answers Rosy, cheerful.

"'W'at's it?'

"'Why, the things in the grip; the photograph things. You see,' says Rosy, gettin' excited, his innocent, dreamy eyes a-shinin' behind his specs and the ridge of red hair around his bald spot wavin' like a hedge of sunflowers; 'you see,' he says, 'my experience has convinced me that there's a fortune right in these islands for a photographer who'll take pictures of the natives. They're all dyin' to have their photographs took. Why, when I was in Hello Island I could have took dozens, only they didn't have the money to pay for 'em and I couldn't wait till they got some. But you've got a schooner. You could sail around from one island to another, me takin' pictures and you gettin' copra and —and pearls and things from the natives in trade for 'em. And we'd leave a

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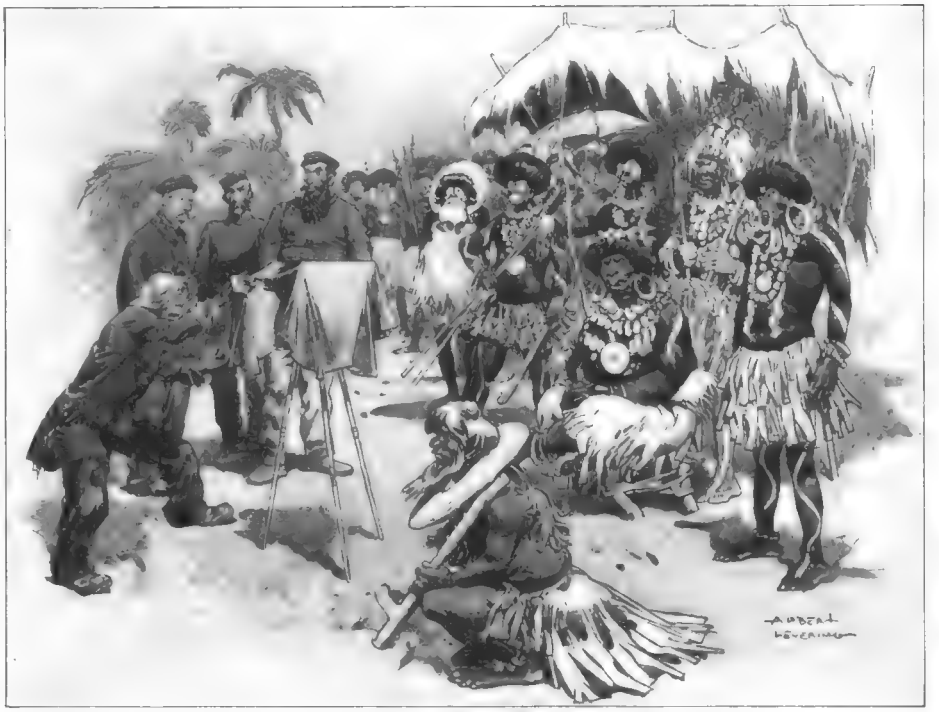

"AND THE NEXT DAY BEIN' SUNDAY, ROSY TOOK THE QUEEN'S PICTURE."

standin' order for more plates to be delivered steady from the steamer at Suva or somewheres, and——"

"'Old on!' Cap'n George had been gettin' redder and redder in the face while Rosy was talkin' and now he fairly biled over, like a teakettle. "Old on!' he roars. 'Do I understand that *this* is the good thing you was goin' to let me in on? Me to cruise you around from Dan to Beersheby, feedin' you, and givin' you tobacco to smoke——'

"'"'Twas my tobacco,' breaks in Julius.

"'Shut up! Cruisin' you around, and you livin' on the fat of—of the—the water, and me trustin' to get my pay out of tintypes of Kanakas! Was that it? Was it?'

"'Why—why, yes,' answers Rosy. 'But, cap'n, you don't understand——'

"'Then,' says George, standin' up and rollin' up his pajama sleeves, 'there's goin' to be justifiable 'omicide committed right now.'

"Jule said that if it hadn't been that the skipper's sore back got to hurtin' him he don't know when him and the cook would have had their turn at Rosy. Course they wanted a turn on account of the tobacco and the dinner, not to mention the stone bruises. When all hands was through, that photographer was a spiled negative.

"And that was only the beginnin'. They ain't much fun abusin' Kanakas because they don't talk back, but first along Rosy would try to talk back, and that give 'em a chance. Julius had learned a lot of things from that mate on the bark, and he tried 'em all on that tintype man. And afterward they invented more. They made him work his passage, and every mean and dirty job there was to do, he had to do it. They took his clothes away from him, and, while they lasted, the skipper had three shirts at once, which hadn't happened afore since he served his term in the Sydney jail. And he was such a *comfort* to 'em. Whenever the dinner wa'n't cooked right, instead of blamin' Teunis, they took it out of Rosy. By the time they made their first port they

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wouldn't have parted with him for no money, and they locked him up in the fo'castle and kept him there. And when one of the two Kanaka boys run away they shipped Rosy in his place by unanimous vote. And so it went for six months, the Emily tradin' and stealin' all around the South Seas.

"One day the schooner was off in an out-of-the way part of the ocean, and the skipper come up from down below, bringin' one of the photographin' bottles from the carpet-bag.

"'See 'ere,' says he to Rosy, who was swabbin' decks just to keep him out of mischief, 'w'at kind of a developer stuff is this? It has a mighty familiar smell.'

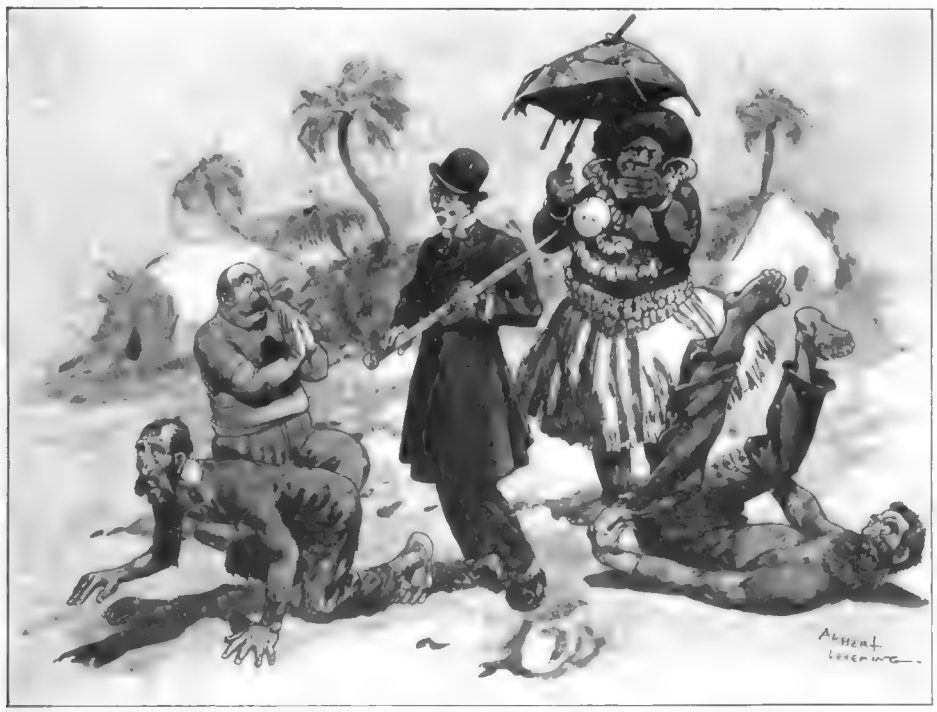
"'That ain't developer, sir,' answers Rosy, meek as usual. 'That's alcohol. I use it——'

"'Alcohol!' says George. 'Do you mean to tell me that you've 'ad alcohol aboard all this time and never said a word to one of us? If that ain't just like you! Of all the ungrateful beasts as ever I——'

"When him and the other two got through convincin' Rosy that he was ungrateful, they took that bottle into the cabin and begun experimentin'. Julius had lived a few months in Maine, which is a prohibition State, and so he knew how to make alcohol 'splits'—one-half wet fire and the rest water. They 'split' for five days. Then the alcohol was all out and the Emily was all in, bein' stove up on a coral reef two mile off shore of a little island that nobody'd ever seen afore.

"They got into the boat—the four white men and the Kanaka—histed the sail, and headed for the beach. They landed all right and was welcomed by a reception committee of fifteen husky cannibals with spears, dressed mainly in bone necklaces and sunshine. The committee was glad to see 'em, and showed it, particular to Teunis, who was fat. Rosy, bein' principally framework by this time, wa'n't nigh so popular; but he didn't seem to care.

"The darkies tied 'em up good and proper and then held a committee meetin', arguin', so Julius cal'lated, whether to serve 'em plain or with greens. While the rest was makin' up the bill of fare, a few set to work unpackin' the bags and things, Rosy's satchel among 'em. Pretty soon there was an almighty jabberin'.



"PUNCHED HIM WITH SHARP STICKS TO SEE HIM JUMP."

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"'They've settled it,' says George, doleful. 'Well, there's enough of Teunis to last 'em for one meal, if they ain't 'ogs. You're a tough old bird, cooky; maybe you'll give 'em dyspepsy, so they won't care for the rest of us. That's a ray of 'ope, ain't it?'

"But the cook didn't seem to get much hope out of it. He was busy tellin' the skipper what he thought of him when the natives come up. They was wildly excited, and two or three of 'em was wavin' square pieces of cardboard in their hands.

"And here's where the Emily's gang had a streak of luck. The Kanaka sailor couldn't talk much English, but it seems that his granddad, or some of his ancestors, must have belonged to the same breed of cats as these islanders, for he could manage to understand a little of their lingo.

"'Picture!' says he, crazy-like with joy. 'Picture, cappy; picture!'

"When Rosy was new on board the schooner, afore George and the rest had played with him till he was an old story, one of their games was to have him take their photographs. He'd taken the cap'n's picture, and Julius's and Van Doozen's. The pictures was a Rogues' Gallery that would have got 'em hung on suspicion anywhere in civilization, but these darkies wa'n't particular. Anyhow they must have been good likenesses, for the committee see the resemblance right off.

"'They t'ink witchcraft,' says the Kanaka. 'Want to know how make.'

"'Lord!' says George. 'You tell 'em we're witches from Witch Center. Tell 'em we make them kind of things with our eyes shut, and if they eat us we'll send our tintypes to 'aunt 'em into their graves. Tell 'em that quick.'

"Well, I guess the Kanaka obeyed orders, for the islanders was all shook up. They jabbered and hurrahed like a parrot-house for ten minutes or so. Then they untied the feet of their Sunday dinners, got 'em into line, and marched 'em off across country, proddin' 'em with their spears, either to see which was the tenderest or to make 'em step livelier, I don't know which.

"Julius said that was the most nervous walk ever he took. Said afore 'twas done he was so leaky with spear holes that he cast a shadder like a skimmer. Just afore sunset they come to the other side of the island, where there was a good-sized native village, with houses made of grass and cane, and a big temple-like in the middle, decorated fancy and cheerful with skulls and spareribs. Jule said there was places where the decorations needed repairs, and he figgered he was just in time to finish 'em. But he didn't take no pride in it; none of his folks cared for art.

"The population was there to meet 'em, and even the children looked hungry. Anybody could see that havin' company drop in for dinner was right to their taste. There was a great chair arrangement in front of the temple, and on it was the fattest, ugliest, old liver-colored woman that Julius ever see. She was rigged up regardless with a tooth necklace and similar jewelry; and it turned out that she was the queen of the bunch. Most of them island tribes have chiefs; but this district was strong for woman suffrage.

"Well, the visitors had made a hit, but Rosy's photographs made a bigger one. The queen and the head men of the village pawed over 'em and compared 'em with the originals and powwowed like a sewin' circle. Then they called up the Kanaka sailor, and he preached witchcraft and hoodoos to beat the cars, lyin' as only a feller that knows the plates are warmin' for him on the back of the stove can lie. Finally the queen wanted to know if the 'long pigs' could make a witch picture of *her*.

"'Tell 'er yes,' yells George, when the question was translated to him. 'Tell 'er we're picture-makers by special app'intment to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Tell 'er we'll make 'er look like the sweetest old chocolate drop in the taffy-shop. Only be sure and say we must 'ave a day or so to work the spells and put on the kibosh.'

"So 'twas settled, and dinner was put off for that night anyhow. And the next day bein' sunny, Rosy took the queen's picture. 'Twas an awful strain on the camera, but it stood it fine; and the photographs he printed up that afternoon was the most horrible collection of mince-pie dreams that ever a sane man run afoul of. Rosy used one of the grass huts for a dark room; and while he was developin' them plates, they could hear him screamin' from sheer fright at bein' shut up alone with 'em in the dark.

"But her majesty thought they was lovely, and set and grinned proud at 'em for hours at a stretch. And the wizards was untied and fed up and and given the best house in town to live in. And Cap'n George and Julius and the cook got to feelin' so cheerful and happy that they begun to kick Rosy again just out of habit. And so it went for three days.

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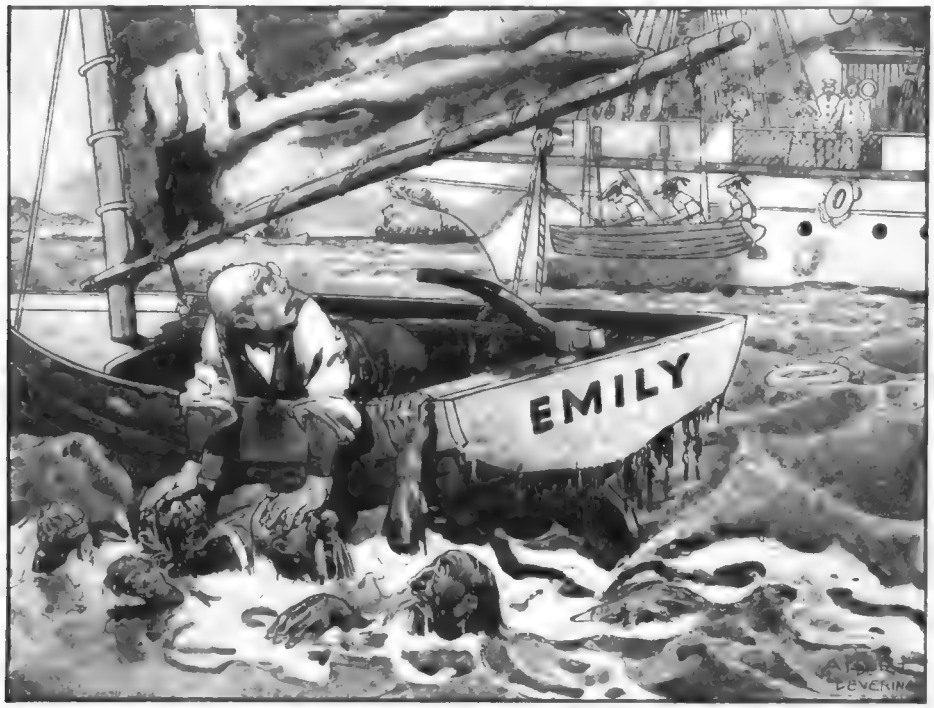
"Then comes the Kanaka interpreter—grinnin' kind of foolish.

"'Cappy,' says he, 'queen, she likes you. She likes you much lot.'



"COURAGE, COMRADES!" HE SHOUTS, "I'LL SAVE YOU OR DIE WITH YOU!"

"'Well,' says the skipper, modest, 'she'd ought to. She don't see a man like me every day. She ain't the first woman,' he says.

"'She like all you gentlemen,' says the Kanaka. 'She say she want witch husband. One of you got marry her.'

"'*Hey?*' yells all hands, settin' up.

"'Yes, sir. She no care which one, but one white man must marry her to-morrow. Else we all go chop plenty quick.'

"'Chop' is Kanaka English for 'eat.' There wa'n't no need for the boy to explain.

"Then there was times. They come pretty nigh to a fight, because Teunis and Jule argued that the skipper, bein' such a ladies' man, was the natural-born choice. Just as things was the warmest Cap'n George had an idea.

"'*Rosy!*' says he.

"'Hey?' says the others. Then, 'Rosy? Why, of course, Rosy's the man.'

"But Rosy wa'n't agreeable. Julius said he never see such a stubborn mule in his life. They tried every reasonable way they could to convince him, poundin' him on the head and the like of that, but 'twas no go.

"'I got a wife already,' he says, whimperin'. 'And, besides, cap'n, there wouldn't be such a contrast in looks between you and her as there would with me.'

"He meant so far as size went, but George took it the other way, and there was more trouble. Finally Julius come to the rescue.

"'I tell you,' says he. 'We'll be square and draw straws!'

"'W'at?' hollers George. 'Well, I guess not!'

"'And I'll hold the straws,' says Jule, winkin' on the side.

"So they drew straws, and, strange as it may seem, Rosy got stuck. He swore and cried all night, and though the others tried to comfort him, tellin' him what a lucky man he was to marry a queen, he wouldn't cheer up a mite.

"And next day the

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weddin' took place in the temple in front of a wood idol with three rows of teeth, and as ugly almost as the bride, which was sayin' a good deal. And when 'twas over, the three shipmates come and congratulated the groom, wishin' him luck and a happy honeymoon and such. Oh, they had a bully time, and they was still laughin' over it that night after supper, when down comes a file of big darkies with spears, the Kanaka interpreter leadin' 'em.

"'Cappy,' says he. 'The king say you no stay in this house no more. He say too good for you. Say, bimeby, when the place been clean up, maybe he use it himself. You got to go.'

"'Who says this?' roars Cap'n George, ugly as could be.

"'The king, he say it.'

"'The queen, you mean. There ain't no king.'

"'Yes, sir. King *and* queen now. Mr. Rosy he king. All tribe proud to have witch king.'

"The three looked at each other.

"'Do you mean to say,' says the skipper, chokin' so he could hardly speak, 'that we've got to take orders from *'im?*'

"'Yes, sir. King say you no mind, we make.'

"Well, sir, the language them three used must have been somethin' awful, judgin' by Jule's tell. But when they vowed they wouldn't move, the spears got busy and out they had to get and into the meanest, dirtiest little hut in the village, one without hardly any sides and great holes in the roof. And there they stayed all night in a pourin' rain, the kind of rains you get in them islands.

"'Twa'n't a nice night. They tried huddlin' together to keep dry, but 'twa'n't a success because there was always a row about who should be in the middle. Then they kept passin' personal remarks to one another.

"'If the skipper hadn't been so gay and uppish about choosin' Rosy,' says Julius, 'there wouldn't have been no trouble. I do hate a smart Aleck.'

"'Who said draw straws?' sputters George, mad clean through. 'And who 'eld 'em? 'Ey? Who did?'

"'Well,' says Teunis, '*I* didn't do it. You can't blame me.'

"'No. You set there like a bump on a log and let me and the mate put our feet in it. You old fat 'ead! I——'

"They pitched into the cook until he got mad and hit the skipper. Then there was a fight that lasted till they was all scratched up and tired out. The only thing they could agree on was that Rosy was what the skipper called a 'viper' that they'd nourished in their bosoms.

"Next morning 'twas worse than ever. Down comes the Kanaka with his spear gang and routs 'em out and sets 'em to gatherin' breadfruit all day in the hot sun. And at night 'twas back to the leaky hut again.

"And that wa'n't nothin' to what come later. The lives that King Rosy led them three was something awful. 'Twas dig in and work day in and day out. Teunis had to get his majesty's meals, and nothin' was ever cooked right; and then the royal army got after the steward with spear handles. Cap'n George had to clean up the palace every day, and Rosy and the queen—who was dead gone on her witch husband, and let him do anything he wanted to—stood over him and found fault and punched him with sharp sticks to see him jump. And Julius had to fetch and carry and wait, and get on his knees whenever he spoke to the king, and be helped up again with a kick, like as not.

"Rosy took back all his own clothes that they'd stole, and then he took theirs for good measure. He made 'em marry the three ugliest old women on the island—his own bride excepted—and when they undertook to use a club or anything, he had *them* licked instead. He wore 'em down to skin and bone. Jule said you wouldn't believe a mortal man could treat his feller creatures so low down and mean. And the meanest part of it was that he always called 'em the names that they used to call him aboard ship. Sometimes he invented new ones, but not often, because 'twa'n't necessary.

"For a good six months this went on—just the same length of time that Rosy was aboard the Emily. Then, one mornin' early, Julius looks out of one of the holes in the roof of his house and, off on the horizon, headin' in, he sees a small steamer, a pleasure yacht 'twas. He lets out a yell that woke up the village, and races head first for the Emily's boat that had been rowed around from the other side of the island, and laid there with her oars and sail still in her. And behind him comes Van Doozen and Cap'n George.

"Into the boat they piled, while the islanders were gettin' their eyes open and gapin' at the steamer. There wa'n't no time to get up sail, so they grabbed for the oars. She stuck

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on the sand just a minute; and, in that minute, down from the palace comes King Rosy, runnin' the way he run from his first wife over at Hello. He leaped over the stern, picked up the other oar, and off they put across the lagoon. The rudder was in its place and so was the tiller, but they couldn't use 'em then.

"They had a good start, but afore they'd got very far the natives had waked up and were after 'em in canoes.

"'Ere!' screams Cap'n George. 'This won't do! They'll catch us sure. Get sail on to 'er lively! Somebody take that tiller.'

"Rosy, bein' nearest, took the tiller and the others got up the sail. Then 'twas nip and tuck with the canoes for the openin' of the barrier reef at the other side of the lagoon. But they made it first, and, just as they did, out from behind the cliff comes the big steam-yacht, all white and shinin', with sailors in uniform on her decks, and awnin's flappin', and four mighty pretty women leanin' over the side. All of the Emily gang set up a whoop of joy, and 'twas answered from the yacht.

"'Saved!' hollers Cap'n George. 'Saved, by thunder! And now,' says he, knockin' his fists together, '*now* to get square with that four-eyed thief in the stern! Come on, boys!'

"Him and Julius and Teunis made a flyin' leap aft to get at Rosy. But Rosy see 'em comin', jammed the tiller over, the boom swung across and swept the three overboard pretty as you please.

"There was a scream from the yacht. Rosy give one glance at the women. Then he tossed his arms over his head.

"'Courage, comrades!' he shouts. 'I'll save you or die with you!'

"And overboard he dives, 'kersplash!'

"Julius said him and the skipper could have swum all right if Rosy had give 'em the chance, but he didn't. He knew a trick worth two of that. He grabbed 'em round the necks and kept haulin' 'em under and splashin' and kickin' like a water-mill. All hands was pretty well used up when they was pulled aboard the yacht.

"'Oh, you brave man!' says one of the women, stoopin' over Rosy, who was sprawled on the deck with his eyes shut, 'Oh, you *hero!*'

"'Are they livin'?' asks Rosy, faint-like and openin' one eye. 'Good! Now I can die content.'

"'Livin'!' yells George, soon's he could get the salt water out of his mouth. 'Livin'! By the 'oly Peter! Let me at 'im! I'll show 'im whether I'm livin' or not!'

"'What ails you, you villain?' says the feller that owned the yacht, a great big Englishman, Lord Somebody-or-other. 'The man saved your lives.'

"'He knocked us overboard!' yells Julius.

"'Yes, and he done it a-purpose!' sputters Van Doozen, well as he could for bein' so waterlogged.

"'Let's kill him!' says all three.

"'Did it on purpose!' says the lord, scornful. 'Likely he'd throw you over and then risk his life to save you. Here!' says he to the mate. 'Take those ungrateful rascals below. Give 'em dry clothes and then set 'em to work—hard work; understand? As for this poor, brave chap, take him to the cabin. I hope he'll pull through,' says he.

"And all the rest of the voyage, which was to Melbourne, Julius and his two chums had to slave and work like common sailors, while Rosy, the hero invalid, was livin' on beef tea and jelly and champagne, and bein' petted and fanned by the lord's wife and the other women. And 'twas worse toward the end, when he pretended to be feelin' better, and could set in a steamer-chair on deck and grin and make sarcastic remarks under his breath to George and the other two when they was holystonin' or scrubbin' in the heat.

"At Melbourne they hung around the wharf, waitin' to lick him, till the lord had 'em took up for vagrants. When they got out of the lockup they found Rosy had gone. And his lordship had given him money and clothes, and I don't know what all.

"Julius said that Rosy's meanness sickened him of the sea. Said 'twas time to retire when such reptiles was afloat. So he come home and married the scrub-woman at the Bay View House. He lived with her till she lost her job. I don't know where he is now."

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The Dollar-Mark and the Hall-Mark of Fame

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Web," "The Minority," etc.

SOMEONE examining the map of the United States is said to have called it "a city directory spoiled in the making." Certainly it is a human document of no ordinary interest, where the hopes, ambitions, pride, self-assertiveness, and egotism of a new people can be read in the thousands of drearily commonplace family-names speckling its surface—names varying all the way from the strongly marked personality of a Scroggins to the dim negativeness of a Jonesville, but bespeaking a common yearning for fame at the expense of the geography. This effort to insure against "the derisive silence of the centuries" has many honorable precedents, and if the itch for immortality went no further we might easily reconcile ourselves to the misnaming of the national topography.

Unfortunately, however, the craze to make oneself heard above the roar of millions—to project one's personality beyond the screening crowds, has now reached a phase in this country that is pitiful or ridiculous—depending upon the point of view—but that is certainly unhealthy to the verge of public menace. It is easy to laugh at the egotism that rises superior to corporate anonymity in "The Ebenezer Q. Twiggle Company," or "Eliphalet K. Potts, Incorporated"; even the distinguishing style of "Titus Z. Titt, Montgomery K. Tatt & Company (formerly, Titt, Tatt & Co.)" may be accepted as a contribution to the gaiety of nations. But when these mirth-provoking maneuvers have culminated in Dowieism—the religion of egotism and advertising—it is high time we realized the nature of our affliction, which some one has diagnosed as follows:

"The average American spends half his life trying to get his name into the newspapers, and the other half trying to keep it out."

The mere waste of time implied by this indictment would justify a painstaking investigation, but a casual perusal of the newspapers of the minute and the periodicals of the hour will suffice to show the basis of the charge, if it does not demonstrate that we have, like Kipling's Bime, "too much ego in our Cosmos."

The exploitation of our public or quasi-public characters in the press is unquestionably due to a popular demand. There is a natural and legitimate curiosity about persons-in-the-public-eye, and no little inspiration to be derived from learning that the great and wise of the earth are, in their private lives and in their persons, much as other men. We are not content to await for biographical or autobiographical volumes for this enlightenment. Closed records do not carry the conviction that live, up-to-date reports convey. We want our information at first hand, and we get it—often at the proverbial cost of familiarity, it is true, but at all events, we get it.

But behind these outposts behold the anxious armies of yearning unknowns battling for recognition in the public press! Society women, club men, college athletes, cooks, coachmen, testimonial-givers, boys and girls who have guessed riddles or won prizes—all jostling one another in the sorry endeavor to be seen or heard.

"I won't give you a testimonial unless you promise to publish my photograph," is the oft-repeated answer to the business canvasser. "I sent you a picture of my Mamie who won last week's puzzle contest. Since you didn't publish it I discontinue my subscription," writes an indignant parent to the editor of a children's page. "What's the use of rowing in the crew? The papers never mention you till race week. I'd rather play football or baseball—then you get recognition."

If the notoriety microbe merely attacked a few shallow fools, we might regard the re-

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sult as inevitable and view its ravages with philosophic calm. Investigation, however, shows that the trouble is not sporadic, but epidemic among us to an extent that threatens to divert our best energies and debase our intellectual output. There are strong reasons also for believing that the aforesaid microbe is twin-brother to the gold-bug, and that the two are not working together for good "in our midst."

Not long ago there was heralded in our newspapers the alleged discovery of a new phenomenon known as liquid air, and the widely proclaimed discoverer was afforded unlimited space in more than one of our reputable magazines. Those who recall the occasion will remember how we were deluged with pictures of the great man in his laboratory, in his home, in his study, and in every possible pose. Egotism was given loose rein and disported itself accordingly. Had the world's final problem been solved the achievement could have had no more generous acclaim, and yet the discovery was in no true sense a discovery at all. It was neither new nor useful. If it was "new" within the meaning of the patent laws, it did not prove useful to the quickly formed corporation bearing the scientist's name, whose stockholders soon made a discovery on their own account that was far less widely advertised.

Now if this episode merely added another swindle to the catalogues of fraud, its chief interest would be for the police or the experts in criminology. But it cannot be doubted that such premature and ignorant acclaim encourages a growing belief that recognition is a case of first-come-first-served—a belief that is to-day hurrying many a half-fertilized idea to impotency. If any one questions the actual effect of such mischievous examples he need only inquire of the teachers and professors in our schools and colleges. "The curse of our time is superiority," wrote Balzac of another generation. "There are more saints than niches."

The curse of our day is superficiality, and every journeyman argues himself a genius.

A recent case in the courts has developed an amusing phase of our self-saturation. A certain newspaper sent a flattering and exhaustive pen-picture of a dry-goods merchant to the original, with the request that he look over the copy, correct it, supply photographs for illustration, and return it with an order for 5,000 copies of the paper, which would then publish the appreciation in its news columns. The offer was accepted, and the lawsuit (which merely involved the number of copies for this masked advertising) revealed the fact that this form of self-exploitation is widely practised by hundreds of fame-hungry denizens of obscurity, with the most comforting self-deception. The thing cannot be defended as a trick of trade. There is no money in a business trick that everybody knows. It is merely one of our vanity-crazed devices for advertising, not our businesses, but ourselves, by hypocritical indirection. There are literally hundreds of others equally cheap and contemptible. Some few are honest exhibitions of self-complacency and conceit. For instance, it is no uncommon thing nowadays to receive letters headed with a photograph of the writer, and our fashionable circles boast several sculptors whose principal business is modeling statuettes of society nonentities.

Even these vagaries of vanity, however, might be disregarded if they did not disturb the peace and well-being of the general community. But our newspapers pander to the worst forms of the egotistical mania—their columns reek with personalities and lure on the aspirants for cheap fame to desperate endeavors. No one can doubt that the craving for notoriety has caused more than one crime. The fear of ultimate punishment has proved no deterrent to men gluttonous for their hour of glory. Unfortunately the baneful influence of this craze is not confined to the ignorant or criminal classes. Witness the theatrical world.

We have no stock companies or strong supporting casts to-day because the "starring" system caters to the dominant *ego* more satisfactorily than any other yet devised. It is not merely the lure of greater profits that attracts the actor; "starring" is certainly not an easier life than "team work," and so far is it from being more free, that most of the "stars" confess that they are nothing more or less than managerial slaves. Yet there is scarcely a competent actor or actress on our stage to-day who would consent to join a stock company, if there were the slightest chance of obtaining the position of "star." A *Comédie Française* would be impossible in America. It is doubtful if a Daly's could be revived. "Give me my day of press-agent fame and I waive the praises of posterity," is the sentiment that seemingly rules the great majority of the dramatic profession.

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There is, of course, a grain of truth in the claim that the actor is more or less of a public character, and that the business managers simply cater to a public demand in "featuring" him as they do. But this pleasing theory of "the fierce light that beats upon a throne" is not proof against the testimony of the managers whose stories go to show that the aforesaid fierce light is, more often than not, a calcium tyrannically controlled by a player-king. "I am billed in the same type as the rest of the company!" exclaims an angry leading lady. "If the programs are not reprinted with my name in heavy type, there will be no performance to-night!" "I want my photographs and no one's else in the lobby of this theatre as long as I play here!" dictates a masculine star.

So generally confused has the distinction between recognition and advertisement now become that shrewd people are turning it to good account. It was more than whispered last winter that at certain fashionable musicales in New York the artists themselves paid for the privilege of performing, and it is even hinted that there was a tariff on encores!

A keen satirist not long since wrote that the literary world had become "a gingerbread fair, where young, unidentified *literati* dance mad contra-dances to their own shadows." Had he added that the dancers provide their own music by blowing their own horns, and that the frenzied tumult has whirled many a grave and reverend senior off his feet and into the pitiful revel, he still would have been well within the mark. Certainly nothing but the madness of self-idolatry can account for the immodest and exhausting caperings that to-day disgrace the profession of letters.

The literary notes, the publishers' gossip, the senseless anecdotes concerning authors and their work, the flaring commendations, the advertised "discussion," all the modern catchpenny devices of trade have cast over the craft a pall of self-consciousness which depletes honest effort and mocks the modest man.

Not long ago a writer of modern "fame" called on a journalistic acquaintance and proposed that he write some bright, bitter, epigrammatic paragraphs attacking the author's latest novel. "Why in the world should you want me to do that?" inquired the astonished journalist. "For business reasons," was the calm reply. "My reviews have been very favorable, but the book doesn't seem to be going as well as my last, and I think some hot-shot would do it good."

It is no exaggeration to say that the high road to literary fame is well-nigh deserted. But the short cuts are so crowded that the adventurers bump one another at every step. Rumor has it that one aspirant for immortality personally visits every book-stall in the large cities and presents an autograph copy to the chief salesmen before his volume is marketed; another makes it his business to procure testimonials from public characters on every book he offers; and a few years ago a fancy-dress ball was given in Washington by an author whose guests were actually requested to impersonate the characters portrayed in their hostess's latest tome! Report does not say whether the masks saved the wearers' faces, but the laughter that this supreme effort provoked was happily undisguised.

In the Hall of Fame erected at one of our Eastern universities, there are at present four names renowned in the world of letters —Emerson, Longfellow, Irving, and Hawthorne. But if, in the interest of sanity, any one should cite these dignified exemplars of modesty and simplicity to prove that real distinction does not depend on, or even admit of, the belittling maneuvers now in vogue, he would probably be met with the calm retort, "Well, none of those fellows made money."

In that reply we have one of the secrets of our sickness which is no secret at all, for there is no disguising the fact that to a great many minds in this country to-day fame means fortune, and fortune means fame.

But if fame means fortune, is it not strange that *among the forty names now recorded in the aforesaid Hall of Fame, not one can be found representative of wealth?* The jury that selected those names was composed of well-informed men, drawn from all parts of this country, and yet in the list upon which they agreed only two rich men will be found —Cooper and Peabody, whose names are associated not with wealth, but with great philanthropic enterprises. The rest of the honor-list is made up of men of little or no property. Truly a remarkable showing for a nation supposedly given over to the worship of wealth.

But possibly fame means fortune of the multi-millionaire variety. In other words, if mere money has not yet made its mark in

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the Hall of Fame, perhaps a mint of money will. On this hypothesis the attainment of fame might seem to be a question of the highest bidder. But in all the ages during which men have heaped up riches only two have been remembered for their wealth—Crœsus and Dives—which would indicate that these more or less mythological gentlemen must have won out in the auction and that no more bids will be received.

If, however, egotism and self-seeking are necessary to commercial success, one might reasonably expect them to disappear after money has ceased to be an object. But our money magnates are not patterns of modesty. Evidently they do not place much faith in the theory that fortune means fame. When they give libraries, each building is carefully labeled with the donor's name. When they endow universities they prescribe that all stationery and official documents issuing therefrom shall bear the imprint, "Founded by John D. Goldbug." None genuine without the name of the maker. (Lest we forget—what?)

"The Hannah T. Hanks Methodist Episcopal Church" is not a figment of the imagination. It is a substantial fact—one of the many exhibits proving that even the best of our benefactions come to us trailing clouds of self-glorification.

Some of our benevolent egotists who are busy chiseling their trade-marks over doorways in the hope that they may be mistaken for the hall-marks of Fame, must be somewhat dismayed as the Astor, Lenox, and Tilden libraries disappear under the merging title of The New York Public Library—a consummation doubtless devoutly hoped for by the founders, but not apt to be appreciated by our self-advertising benefactors.

On the whole, with our captains of industry building monuments to their own greatness, and our wealthy ringleaders of idleness resorting to ceremonial marriages of their pet dogs in order to attract attention, the theory that fame means fortune might as well be abandoned. The more probable explanation of our frenzied dollar-hunting is that money makes the most noise—the greatest noise attracts the most notice, and notoriety is the goal of our present-day ambitions.

If our present-day egotism and vanity indicated lusty exuberance and the splendid audacity of young ambitions, there could be no quarrel with failings at once human and passing. If they betokened a dawning knowledge of the God within us, and a natural longing to give it expression, they would be blessings in disguise. But when ambition is satisfied with the tickle of social straws, when the plaudits of groundlings convince, when the loudest voice is the most persuasive, when strong individuality means push and aggressiveness, when "art for art's sake" has become a sneer, and success is measured by money, then there is no question at stake touching the freedom of self-expression. We are merely confining our ideals to the horizon of a looking-glass.

With modesty employed merely as a disguise, and with money regarded as a condition precedent to distinction, it should be sobering to study the roll of honored citizens as it stands recorded in our only Hall of Fame.

Washington, the man of few words and modest bearing; Lincoln, without money and without price—retiring to the point of shyness; Jefferson, the exponent of genuine democratic simplicity; Adams, the patriot statesman, who might have had immediate and royal preferment instead of the praises of posterity; Grant, "the silent captain," whose only self-assertion was command; Lee, the unassuming genius of generalship, self-effacing—almost shrinking from attention; Farragut, who remained a hero without losing his head; Marshall, the jurist who cared for neither applause nor money; Kent and Story, whose works speak for themselves; Gilbert Stuart and Audubon, who neither prostituted their art nor sold themselves; Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Irving, whose books found readers without advertisement; Edwards, Channing, Franklin, Webster, Mann, Clay, and Beecher, whose strong individualities found fruitful expression neither in marts nor in self-aggrandizement; Gray, whose scholarly influence defied the seclusion of his study; Morse, Whitney, and Fulton, whose inventions were not prematurely exploited in the press; Peabody and Cooper, who demonstrated the real value of money.

With these records before us why should we celebrate the triumph of vainglorious individuality or strive so mightily and mercilessly for methods and money whose defeat has been so signally recorded by a jury of our peers?

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"THE WIND DON'T BLOW NONE THESE DAYS TO WHAT IT DID TWENTY YEARS AGO."

Short Grass Tales

By G. W. OGDEN

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

"WELL, this ain't what I'd call wind," said Pi Jessup, after the auctioneer had knocked down the last registered shoat and the company of buyers from all over the State had gathered around the fire back of the barn. "Talkin' about wind, let me tell you the wind don't blow none these days to what it did twenty years ago. In them days the cottonwoods hadn't growed up into wind-breakers and rain-makers like they have now. The country was as naked as Dink Minkle's face, and the wind *blowed*.

"Tell you what happened to me, personally, to show you how hard it used to streak it acrost the pe-rairie. I was new here in them days, just out from Ell-a-noy, and didn't know a dang thing about the habits of the country. Had a claim near a little station on the Santa Fé, twenty-six mile west of Wichita, and went on to it in Feb'uary to git lined up for spring. I had a little sod shack for myself and hauled out lumber to put up a shed for my mules. Well, along about the third of March the wind begun to tune up, and by the fifth or sixth it was a fiddlin' right, blowin' from the east as true as a die. I got my mule shed up by a struggle, and weighted it down with sod. Wantin' some place to hang my harness, I took and bored a two-inch hole in the east side of the shed, intendin' to drive a peg into it. That was along near dark, and as I didn't have my peg shaped down, I 'lowed I'd finish the job in the mornin', so I tied my mules in the shed, fed 'em, and went in the house.

"You can guess, maybe, how I looked the next mornin' when I went out to feed and found the whole east side of the shed gone, gone as slick and clean as if it hadn't never been there at all, and the rest of the shed a-goin'. Wind had blowed so hard through that auger-hole it had just wored the timber away, not leavin' a trace behind, 'cept the nails, which was scattered aroun' on the ground, and the hole had spread and spread till it had took in the whole side. It was

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spreadin' to the other sides and roof when I got there, and the mule that stood next to the hole was blowed as clean of hair on the wind side as if he'd been scalded. Well, I cut the mules loose so they could skite for shelter under the bank of the crick, and linked in and tore the remains of the shed down to save it.

"Piled the lumber up and heaped sod on the ends of it and went in to git my breakfast. Reckon I was gone about three-quarters of an hour, and when I come out I saw I'd done a mighty foolish thing. I'd left about two inches of them planks between the piles of sod uncovered, and danged if the wind hadn't sawed 'em in two as slick as a cross-cut."

Speth's boy came out with a bucket of coffee and a string of tin cups, and passed them around. Bill Tolman, back to the blaze and cup in hand, beamed generously on Jessup as he said:

"I'm not lookin' for an argument, but I must say, as far as my experience goes, it blows just about as hard in Kansas as it ever did. I've been here thirty-three years, and I've had some doin's with the March wind myself, but nothing like Mr. Jessup's experience.

"The strangest trick it ever played me wasn't more than four years ago, yes, exactly four years ago this spring. I live west of Manhattan thirteen miles, seven miles back from the railroad. Time I speak of, my wife was taken down suddenly with a misery in her insides, one of them wringin', twistin' miseries that pain-killer don't touch and mustard plaster only stirs around and wakes up and makes dig harder. I did what I could for her, but I was kind of mixed in the wits, because I thought me and the old lady was goin' to part. I wanted to send one of the boys over to our post-office town after the little new doctor that had squatted there, but ma wouldn't have him nearer than the section line, she said. Said if she had to go she wanted to go right, and nobody but old Doc So-and-so of Manhattan—we'd used him for twenty years—

"SPETH'S BOY CAME OUT WITH A BUCKET OF COFFEE."

"YOU CAN GUESS, MAYBE, HOW I LOOKED THE NEXT MORNIN'."

was competent to take *her* out of this world. He'd brought a good many members of our family into it safe, she said, and she reckoned he could purty near get her out of it without the hubs grazin' the gate-posts as she passed.

"All right. I saw that I had time to drive over to the station and get a telegram to doc so he could come down on the evening train, so I loped off and sent it. Waited around there till the train come, but it didn't bring no doc, which I thought was strange, because I knew if doc had been away his office gal'd 'a' notified me, and I knew if doc was tied up so he couldn't come, he'd 'a' sent some other man. I quizzed the agent, and he told me he didn't seem to be able to get word to Manhattan. He got plenty of word from there, train orders and such, but when he asked over and over about my despatch he couldn't get a tick in reply. That stumped us, so I hopped the plug and went to Manhattan, to fetch either old doc or some competent substitute back with me, and when I got there I found the old codger at home with his shoes off, lookin' like him and trouble was a thousand miles apart. Doc hadn't never got my despatch at all.

"There was another train goin' my way in about two hours, and me and doc went to the depot right then, to make sure we'd be in time

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"I FOUND THE OLD CODGER AT HOME, LOOKIN' LIKE HIM AND TROUBLE WAS A THOUSAND MILES APART."

for it. Doc he passed the time of day with the operator and asked him about the despatch. 'None ain't come for you, doc,' says the operator; 'maybe the agent at Flytrack forgot to send it.'

"'If he did,' says I, 'he'd better be inside his cyclone cave when I get back.'

"Just then the telegraph instrument began to whack, and the operator went over and sat down by it. In a minute he turned toward us and said, 'Here it comes now,' and he ripped it off on a yaller paper and handed it to doc.

"Well, gentlemen, that message had been filed at 2.15, and the operator told us he hadn't got a word from the west since 2.08. 'I can't make it out,' said he. Then it looked like every operator between there and Denver had took a notion to go to work all at once. Such a whackin' and clackin' I never heard, and that operator was the busiest man you ever saw for an hour or more takin' 'em down. There was a lull after a while, and he come over to us wipin' the sweat off with a towel.

"'All right,' he says; 'I can explain it now. Don't blame the agent at Flytrack; he got it on the wire all right, and it's been there ever since, with forty-three more behind it, and they'd 'a' stayed there all night, I reckon, if the wind hadn't gone down.'

"We looked at him kind o' loony and said, both together, like singin'-school: 'Wind?'

"'Sure,' says he, 'wind. Wind's been holdin' 'em back all afternoon, it's been blowin' so hard along the wire.'

"And that was so. Them despatches couldn't no more travel against that wind than them little papers you've seen a boy send up to his kite can come down. That was the sharpest little blow of March wind I ever saw."

Tolman reached out for more coffee, and some one asked: "Did your wife come out of her misery all right?"

"Yes," said Tolman, smiling dryly; "she was so darned mad at me for stayin' away from her so long, and her at the point of death, and raired around about it so the misery got scairt clean out and pulled up stakes before me and doc got there."

Some of the near-by dwellers started for home, as it was growing late, but those who had to wait for the train drew a little closer to the fire.

"Reminds me," said Joe Lynch, "of the wind of '72, fall wind. We had a feller livin' in Dodge in them days that was the darndest hon-swoggler for pilin' duds on to his frame you ever seen. His name was Brent Murphy, and he was what he called a

"HE LOOKED LIKE A TOOTHPICK UNDER A TOADSTOOL."

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'reformed' cow-puncher; that is, he'd been a cow-puncher before he set down steddy to faro and made a roll. I tell you right now that feller was the luckiest man in seven States, but his luck ain't got nothin' to do with the wind, and his clothes has.

"Brent he always stuck to the cow-puncher fashion of hats; toppin' off his gimcracks and gol-fabs with the widest-rimmed yaller sombureero he could pick up, cinchin' the crown of it with a hand-carved Mexican belt and a silver buckle as big's m' hand. Feller come along one day with one of them there sharp-p'inted, haystack Mexican hats, all gold-trimmed and silver-sparkled, and it took Brent's eye on the spot. He struck up a dicker with the feller and paid him a hunnerd an' fifty dollars for that dad-blame sombureero. 'Tween me and you, I wouldn't 'a' give four-bits for the danged old fly-cage, and when Brent got it balanced up on his knot he looked like a toothpick under a toadstool. But them barbarians admired that hat, and they admired Brent for payin' the re-cord price, just like you and me admire Sol Tucker for payin' the top price of this sale, and the record for a yearlin' Poland China sow.

"Brent he hadn't owned that there hat very long when he took a notion he'd go to Kansas City and show it off; so he started east on the train one October mornin', one of them lazy, 'lasses-meltin' days that gives you the gaps. It was smoky-lookin' off toward the east, and somebody remarked that it looked like rain. But that wasn't rain, it was wind, and 'long about noon it begun to blow, not easy and gentle at first, mind you, but all at once, with a toot and a bang like somebody'd cut the sack. Say, tell me about blowin', that *was* blowin'! The train Brent was on got stalled and was held back away behind time, fin'lly chuggin' into the speck on the map seventy mile east of Dodge where she had orders to wait for the cannon-ball to pass, with the fire blowed clean out from under the b'iler. Brent he got off to stretch his legs, and danged if the wind didn't snatch that hunnerd-an'-fifty-dollar hat offen his head and send it skally-hootin' back to-ards Dodge, rollin' it along the railroad track on its aidge like a wheel.

"The railroad track between the speck on the map station and Dodge was as straight as a needle all of them seventy mile, and Brent he figgered that that hat might spin clean to Dodge without bein' stopped, so he loped into the depot and sent telegrams to all the agents along the line to look out for 'er and stop 'er if they could, and he sent one to Dodge that read:

"'Hat blowed off at speck on the map station and is bound west like hell a-beatin' tan-bark. Fifty dollars reward to the person that stops it. Will follow hat on the cannon-ball.'"

"When Brent come out on the platform ag'in that hat was sucked up in the mouth of the wind and whisked out of sight, and we heerd afterward that the agents along the line said it passed them nothin' but a streak of yaller. It was come and gone before any one of them could jump down offen the platform and git in its way. The cannon-ball didn't stop at the speck on the map as a reg'lar, every-day habit, but Brent got a flag from the brakey of the train he come in on and held her up. She run past the depot more'n a mile an' a half, 'count of the wind pushin' her, but Brent he heeled it after her and got on.

"PASSED IT AROUND AT TEN CENTS A PEEK."

"When us fellers in Dodge got Brent's telegram it was three o'clock, and the agent said it'd been sent about seven seconds before three. Course we didn't never suppose that

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hat'd roll into Dodge this side of the jurdgment day, but we gathered on the platform and discussed the matter, lookin' up the track every little bit so's not to drop any chances of fifty dollars sailin' past. Old man Ivins brought out his field-glass and passed it around at ten cents a peek, but you couldn't see nothin' through it but dust, and tumblin' weeds a-buzzin' along the railroad track so fast they left a smoke behind 'em.

"The preacher he said he reckoned the wind must be blowin' about ninety miles an hour, and we got to figgerin' on how long it'd take Brent's hat to git to 'Frisco at that rate, and we was gittin' a good bit of fun out of it when old man Ivins hollered: 'Here it comes, here it comes!'

"All of us made a stampede for the railroad track and strung out acrost it, lookin' foolish a second later when we remembered how we all kep' a-lettin' on that we didn't give a dang whe'r it come or not, like we was above such a little thing as headin' off a runaway hat and pickin' off the reward. 'I seem to 'a' lost sight of it ag'in,' says Ivins, 'but I shore seen it, 'bout seven mile east, skimmin' along like a deesh.'

"I was a little ahead of the rest, and I turned around to hear what he was a-sayin'. While Ivins was spoutin' I felt somethin' hit me on the boot laig, ker-flap, like a bresh hits your stirrup. I looked down, and blast me if I didn't see a little round yaller thing a squeezin' up to my laig as tight as a stamp on a letter. I picked it up, and you can tar and feather me, gentlemun, if it wasn't the tip-top of Brent's sombureero, a piece about the size of a saucer. They couldn't be no mistake, 'cause we all knowed the little doo-dad thing that topped off the p'int—it was solid gold and looked like it hadn't never hit the ground all the way. When the agent yanked out his watch to git the time on it, he seen it was adzackly twenty-four minutes past three. That's what I call goin' some.

"The hat had rolled right on like it started, and had been wored away to nothin'. Lucky for me that Dodge wasn't ten miles furder west. Had 'a' been, I'd been out fifty dollars, gold money, 'cause that little bit of hat'd 'a' shorely faded away to a invisible speck before it'd 'a' got to me. That was a wind, gentlemun, a——"

"Ain't that our train a-whistlin'?" asked some one.

"Well, it shore is," said Joe, determined to turn the snub into a weapon, "and that reminds me of that cannon-ball that Brent was a-comin' on. It got in——"

The others were running for the depot, although the train was not coming, and they knew it, and Joe followed, winding up his narrative with no one near enough to hear its finish, a scornful defiance in his thin voice. "Come in forty minutes ahead of time, dang you," said he, "'count of the wind shovin' her along; and if you don't believe it you don't have to, but I'm as good a man as any of you, you gineration of razor-backs!"

"I SHORE SEEN IT, 'BOUT SEVEN MILE EAST, SKIMMIN' ALONG LIKE A DEESH."

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Sleepy Hollow

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Decorations by Ernest Haskell

'TWAS in the drowsy Moon of Falling Leaves,
And waning Summer gave a softer glow,
And apples dropped, and hosts of yellow sheaves
Were bravely tented where Pocantico

Devolves his lazy waters through the nave
Of sunny hills, and past the silent peak
That casts a somber shadow o'er the cave
Of Maqua, Wizard of the Wecquaesgeek—

When, up the winding way from Hudson's shore
Came Doktor Nebelhut, the German Sage,
To sound the fountains of forbidden lore
In mystic council with the Forest Mage.

Above the Wizard's portal, huge and hard,
A balanced crag had worn itself a place
When rocked by winter tempests—deeply scarred
With dumb inscriptions of a vanished race;

And long that rugged sentinel had viewed
The sylvan peace of Hudson's rolling glades,
The River's breadth of silver solitude,
The furrowed grandeur of his Palisades.

Within the crypt discoursed the Sages twain,
In fellowship of craft and eager zest
As if from one deep chalice they would drain
The mingled wizardry of East and West—

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Of charms to bring the butter to the churn,
  Of spells to call the red deer from the wold,
Love philters, incantations to discern
  The haunted hiding-place of pirate gold;

Dark, awful runes that might not be expressed,
  Dread weirds, the thought of which is deadly sin!
And now, the Doktor drew from out his vest
  A quaintly fashioned pouch of cobra-skin:

"This holds," said he, "a leaf that giveth calm—
  Yea, even as thy fragrant-fuming weed—
But, blent with mandragora's potent balm
  And soothing essence of the poppy-seed,

"When I do blow its azure vapor forth
  In melting wreaths, o'er valley, plain, and hill,
Who breathes it—East or West or South or North—
  Shall droop in childlike slumber at my will!"

The Red Man's cheek was wrinkled in a smile:
  "A mighty medicine, O Friend, is thine!
And dare I tell to thee the simple wile
  We learn amid the whispers of the pine?

"Then hear!—The willow's ruddy bark I burn
  Within my pipe. Upon the coal I fling
These russet seedlets, brushed from plumes of fern
  In moonlight by the howlet's velvet wing.

"Within the bowl the crimson sparkle gleams!
  Upon the air the hazy fillets rise!
Who scents that cloud shall drowse in wondrous dreams,
  While I shall walk unseen of mortal eyes!"

Then, half in pique, "Well spoke!" the Doktor said,
  "My swarthy Brother!—Prithee, let us show
Our magic's force!" The Wizard bowed his head.
  The pipes were lit; and upward-rolling slow

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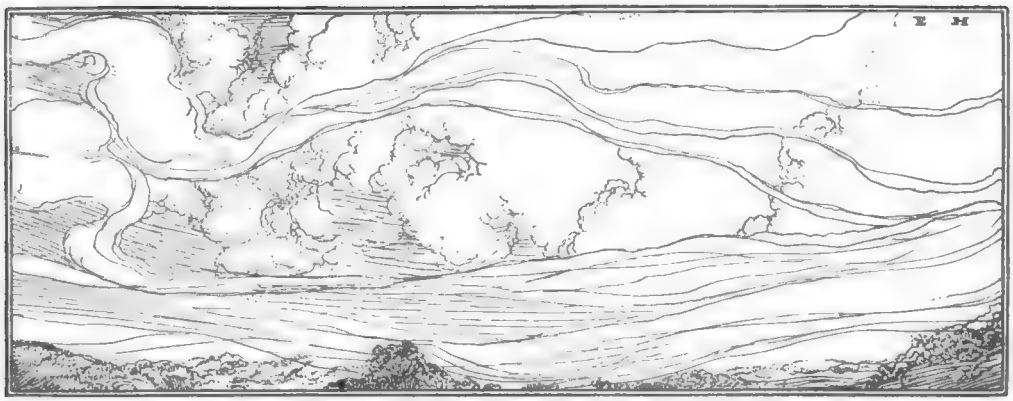

From creamy meerschaum, waif of Græcia's wave,
And dark red sandstone dug of prairie fells,
The heavy incense filled the narrow cave,
And outward surging, veiled the golden dells.

Throughout the vale, where'er that vapor crept,
The busy farmer dozed beside his wain;
The housewife in the dairy sighed, and slept;
The fisher let his line unheeded strain;

The bronze-limbed hunter slacked his arching bow;
The deer forgot to leap, the hawk to fly;
The lilies drooped; the hemlock nodded low,
And every aster closed its purple eye.

Of them that wrought the marvel?—Strange their plight!
In vain they strove against the magic hest!
Till, smiling each to each a long "Good-night,"
They closed their eyes in twice-enchanted rest.

And e'en the sentry boulder knew the charm;
Awhile it quivered like a blade of grass,
Then, sliding softly as a sleeper's arm,
It sealed the cavern with its granite mass.

Around that cave the leafy creepers cling,
Above its roof in summer, roses blow;
And o'er the mossy portal, in the spring
The dogwood pours its avalanche of snow.

And still they doze—the necromantic twain,
While from their pipes the witching fumes arise;
And still, when Indian Summer bows the grain,
That eerie vapor dims the tender skies.

And still the valley lies beneath a spell;
And wondrous clouds and visions they do know
Who loiter in the dream-enchanted dell
That hears the murmur of Pocantico.

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Bucket-Shop Sharks

IV

By MERRILL A. TEAGUE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this concluding instalment of the Bucket-Shop series, Mr. Teague tells how the victims of "Banker and Broker" swindlers can recover their losses; he shows that many a thief would be in jail were it not for the indifference of public prosecutors to the evils wrought by bucket-shop swindlers. Mr. Teague also continues the naming of men who conduct branches of some of the bigger quotation foundries.

CHAPTER X

TO break up a bucket-shop and make the thieves give up their loot is not difficult work for determined men. The chase of the thief is not, however, altogether pleasant. Skunk-hunting has never been popular. Moreover, criminal courts have not yet acquired the habit of seeing the bucket-shopper and the sandbagger through the same spectacles. Our Blindfolded Lady of the Scales, sitting in judgment of criminal complaints, ignores the one as she pronounces upon the other the mighty rebuke of relentless justice.

The skunk knows he can never be a household pet; his purpose in life is to bring others into his class. The bucket-shop thief, without attempting to excuse his own crime, takes illustration from the skunk, and whenever his rascality is challenged endeavors to divert attention from himself by heaping obloquy upon his victim. "The whole trouble is that there are a lot of welchers in this world who are willing to do anything to get back money they have lost. This man Bowker is one of the welchers." The quoted words are George Turner's explanation of his troubles, made in an interview in the Philadelphia *North American*, after the Haight & Freese Company was in receivers' hands. "Welcher" is the word for superlative opprobrium in the sporting world. It defines the man who, having lost at play, will not pay, or tries to make the winner give back his gains. Bucket-shop thieves invariably use the term when a victim kicks or groans. But if your house is robbed, or if you are sandbagged, you do not hesitate to call in the police and invoke aid of the courts in recovering what you have lost. Why, then, should you hesitate when you have been robbed by cunning plus a "Marrin Pirate Wire," or plus a Christie "quotation foundry," instead of by daring plus a pistol or bludgeon? Or, perhaps, you think the bucket-shop thief too cunning to be caught. Just follow this case—I'll try not to make it too technical:

William C. Haight—not related to any of the conspirators—entrusted $17,095 to Haight & Freese Company, for speculation in stocks, at one of the "joints" maintained by that outfit in New York City. Needless to say, Haight was "cleaned out." After a season, he saw himself the victim of a criminal conspiracy. The cry of "welcher" had no terrors for him once he arrived at the conclusion that a gang of thieves had short-circuited his bank account. To William P. Maloney, an attorney of New York, Haight committed the task of recovering the stolen money. The bill of complaint was a very simple document; it set forth that Haight & Freese Company had acted as Haight's agent, taking pay for their services in commissions; that of the whole sum entrusted to them in their fiduciary capacity, $8,400 remained in their hands, and had not satisfactorily been accounted for; that fraud had been practised by the agents against the principal (Haight) in charging double commissions and interest upon mythical advances to complete trans-

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actions, and by failure to execute orders as they pretended to execute them. Upon these grounds an accounting was prayed, with judgment for the balance due, and for extra allowances.

That prayer for an accounting was the nub of the suit. Mr. Maloney knew, as every man should know, that when a trade is made through a broker it must be four-sided. Take a "buy" order, for example: The buyer is No. 1; his broker, No. 2; the seller's broker, No. 3; the seller, No. 4. Any legitimate brokerage house, called upon to account for a loss, can show these four sides to each trade, and demonstrate the participancy of each. That is what Maloney set about requiring Haight & Freese Company to do. In the pursuit of his plan there was a multiplicity of processes by which the attorney worried and harried the thieves with a mouse-murdering cat's ingenuity. From beginning to end, Mr. Maloney maintained an I'm-from-Missouri, show-me attitude. Here was an order to buy 100 shares of BRT. "Show me," insisted Maloney, "from what broker you bought this stock, and who was that broker's client. Make the square perfect. Haight was Side No. 1; you, as his agent, were Side No. 2. Now show me that you were not, also, Sides Nos. 3 and 4." Never was there any variation of this demand, made with respect to every order Haight had ever placed. Baffled and dismayed, the thieves resorted to crime to conceal crime. The executive offices were then in Buffalo. To Arthur M. Johnson, a director, in Buffalo, Lillis sent this letter:

> I have written to Mr. Campbell to-day relative to itemized statements of the accounts of Ferdinand Delanne and W. C. Haight. As I understand Mr. Campbell will be away, I wish you would make an immediate analysis of both accounts and refer to the sheets of your branch offices and ascertain how many trades can be found that will cross with the transactions in these two accounts. For instance, if 10 Sugar had been bought on either account at a certain price on a certain date, see if you can find a sale made by some trader in any of our branches. If so, please submit name of the customers and the branch.

This was the first manifestation of a conspiracy which, before it ran its course, was expanded to embrace forgery, perjury, and the production of forged and perjured evidence in a court of justice. What Johnson did after the receipt of Lillis's letter is set forth by him in an affidavit from which I quote:

> I had the bookkeepers go over the sheets and find a list of names to offset or cross the entries of purchases and sales entered on sheets for Haight in his account . . . but we did not find sufficient names to cross with all the entries in Haight's account. A short time afterward Mr. Campbel told me to enter all these names in blotters . . . and with several bookkeepers we worked for nearly two months writing up a lot of books called blotters, giving the dates, names, amounts, and commissions. These blotters were numbered from 1 to 108. I took the numbers from calendars and pasted them on the books. For trades for which we could find no cross trades in the sheets, George Turner obtained copies of the New York *Sun* . . . and from these he took the stock quotations and made up new sheets showing purchases and sales to fill out a lot of accounts, where we could find no cross trades for them. . . . When the sheets thus made up by Turner were finished, he turned them over to me, and I and a man named E. K. Martin . . . copied these sheets into a book called the C. H. Burt Book. There was an agreement with C. H. Burt that he was to pretend to execute orders the reverse of the orders given by the customer. Chauncey H. Burt the man with whom the transactions were pretended to be had, went into the employ of Haight & Freese Company . . . on a salary of $35 a week.

Attorney Maloney did not know, while fighting for the return of Haight's money, of Lillis's letter to Johnson, nor of the revelations Johnson might have made about the books. The original of the letter was discovered by Receiver McNeal, in Philadelphia; the Johnson affidavit was not procured until the suit had been decided. In their answer, the thieves denied every material allegation in the complaint, and on reference and in court the 108 blotters and the "C. H. Burt Book" were offered by them as their books of original entry. But, badgering always for the four sides to each trade, Mr. Maloney, when the case came to trial before Mr. Justice Dowling, in the Supreme Court for New York County, forced from George G. Turner such sworn admissions as that trades were crossed, and, therefore, that there were but three parties to each deal, buyer, seller, and the bucket-shop, which acted as agent for both; that commissions were charged by this agent against both buyer and seller; that actual purchases were never made when trades could be crossed so that interest charges were against mythical advances; that Burt was an independent broker, not employed by Haight & Freese Company; that he had no connection with that outfit, and that the "C. H. Burt Book" had actually been kept in the New York office while the Haight account was running. The main reliance of the thieves was, however, the "stipulations on reverse side" of each order slip. These stipulations provided that Haight & Freese Company might execute the order

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in any city, upon any exchange, or by buying from or selling to any customer, and that under no circumstances could they be required to reveal the identity of the opposite party to the trade.

Justice Dowling handed down a decision in this case which sounds the knell over every bucket-shop in America. With that decision, and the record in the case, any attorney with average ability, possessing the tackle-and-hold-on qualities of the bulldog, can put the Turner-Lillis, Christie, "Al" Adams, McHie, O'Dell, Flanagan, McDearmott, Cella, and all the other bucket-shopping outfits out of business as fast as the wheels of justice can grind out processes. In his opinion, Justice Dowling held that a broker stands in a fiduciary relationship to his clients; that he must fully account for every item in the execution of his trust; that the cross-and-match game with orders is not such purchases and sales as the law contemplates; that "stipulations on reverse side" (common in some form with every bucket-shopper) are "against public policy, and void"; that the client, unless the broker specifically brings the contrary to his notice, has a right to assume that he is dealing with a regular house doing business regularly; that bookkeeping entries by which the bucket-shop thief simulates legitimacy cannot pass for actual purchases and sales upon regular exchanges; that the books (described by Johnson) were fictitious, and the "C. H. Burt Book" a forgery supported only by Turner's perjured testimony; that the charging of commissions against both buyer and seller renders every such transaction illegal; that Haight & Freese Company's whole business was fraudulent, and "that the only thing done by this company was to take the money of [Haight], falsely represent that it had bought the stocks, and ask for more margin."

Haight got judgment for every penny he had lost, with extra allowances bringing the whole sum to $10,000. Once such a judgment has been procured, recovery of the money depends upon ability to find it. One must, to be sure, be prepared to encounter disappointment. The bucket-shop thief hides every dollar he can spare from "the bank." Pressed too hard, he will conveniently fail, thereby defeating collection of judgments. But the following firms at this writing are financially responsible:

John A. Boardman & Co., Philadelphia; J. J. Quinlan & Co., Boston; M. J. Sage & Co., New York; the Stock, Grain & Provision Company, of New York; Cella Commission Company, St. Louis; O'Dell Stock & Grain Company, Cincinnati; Christie Grain & Stock Company, Kansas City; Wisconsin Stock & Grain Company, Minneapolis; Municipal Trading Company, Jersey City; A. M. McDearmott Commission Company, Kansas City; C. P. Hunt, Memphis, Tenn., and the Hammond Elevator Company, Hammond, Ind.—the principal bucket-shopping syndicates of the United States.

In cases where these concerns are not financially responsible, their backers are; and money lost in bucket-shop transactions can be traced to its hiding-place, and when found, recovered. A suit may be begun against them in the place where you lost your money; they must come to you to defend instead of your going to them to sue. To make such a suit good, if you can get into the United States courts, you have only to serve the processes upon the small fry, like Miner, in Philadelphia, whose sheets are backed by the big syndicates. In the case of the Board of Trade of the City of Chicago *vs.* the Hammond Elevator Company, the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that these local and supposedly independent "Bankers and Brokers," whose sheets are backed by the great syndicates, are the agents of the syndicate instead of customers whose orders they take; that service of process upon them is binding upon their backers, and that the backer may be sued in any jurisdiction where one of these agents maintains an office. Nor can the thieves plead immunity on the ground that the transaction was a gambling one. State and Federal courts have repeatedly decided that where the gambling defense is set up it must conclusively be shown that both parties understood, when it was made, that the transaction was of a gambling character. And this has been elaborated until now courts rule that the bucket-shopper must prove that he specifically brought to the knowledge of his victim every detail, including his private correspondence, that goes to show his pretenses false and his business spurious. Fortunately, our civil courts have come to have a perfect understanding of the villainous character of the bucket-shop. They are ready to cooperate with legitimate exchanges for their effectual suppression, and with individual victims who seek to recover money that has been stolen from them.

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CHAPTER XI

THAT the bucket-shop, once its true character is made clear, is within the pale of the criminal law, has been very thoroughly established. How to deal most effectually with it is largely a matter of State statutes. In every State in the Union criminal prosecutions can be sustained by invoking the simple and general statute against gambling. With the facts as they have been set forth with respect to the firm, corporate, and individual bucket-shoppers I have named, public prosecutors would be justified in at once moving against the thieves wherever they may hang out their spurious "Banker and Broker" signs. The proper method of procedure would, of course, be to hale them before a Grand Jury. Before that modern inquisition, the test of legitimate exchange membership can be applied, and, to extract additional proof of illegitimacy, the tactics pursued by Attorney Maloney in the Haight case in New York, should be employed. There is not a Turner, a Christie, a Flanagan, a Loring, or any other of their class who can evade indictment under such a method of investigation. In the case of the Cella Commission Company, of St. Louis, it is scarce necessary for any public prosecutor to conduct such an inquiry. In defending a suit brought in a United States Court in Arkansas, this outfit pleaded that it was a gambling concern; that all of its transactions were bets, and that such gambling in futures as it engaged in were contrary to the statutes in Missouri and Arkansas. Upon this confession alone criminal prosecutions may be sustained, and police and other peace officials may raid Cella "joints" just as they raid pool-rooms and faro-banks, wherever they are found, and just as bucket-shops are raided in Chicago. Out of their own mouths shall they be convicted. Governor Folk, who made an abortive attempt to deal with this evil, could render the public no better service than by setting his hounds of the law upon this gang, using its own confession to convict its chiefs.

The Cellas, together with Christie, McDearmott, McHie, and Hunt, of Memphis, will, of course, meet criminal prosecution with assertions of legitimacy. As proof, they will point to their membership in the National Board of Trade of Kansas City. Puny proof that! If John Hill, Jr., the bucket-shop sleuth of the Chicago Board of Trade, and the man who has made the existence of these dens impossible in Chicago, can get the evidence that the National Board of Trade is a "quotation foundry," where the traders are clerks salaried by thieves, and where the whole machinery is a mask to hide thievery, any Grand Jury in Missouri can get the same evidence. With equal ease can evidence of spuriousness be collected against the National Cotton Exchange of Memphis; the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, and the Superior Board of Trade of Superior, Wisconsin.

Does District Attorney Moran, of Boston, whose efforts to break up legislative bribery have been made to miscarry by Beacon Hill rascality, stimulated by bribe-money furnished by the bucket-shoppers, wish to drive the Flanagan outfit out of business, and thereby serve all the people of New England? Then let him take this concern into the Grand Jury room, and there turn it inside out by putting the "show-me" test on every trade indicated upon its books; and then let him call the editors of the Boston *Traveler* to prove that "Joe" Flanagan confessed that he and his brother, and Quinlan, the stool-pigeon, are running a gambling joint pure and simple. In like manner he can exterminate every bucket-shop thief's den that pollutes and corrupts Boston. The O'Dell, Edwards-Wood, Municipal Trading, and other outfits may be just as readily disposed of by the public prosecutors who have these thieves within their reach.

The case of John A. Boardman & Co. is somewhat different from the others. Properly, criminal prosecution for running a gambling "joint" should be begun against this concern in Philadelphia. A more effective handling of the case can, however, be undertaken in New York. Take Turner away from John A. Boardman & Co. and this conspiracy for theft will dissolve like a castle in Spain. District Attorney Jerome has it in his power to remove Turner from this firm, for it was in New York that Turner perjured himself in giving testimony in the Haight case. Why doesn't Mr. Jerome act? He has the proof of Turner's offense, prosecution has been considered, and the evidence, if only the witnesses are brought to New York, has been pronounced sufficient. But cobwebs are forming on the papers, while Turner, with the Boardman outfit, goes on thieving.

Criminal prosecutions, though the only way to jail the thieves, will not always stop the

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thievery. To break up the bucket-shops, receiverships are effectual. Justice Lowell, of the United States Circuit Court in Boston, signed an order for a receivership for the Haight & Freese Company, upon an *ex-parte* bill; that is, upon a complaint of which the thieves had no notice. The first warning they had that they were legally hammer-locked was when Receiver James D. Colt walked into the offices at 85 State Street and took possession of the "plant." Ancillary receiverships in New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Maryland, Virginia, and other States followed immediately, and the great Haight & Freese Company conspiracy for theft went out of existence forever. Justice Lowell's action was unusual. Most judges decline to establish receiverships until the accused corporation has had notice and a chance to defend. But there was laid before Justice Lowell, when the *ex-parte* receivership was asked for, the record in the case of Haight *vs.* Haight & Freese Company. Upon the proof of fraud there disclosed, and as set forth by Justice Dowling, Justice Lowell granted the receivership in secrecy; it was a precautionary measure to prevent the thieves from stealing the last dollar in their strong boxes. Where the proof of fraud is as clear as it was in this case, and where it can be shown to the court that a secret receivership is essential to the preservation of assets and the protection of creditors, almost any judge will make the necessary order.

Another method of getting at these thieves, so as to drive them out of business, is by *quo warranto* proceedings. Such proceeding—to annul a charter—will lie against any incorporated bucket-shop in its home State. This writ of *quo warranto* can also be used to break up the fake exchanges, like Christie's National Board of Trade of Kansas City, the National Cotton Exchange of Memphis, and the Superior Board of Trade of Superior, Wisconsin.* Attorney-General Carson, of Pennsylvania, has petitioned for a writ of *quo warranto* against the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia, alleging that as a gambling joint it is a public nuisance, but the case languishes; and thievery is daily practised behind this mask.

* Inadvertently the New Orleans Stock Exchange was omitted from the partial list of *reputable* stock exchanges published in our July number. The New Orleans Stock Exchange was chartered in 1852 on practically the same lines as the Paris Bourse, and is everywhere known for its regularity and high business principles.—THE EDITORS.

CHAPTER XII

LAST month I spoke of the obstinacy of the "Al" Adams–M. J. Sage & Co. bucket-shop conspiracy before publicity. The brazen effrontery of this gang of thieves is paralleled only by that of Missouri's premier crooks. The Cella Commission Company, of St. Louis, is in the same resistant attitude as the Adams outfit. They'll be dinged if they'll yield to publicity. Fine! The principal stockholders in this concern very recently were Louis A. Cella, Sam Adler, and C. A. Tilles. They refer to such rock-ribbed, clean-handed, we-know-no-wrong institutions as the American Exchange National Bank, the National Bank of Commerce, and the Third National Bank, all of St. Louis; the German National Bank of Little Rock, Ark., and the First National Bank of Fort Smith, Ark. Twenty-five years ago Louis A. Cella, with "Texas Tom" Walsh, owned Monte Carlo, a notorious gambling dive across the river from St. Louis. Later, Cella owned a saloon at Sixth and Morgan streets, St. Louis, a dive where many thieves were arrested, and where much stolen property was recovered. The Boston manager of the Cella outfit is Charles W. Rice, who figured in the great E. S. Dean & Co. swindle, and the Cella quotations are vended to ten "buckets" in Boston. Of the Cella crowd, one of my correspondents in St. Louis, a particularly well-informed gentleman, writes:

> This concern has branches in all the small towns through the Middle West and Southwest. It has for some four or five years been successfully trimming the farmers, small business men, and professional men in the smaller towns.
>
> This company is controlled by the same people who controlled the race-tracks in St. Louis, and who are interested in tracks near Covington, Memphis, New Orleans, Detroit, and Hot Springs. They had control also of all gambling in St. Louis, and would not let a crap game start up unless they were guaranteed sixty per cent. of the rake-off. Unless this agreement was made, the police raided the "joint." This same crowd got control of St. Louis County, and had an enormous graft in the "sure thing" games operated in the immediate vicinity of the World's Fair. Recently a member of the Supreme Court of the State resigned his seat on the bench to become their attorney. Their account for telegraph tolls at the St. Louis office is the largest account on the books, and it has been said that the receipts from them were equal to the total receipts from all other business in the city. Louis A. Cella, the head of the concern, is the largest individual investor in St. Louis real estate at this time. He has said that the stock-gambling graft is bigger than the race-track graft ever was.

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That you, my dear readers, may not be induced to fatten Louis A. Cella's graft, I will give you a list of some of his local correspondents scattered through the country, impressing upon you the fact that I am naming only a few of them now. They are:

Wilmington, Del., Chas. Frehenbeck. *Washington, D. C.*, J. A. Wilkins, 1341 F Street; Wade & Hedges, Ninth and F streets; Jenkins & Co., 1421 F Street; Charles Scott, 605 Seventh Street; L. B. Fauler & Co., 1421 F Street; C. T. Havener & Co., 1339 F Street; Lynn, Wall & Co., 1333 F Street; Chesley & Spence, Colorado Building. *Pittsburg, Pa.*, A. D. Rose & Co., 308 Columbus Bank Building; G. B. Newport, E. Liberty Street; A. A. Wiseman. *Auburn, N. Y.*, J. N. Stupp, T. D. Mooney. *Lancaster, Pa.*, Federal Securities Co. *Pottstown, Pa.*, C. H. Kelly. *Boyersford, Pa.*, H. E. Root. *Newark, N. J.*, F. G. Stone, Miller & Co. *Philadelphia, Pa.*, A. Gessler, 134 South Fourth Street and 1414 South Penn Square; J. W. Hoffman, 441 Chestnut Street. *Trenton, N. J.*, Gove & Whitman. *Peekskill, N. Y.*, Simon King. *New Brunswick, N. J.*, Stenger & Co. *Middletown, Conn.*, A. F. Hammond. *Providence, R. I.*, G. A. Tisdale. *Baltimore, Md.*, A. L. Hanford, Equitable Building. *Schenectady, N. Y.*, Bucklin, Rowe & Co. *Amsterdam, N. Y.*, I. A. Morse. *Canandaigua, N. Y.*, W. M. Spencer. *Geneva, N. Y.*, Gallagher Bros. *Albany, N. Y.*, Voyer & Kinsley, C. A. Shelley, G. F. Moss, Eldredge & Co. *Lockport, N. Y.*, C. A. Webber. *Stamford, Conn.*, C. E. Dibble. *Macon, Ga.*, H. V. Stanford & Co. *Springfield, Mass.*, Giblin & Co. *New London, Conn.*, H. S. Davis. *Hoboken, N. J.*, Miller & Co. *Fall River, Mass.*, J. E. Freeling. *Yonkers, N. Y.*, R. F. Wallace. *Syracuse, N. Y.*, B. W. Elwood. *Rochester, N. Y.*, Byer & Stolz, F. J. Hayes, Putnam & Co., George Gates & Co. *Utica, N. Y.*, L. J. Fiske, Jordan & Co. *Atlantic City, N. J.*, Gormley & Meehan.

If you are dealing with any of these, you are almost certainly helping along Louis Cella's graft. You may, at least, have the satisfaction of knowing to what sort of a gambler-grafter your money has gone; but your prospects for recovering it are small indeed, unless you take immediate action.

For the courts and the police that, having driven "Al" Adams out of business as a policy swindler, tolerate his M. J. Sage & Co. scheme for bucket-shop thievery, let me give this little story, one of the kind that sets fingers tingling for a throat round which they can grip: In Brooklyn, a year ago, there was a prosperous business man; a man of family, esteemed and respected. One of "Al" Adams's branches got hold of this man. To-day the victim is in an insane asylum, made crazy by his losses. The family is ruined as completely as the man's life has been blasted. And this in New York, where "Al" Adams is a convicted criminal; where Turner perjured himself with impunity, and where District Attorney Jerome says it is almost impossible to get evidence against bucket-shop thieves!

Chauncey H. Burt—the same who abetted the Haight & Freese swindle and who, at the cost of perjury, Turner swore was an independent broker—is bucket-shopping on his own hook, with a chain of "joints" in New Jersey. You who happen across him will do well to sew up your pockets; he got his training, before he allied himself with Turner, under the notorious Dr. W. E. Woodend.

Out of a recent issue of the New York *Herald* I take this advertisement:

IT WAS ERIE.—The little stock we gave our customers at 40 for quick advance was Erie. Now 47, good for 50. We have another just as good. Don't miss it. Write for it to-day. Good things coming all the time. Our customers get them free. M. F. PARRISH & Co., 330 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

M. F. Parrish is a bucket-shop petit larcenist. By means of such advertisements as the above, he has for years been swindling the ignorant from Nova Scotia to Vancouver. Just now he is managing the crooks' "clearing-house" in that headquarters for fraud, the Consolidated Stock Exchange of Philadelphia. Before he became a bucket-shop thief, using the mails with unrestrained freedom, he was "Dr." Parrish, discoverer of and sponsor for a marvelous appliance for curing deafness by electricity. Only those that suffer from an incurable swelling of the bank account should visit "Old Dr. Parrish."

On June 3d the Kansas City *Star* gave a column and a quarter of its news space to a letter signed by one W. A. Michael. The gravamen of Michael's production was that I am a conscienceless libeler; that the editors of EVERYBODY'S are ignoramuses for printing what I write, and that bucket-shopping is as honorable as regular brokerage. The Kansas City *Star* DID NOT PRINT my answer, in which I pointed to the fact that W. A. Michael, my assailant, heads the W. A. Michael Brokerage Company, a bucket-shopping associate of

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Christie and the other rogues in the putrid National Board of Trade of Kansas City. Michael is an advertiser in the Kansas City papers.

Another Kansas City bucket-shop the public should know something about goes under the style, A. M. McDearmott Commission Company. McDearmott, ostensibly the head of this outfit, is treasurer of the National Board of Trade. A few years ago he was an impecunious telegraph operator. The moneyed man in this game is a director in one of Kansas City's prominent national banks. Moreover, this concern facsimiles, in its advertising literature, commendatory letters from four Kansas City banks. One of these, dated January 22, 1903, bearing the signature of F. P. Neal, vice-president of the Union National Bank of Kansas City, is in part as follows:

> . . . the A. M. MacDermott Commission Company, of this city, . . . has enjoyed an excellent reputation, and its officers are men of experience and ability in their line.
>
> We believe that any one placing business in their hands will find same handled in a businesslike and satisfactory manner and settlements promptly made.

The McDearmott crowd assuredly are "men of . . . ability in their line." It is conservatively estimated that they have fleeced the farmers of the trans-Mississippi States out of $10,000,000; their "bank-roll" is popularly credited with containing $1,000,000. McDearmott has been in Europe much of this year, but his crowd are referring to these banks: First National, Union National, City National, American National, and National Bank of Commerce, all of Kansas City, with four of which, at least, the combination for bucket-shop swindling has carried an account. Bank references have a molasses-on-flies effect when the game is to catch the coin of the farmers. McDearmott's branches, as I have been able to ascertain them, are in these places:

Missouri—Kansas City, St. Joseph, Liberty, Mound City, Oregon, Excelsior Springs.

Iowa—Hamburg, Glenwood, Red Oak, Shenandoah, Malvern.

Nebraska—Plattsmouth, Hastings, Fairfield, Nebraska City, Fairbury.

Kansas—Abilene, Independence, Coffeyville, Great Bend, Hutchinson, Sterling, Iola, Caney, Wichita, McPherson, St. Mary's, Topeka, Ottawa, Newton, Salina, Winfield, Rossville, and Lyons.

On the letter-head of the Clawson-Stream Brokerage Company, of Kansas City, I got a long screed on my initial article. The writer was G. W. Clawson, and he asserted that he has no connection with any bucket-shop. On the letter-head was this: "Private wires to New York, Chicago, and all market centers." No connection with any bucket-shop, eh? Strange, isn't it, that G. W. Clawson is a director in the National Board of Trade? Two and two still make four.

Down in Dallas, Texas, Wm. K. Withers hangs out a "Banker and Broker" sign, and under it stencils, "Cotton, Grain, Provisions, Stocks, and Bonds." Exchange connection? The answering silence is of the catacombs.

I quote from a circular letter issued by the T. A. Cleage Commission Company, incorporated in Missouri, with head offices in St. Louis:

> There is nothing on earth you can make money in so fast as in the GRAIN AND COTTON MARKETS, when there is plenty of activity and big advances.
>
> WE ACCEPT ACCOUNTS FROM $20 TO $1,000.
>
> In our "REGULAR PLAN" [Pool trading] we remit profits monthly, if they accrue, or add to original margin to increase future profits.
>
> "SYSTEM NO. 2" [Pyramiding], when successfully carried out, makes greater profits on the amount ventured than any other known system of trading. Right now, in our opinion, the risk is a minimum one when compared with the opportunities of ENORMOUS PROFITS offered.
>
> The writer proposes to do all trading, and has had wide experience in conducting some of the largest grain operations and corners in St. Louis and Chicago.

The original of this was sent through the mails to a citizen of New York State. It is difficult to believe that it was not written by Stanley Francis, of the great Storey cotton swindle. Two things convince to the contrary: Francis was in the penitentiary when this was sent out, and Cleage figures out a profit of $1,350 on an investment of $100. Francis never had the gall to figure more than 68.5 per cent. profit a year. Exchange connections stated by Cleage? Again the silence is of the catacombs. Cleage's game is discretionary pooling added to bucket-shopping. Lest we forget: The Rialto Grain & Securities Company, of St. Louis, worked a discretionary-pool-bucket-shop swindle until Uncle Sam clapped a fraud order against it, and landed its officials, along with United States Senator J. R. Burton, of Kansas, in criminal docks. Wonder if the postal inspectors in St. Louis are sleeping, or if, like "Honest George" Holden, who for four years "investigated" the

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Storey cotton swindle, they take "loans" from heavy users of the mails.

In Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the Northwest, A. J. Cummings is working a big chain of bucket-shops. There's the name; keep it in your hats. J. B. [Buck] Fleshman, of Philadelphia, has a string of "buckets" that pretty well cover Pennsylvania. "Buck" doesn't pretend to be anything but a bucket-shop gambler. V. P. Randolph & Co. have a great wire system through the South. This outfit is composed of four former employees of Murphy & Co. and A. B. Baxter & Co., great syndicates that a few years ago were fleecing by the wholesale in the Cotton Belt. Wm. L. Bear & Co., Philadelphia, operate branches in York, Lancaster, and Harrisburg, Pa., and the Brown Commission Company is running a two-for-a-nickel game in Philadelphia with several shops on one wire, quotations being sent by a woman over a telephone, after they have been received over a Marrin outfit.

With the big syndicates named and identified, and the smaller fellows described so that you may know them, what difficulty have you in determining whether you are gambling at the "buckets" or through legitimate brokers, members of regular exchanges?

CHAPTER XIII

FINAL extermination of the bucket-shop thieves and correction of the pernicious nation-wide evil they work must, I am convinced, come through action by Congress. With President Roosevelt so heroically addressing himself to the righting of wrongs against the public, may we not hope that before his tenure terminates he may direct his attention to this essentially criminal practise?

But as action by the President and Congress cannot immediately be expected, let us see what the States and municipalities can do to curb and crush the brazen rapacity of these sharks. I have already shown how, under existing statutes, effective civil and criminal action may be had as soon as victims and pilots of public opinion league themselves for the task. There is one other—a purely administrative—measure that can be employed. No corporation can hold membership in or be regularly represented on any legitimate exchange. Governor Pennypacker knows this. And from the day he became chief executive of Pennsylvania he has steadfastly refused to approve any charter for a stock-brokerage corporation. He has discerned that only those who aim at bucket-shop roguery seek State licenses as bait for public confidence, and with genuine Pennsylvania Dutch obstinacy he has declined to help their game.

Los Angeles has solved the problem of municipal regulation of these gambling-hells. By ordinance, passed in the exercise of the city's police powers, that city has decreed unlawful the operation of making any contract or agreement for the purchase or sale of any stock, grain, provisions, or other commodity, where such contract or agreement shall be closed, adjusted, or settled except by an actual *bona-fide* purchase or sale, with regular delivery, of the thing traded in. The ordinance goes further and makes it unlawful for any person knowingly to permit any building or room owned by him to be used for carrying on such business, and prohibits the use or lease of any telegraph or telephone wires in connection with such business. Violation of any of these provisions is punishable by a fine of $100, or imprisonment for 100 days, or both. This is most effectual municipal regulation, since it opens the jails to bucket-shop thieves and their dupes, to property-owners who would accept thieves as tenants and take stolen money for rent, and to those telegraph and telephone managers who abet the rascality. Under this ordinance bucket-shops are raidable by the Los Angeles police as are gambling dens of any other variety.

North Carolina has recently enacted a splendid law for the suppression of bucket-shop sharks. This law makes it illegal to transact business in contracts for future delivery through the medium of a private wire-house, or over privately leased telephone or telegraph wires, and compels all persons so trading to use the public wires. Under the operation of this law, every quotation and every order to buy or sell has to be transmitted in the ordinary manner of filing and receiving messages. Since quick quotations and immediate service are the chief advantages the bucket-shops offer over legitimate houses, this interference with these essentials of the thieves' game amounts to prohibition. And the expense of transmitting separate messages on each quotation and order is itself prohibitory. It will, of course, seriously interfere with marginal trading through legitimate brokerage houses maintaining private-

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wire systems. So much the better. Once this is done these regular houses will stampede to crusade against the thieves that are counterfeiting legitimate speculation.

Suppression of these thieves that fringe finance would be a work of minutes should the Western Union, the Postal Telegraph and Cable, and the American Telegraph and Telephone companies set themselves to it. It is, however, too much to look for assistance from that direction. The revenues these and other quick-communication companies derive from facilities they furnish the swindlers are too desirable to be surrendered until, taking them by the throats, the law says: You shall give them up! A few years ago when Police Commissioner McAdoo, of New York, asked opportunity of the Western Union to inspect its wires where there was reason to believe they were being used for illegal purposes, General Superintendent Brooks declined to grant it. McAdoo's fight was against secret pool-rooms. The Western Union pleaded that as it was not furnishing race reports to pool-rooms there was no occasion for police interference. Yet when he declined McAdoo's request to inspect the wires that criminals might be apprehended, Brooks knew that his company was furnishing wire facilities to thieves who were guilty of more devilish crime every day than the pool-rooms are in a decade. What was true of the Western Union then is true to-day; it is true, too, of the Postal and the American Telephone and Telegraph companies.

Nor can too much be expected of the legitimate exchanges. This does not apply to the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Cotton Exchange. These organizations have for years waged unconditional-surrender war upon the sharpers. Its work directed by John Hill, Jr., the Chicago Board of Trade has for seven years pursued Christie, McHie, O'Dell, and others in the courts for quotation thievery, and has won from the United States Supreme Court the decisions upon which rests hope of the ultimate extinction of the rogues as publicly accessible gamblers. Wm. V. King, Superintendent of the New York Cotton Exchange, has similarly directed the work of that organization, and, spurred by the *Trade Index*, a monthly journal, the New Orleans Cotton Exchange has limped into line, and is now among the crusaders against the evil. When will the New York Stock Exchange openly and actively join the movement, and by rigorous protection of its quotations make full achievement possible? Nobody knows; it is doing nothing now except trying to keep its own membership clear of apparent connection with the rogues. "The bucket-shops—the financially sound ones—are all right; they make business for us, and stimulate speculation," say those regular exchanges that wink at the evil. The fight, then, must be made without the assistance of a majority of those whose business is being counterfeited by thieves, because that majority is willing the evil should thrive, hoping the thieves will bring to their doors some of the swag.

Among the widely read and influential newspapers of the country, the Boston *Traveler*, Philadelphia *North American*, and St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* have made enviable records as fearless and successful crusaders against the sharpers. But what are a scattered three compared with the press of the country? In a recent issue of the New York *Herald* I counted seventeen prominently displayed advertisements, all on the financial pages, by known bucket-shop thieves or their allies, fake market-tipsters, stock-swindlers, etc. It is almost impossible to pick up a newspaper that does not print beguiling announcements by these crooks whose avocation is gambling, and vocation thievery. I do not claim that these newspapers are "reached." But I do assert that when the publishers of America begin to scorn the polluted profit that comes from these harpies and close the door of publicity in the face of this evil, it will be left-hooked and sent to the ropes, if not knocked out. And the rule of unfitness with respect to brokerage advertisements is the rule of legitimate exchange membership. Apply that test, you publishers who wish no corrupt coin in your counting-room tills, make your "Banker and Broker," "Commission Broker," "Commission Agent," and "Board of Trade" advertisers SHOW you that they are not bucket-shop thieves and speculation counterfeiters, and in so doing, do your duty by that public which rightly expects you to protect it against robbery.

And now, how may Theodore Roosevelt crush this evil and save to the producers of the nation $100,000,000 that is annually being filched from them by a publicly exploited system of debauching knavery? For an immediate remedy, he has only to direct Postmaster-General Cortelyou to launch a fraud order against every one of the thieves. Daily the mails are flooded with the fraud literature

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ground out for these rogues by professional circular writers. Bar the mails against them, and the Cellas, Lorings, Christies, McHies, Turners, Flanagans, "Al" Adamses, O'Dells, Hunts, and McDearmotts will shrivel up as effectually as did the Rialto Grain and Securities Company, of St. Louis, which went down and out under a fraud order after it had fatally corrupted Senator Burton, of Kansas. But, says Mr. Cortelyou, I must have evidence before I can issue fraud orders. Then turn loose your army of postal inspectors. Hill, of Chicago, can get it; Fahey, of the Boston *Traveler*, can get it; Van Valkenburg, of the Philadelphia *North American*, can get it, and so can your inspectors get the evidence against these thieves. Only be sure that the men you set to the work are not in partnership with the sharpers. You know that "Honest George" Holden, the Philadelphia inspector who "investigated" the Storey fraud and borrowed $1,100 from the swindlers, was a partner in a notorious—now defunct—New York bucket-shop, and that every profit-check he got was for a fraction or a multiple of $1,100.

The fraud order will remedy, but it will not cure; and it is to the cure that President Roosevelt may worthily address himself. The authority of Congress to regulate evils and abuses affecting interstate trade is conceded. Of this power, the Rate Regulation Bill, the Meat Inspection Act, the Oleomargarine Tax Law, and the Pure Food Act are illustrations. Congress has, besides, affirmatively asserted its right to tax bucket-shops. By the Act of March 2, 1901, a special internal-revenue tax was laid upon these dens and they were compelled to register and pay the tax for every "joint" maintained. And if Congress can tax, it can tax to the point of rigorous regulation if not prohibition, as witness the tobacco and whisky taxes. How much the bucket-shop lobby had to do with the repeal of this Act of March 2, 1901, I do not know; but it was repealed, and the most pernicious evil in America is now free, as far as Congress is concerned, to despoil the nation at will. That Congress is cognizant of the enormous sweep of this evil and its malign effect on interstate trade cannot be gainsaid. In 1898 Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, chairman of that section of the Industrial Commission which investigated the influence of speculation on markets for farm products, submitted a report which illumines the evil as a factor in interstate trade. That report, in part, was as follows:

> When the farmers and producers realize what the curse of bucket-shops has cost them, they will make their influence felt in legislation and in the enforcement of laws against them. The diversion of speculative energy into illegitimate channels militates against the price to the producer. To give an idea of the volume of speculative energy as diverted from legitimate channels to bucket-shops, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that there are at this time (1898) approximately 400 such places in the United States, and that the average pretended trade per bucket-shop a day is about 20,000 bushels of grain bought and sold, 500 barrels of pork, or equivalent in lard and ribs.
>
> Taking the 400 bucket-shops operating in the United States, each pretending to buy and sell an average of 20,000 bushels of grain per day, or a total of 8,000,000 bushels per day, or 2,400,000,000 bushels per year. The figures on pork are equally astonishing; 400 bucket-shops, pretending to buy and sell 500 barrels of pork per day, divert, apparently, from legitimate channels, 200,000 barrels of pork per day, or 6,000,000 per annum.
>
> [Abolish the bucket-shops and] the petty gambler, who bets on the rise and fall of the market with the keeper of the bucket-shops, will return to the pool-room or the roulette wheel; while the speculator, who has been temporarily lured into the bucket-shop by promises of a low commission and quick action, will place his orders on the legitimate exchanges, and thereby perform the real function of the speculator, so necessary in the surplus-producing countries, of creating a market for that surplus. With the wiping out of the bucket-shops, one of the causes of depression of values of agricultural products will have disappeared.

What Senator Kyle reported in 1898 is more cogent now than it was then, for the 400 bucket-shops have grown to be more than 1,000, and a mighty nation, riding on the crest of a wave of unparalleled prosperity, is daily more headlong in its rush to play the game thieves are operating. But, you ask, what is the action the Congress should take? I will answer in a sentence:

Pass an act which will bring the wires leased by the telegraph and telephone companies to brokerage or commission houses, of whatsoever kind, under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, with power vested in the commission to verify reports made by the companies, and to prohibit the use of privately leased wires by bucket-shops.

For a quarter of a century these companies have been swelling their dividends with toll taken from knaves who have robbed and swindled almost without restraint. The time will come when a parental government will check this. The companies will assert and try to sustain in court, that brokerage-use of their wires cannot be construed as being interstate commerce. Can't it? Within the

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realm of brokerage, wires are leased for transmitting quotations and orders. Quotations are the steam in the boilers of the bucket-shops; without them the thieves would have nothing with which to drive their engines—nothing against which their dupes might bet. The answer to the telegraph companies when they plead that the wires they lease to speculators should not come under government supervision is, then, this:

May 8, 1905, the Supreme Court of the United States decided that quotations made upon legitimate exchanges are property, and that the exchanges originating them have property rights in the quotations, which may be protected by injunction and all the ordinary court processes that conserve private property rights.

If under this decision Congress has not warrant to declare legitimate exchange quotations subjects of interstate commerce, and the telegraph and telephone companies transmitting them common carriers, amenable to regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission, decisions by the highest judicial tribunal in the republic are of smaller value than any criminal dares deem them.

For the national evil that has sprung from the criminal combination of bucket-shop thieves and unscrupulous telegraph and telephone companies, government regulation is the permanent cure.

For the death and desolation that stalks in the wake of these knaves who lure untold thousands of men and women to gamble, to commit crime, and to go down to suicides' graves, government regulation is the unfailing preventive.

For the impoverishment of producing classes by the depressing effect of bucket-shop betting upon legitimate markets, government regulation is the sure remedy.

It is from the direction of the White House that ultimate victory will come. The achievement will be recorded when a man like President Roosevelt, who dares go before Congress and make issue with private and sordid interest, takes a strangle-hold on the proposition.

THE END.

Love's Valedictory

By GARDNER W. WOOD

HERE in this lonely aisle whose high-flung,
Lichened limbs do weave a time-tossed frieze
To crown these tall, entempled pillars of the wood,
I turn the scattered pages of the season's tale
And hear the murmuring undertone that mourns among its leaves:
"We fall; we die; to Time we grant his victory;
We conquered lie; 'tis Summer's valedictory."

Remote, afar, down-dropped through darkening
Arches of this empty shrine there floats
The hopeless song of one lost, sorrow-throated thrush—
I crush the tattered leaves whereon is seared my loss.
Oh, bitter, snow-dim wind that lifts those melancholy notes:
"I call; I die; I yield to Fate her victory;
Ah, Love, that this must be thy valedictory."

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

A To-Day of Yesterday

By Elliot Walker

THE green bench upon which the old man sat was shaded from the hot rays of the morning sun by a great, friendly elm.

He loved to sit here of a morning glancing over the top of his newspaper, to nod smilingly at those who should observe him from the street, and sometimes he would wave his wrinkled hand in responsive salutation.

To be sure, the newspaper was often held upside down, for its pages conveyed nothing connectedly to his mind. As soon as he had read a sentence it was forgotten. His world lay back of those daily happenings interesting to others—save for the passing of friendly faces that noticed him. This he much enjoyed. It was an unfailing joy to be seen reading the paper; an unalloyed pleasure to have it remarked. He was not old—oh, no! He felt very strong and well—like a boy—but they would not let him do business any longer for it tired his head. Of course there was no necessity for more hard work, and he was willing to do as they thought best. The passers who smiled at him knew how it was. Queer, though, that no one of them ever came in to ask his advice. Perhaps it was fear of intrusion, because his people were so needlessly careful about him. He wished they wouldn't be. Some one was forever watching his movements, anxious lest he should want company. Why, he never got a chance even to go to walk by himself—now. What a lovely day this would be for——

A leaf fluttered into his lap. The old man poked back his spectacles which had slipped to the end of his nose. Surely, he knew that leaf. Yes, it was the leaf with the green worm on it. Was it yesterday or the day before that this same leaf had dropped in his hand when he was fishing in the mill brook? He certainly had caught a fish with that worm; he would bait with the fat rascal this minute. Where were his hook, the pole he cut, the pool just now so clear and sunshiny? Oh, dear! he had forgotten again. No, he hadn't. It was to-day and he was going. They didn't want him to go that day, but he ran away and went. How was it?

The old man smiled with closed eyes, feeling at the corner of his vest. A pin! It would do. And he had a long string in his pocket. A penknife, too. Lately he picked up pins and strings. No, not lately. There wasn't any "lately." It was all "to-day." He was only little Gordon Gray sneaking behind the barn to the back gate.

Newspaper, leaf, and worm were left on the green bench in utter forgetfulness, as the old man pattered stealthily away in the rear of the protecting trees. In his enfeebled brain sang the sirens of tinkling water and rippling bird notes. Oblivious to all except the picture of that stolen day of boyhood, a tangled mind-etching of a hundred joys, he had lapsed into the yearning of a childish heart. The blurred pages of the long, full years were naught to him now. Again he was a child, running away.

So, unobserved, he went on blithely, selecting sheltered paths and feeling no fatigue, for his limbs were strong. The sweet air filled his lungs, the fragrance of swamp and meadow blown to him by a cooling breeze greeted his nostrils. Now and then he rested where the pines whispered a message of encouragement to free discourse with nature, a plea for gayest abandon in her wilds.

Two miles of it, two enchanted miles, and now the traveled highway and the bridge above the softly purring stream. The old gate opening to the farmhouse road—that, too, was there. All seemed the same. Here

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lay his Mecca. He pushed through the gate, wondering why the black dog did not bark.

Then it was that he laughed, speaking aloud to himself and the fair scenes about. His voice was hoarse and trembling, but he did not hear. There were many changes, but he did not see. The brook was there, rejoicing. Birds warbled, the sky, the sunlight, the mossy stones, the grass—these things he knew and smiled to. It was to-day.

HE LOVED TO SIT HERE OF A MORNING.

"Maybe Tige is up on the mountain with Mr. Reed," he cackled. "Won't bite me, anyhow. Only barks. I guess I'll cut a pole."

It took a long time to sever the tough alder switch and to trim the twigs. Afterward, kneeling among the ferns, Gordon tied on his string and struggled with the bent pin. A delicious thrill of expectancy possessed him. The crick in his back, the stiffness of his legs, his slow, clumsy fingers brought no sense of impatience or weariness. When he scrambled to his feet, puffing with the exertion, it all seemed natural enough. Many mornings had found him a very tired little boy before he "started in," for often stolen journeys were hasty runs and he always worked hard to get things ready. Presently all would be right, there by the brookside, resting, and waiting hopefully for bites.

Only—well, that worm he had in a leaf, where was it? Not in his pocket. Not on the ground near him. It must have been some other time. No matter.

Gordon clawed up a clod by the bank in search of an earthworm. He found one and impaled it on the pin.

"There! old wiggler," he muttered. "You stay on. Now, we'll go to the flat hole, Gordie. Ain't this fun? If we catch one, we'll make a pond for him so's he'll keep alive. Lay down on your stomach and don't breathe."

By the shining shallow stillness of the "flat hole" where the minnows darted, the runaway extended himself with ungainly sprawls. He spat upon his bait, after the manner of the ancients, and dropped it in the pool, his mouth open, his body tense with anticipation.

"'Tain't comfortable here," he grunted. "I haven't got room. Hi! Hi! One's a-nibblin'. He's runnin' with it. Wish I could see better. The sun's awful blindin'. Come out o' that, Mister Dace!"

A cracked, joyous cry pealed forth on the still air.

"Hi! it's a shiner, a red fin. Ain't I a lucky goat? Gracious! I've scared all the rest off, gettin' up. Didn't suppose they'd see me. I've got one, anyway."

For an hour he dabbled in the water, arranging stones and bright pebbles around the hole he scraped in the sand. He built a tiny dam, an inlet, and an outlet, while in the scooped retreat his prize lay contentedly. Bits of full-leaved branches were planted for a screen. "Woods," he called it. To him it was a very fine, large pond, beautifully done.

Twice his spectacles fell off, to be wiped mechanically and replaced without notice. So intense was his absorption that he failed to observe the reflection in the water of a white head under a broad-brimmed hat. Had he done so, the head would have turned to see what old man was behind it.

Several times he wondered dimly at something intangible and unpleasant, a muddled feeling of affairs distorted and unreal; but this sensation passed as soon as he looked about him, seeing where he stood and knowing he was little Gordon Gray playing by the brook, having a good time with small regard for consequences.

And so he chirped and labored and grew hungry.

"Guess I'll go up to the house," he decided. "They always give me a drink of milk and a doughnut."

The woman standing in a doorway of the farmhouse eyed with amazement the old gentleman coming up the path.

He was such a benign, well-dressed, amiable old gentleman, sidling toward her with an ingratiating smile. As he came nearer, she saw he was somewhat the worse for signs of

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travel, even to his rosy countenance, which was perspiring and far from clean; and his shoes oozed water at every timid step. There were mud and grass stains on the white vest; the new black necktie dangled loosely. To her surprise he put a finger in his mouth and giggled invitingly, like a child hoping for welcome.

"Tige ain't round to-day, is he, Mrs. Reed?" asked this stranger by way of an opening.

"No, he isn't," replied the woman blankly.

"Mr. Reed's painted the house and—and—why! he's took down the well-sweep. Must have been busy lately." The old man moved his head slowly about.

"Yes." The woman peered curiously in the innocent, faded blue eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses. "He's thinking of grandfather and takes me for grandma," she told herself. "They had an old dog named Tige. Mother used to tell about him. Dear! dear! all dead and gone, years ago, and he believes they're here. I won't spoil his dream. He's only childish."

"Emily well?" inquired Gordon politely. "She's six now, and don't bother me none when I'm fishin'. I've made a nice pond down by the brook—got a splendid shiner in it. I don't mind showin' it to her, 'specially if—" He looked up queerly.

"If what?" Mrs. Harlow, whose mother had been Emily Reed, swallowed hard.

"Well," said Gordon, in halting embarrassment. "Um! The other day, you know, you gave us a little pail of milk and a plate of doughnuts. We had 'em together by the brook. Tasted mighty good, I tell you. We divided even. I'm—er—sort of hungry, and if it's convenient and Emily wants to, I—I guess it would be pretty nice, don't you?"

"Emily isn't here. She—she'll be sorry, dear, but I'll fix you a nice lunch." Mrs. Harlow controlled her voice with an effort. "Sit right down in the shade. I won't be long."

A sob broke from her as she hurried in, the checked apron at her eyes.

"Oh, mother!" she choked. "To think of his wanting you. To think of all he's forgotten, and what he remembers. Now, I know who he is—Gordon Gray, the old judge. You used to speak of him, so proud of once being his playmate. The dear old child, talking like a little boy. It's funny and yet it isn't. We must get him home in some way. How did they ever let him wander here? I won't spoil it; no, I won't try to undeceive him. He's too happy in not knowing."

"There," she said, as the applicant for charity reached from the lower step for the basket and pail. "Don't eat too fast, stay out of the sun, and be a good boy."

"Yes'm," returned Gordon. "Will you tell Emily?"

"To-night." It was difficult to restrain the tears as she added, too low for him to hear, "On my knees I'll tell her."

Suddenly the old man put up his lips. The woman bent and kissed him.

"That's all I've got to pay with," said Gordon, smiling. "'Tain't very much, is it, Mrs. Reed?"

"It's a great deal," said Mrs. Harlow, and he laughed, going happily away.

Never was there such another piece of apple-pie, nor such bread and butter and doughnuts and milk. Never so blue a sky, nor so sweet a breeze, with the water singing near him, as he lay feasting under the gnarled wild apple-tree, where he and the little pink-frocked girl had "divided even."

Once he arose and surveyed his pond. The shiner had escaped. Gordon did not lament. He meant to let him go.

Lying again in his nest, he stretched, yawning. Very soon it would be time to return the

"HI! IT'S A SHINER, A RED FIN."

basket and pail and then—and then— His fingers went over his eyes.

The farm wagon creaking down the road he did not hear. No sound broke his deep slumber until the ruddy west shone upon the stream, and sent a tender radiance across the peaceful face.

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"Come, father!"

"All—all right, my son," drowsily.

"We are to take a short drive before tea. The carriage is waiting."

"Yes, I'll go, John. My! I'm stiff and sleepy. Did I slide off the bench? I can't wake up."

"Finish your nap in the carriage. Elizabeth and Dr. Lang are going. We'll tuck you up. Go right on sleeping and have your nap out."

"Good—idea. I was having a beautiful dream—Johnny."

"Shut your eyes and it will come back. There! now you are fixed—and—off again, I declare! Thank you immensely, Mrs. Harlow. We had no notion where he was and were terribly worried. I doubt if he wakes before we get him to bed. He's completely fagged, apparently. Is this going to hurt him, doctor?"

The gray-haired physician gave a final smooth to the shawl about his nodding patient's shoulders as the runaway sank into fresh unconsciousness beside his relieved granddaughter.

"Not a bit," he chuckled. "Do him good, probably. He will be reading his paper as usual to-morrow morning. But, watch him! Watch him!"

"EMILY WELL?" INQUIRED GORDON POLITELY.

And on the morrow, sure enough, there sat old Gordon Gray upon his bench. The daily print rested unobserved across his knees. At moments, slight, unaccountable twinges made him move uneasily. Yet his sunburned countenance wore an expression of supreme content. A beautiful, faintly remembered dream danced in his brain—a vision of ripples and pebbles and small fishes darting, with skies and lovely lights seen through green boughs. He did not know that it was not a dream.

Patsy

By Ralph Henry Barbour

HE made his first appearance one afternoon a week or so before the Fall Handicap Meeting. Mosher, Fosgill, Allen, Ronimus, and several more of us were down at the end of the field putting the shot. Fosgill, who was scratch man that year, had just done an even forty feet and the shot had trickled away toward the cinder path. Whereupon a small bit of humanity appeared from somewhere, picked up the sixteen pounds of lead with much difficulty, and staggered back to the circle with it.

"Hello, kid," said Fosgill; "that's pretty heavy for you, isn't it?"

"Naw," was the superb reply; "that ain't nothin'!"

We laughed, and the youngster grinned around at us in a companionable way that won us on the spot.

"What's your name?" asked Ronimus.

"Patsy."

"Patsy what?"

"Burns."

"How old are you?"

"'Leven."

"You're a Frenchman, aren't you?"

"Naw."

"You're not?" Ronimus pretended intense surprise.

"He's a Dutchman, aren't you, Patsy?" said Mosher.

"Naw."

"What are you then?"

"Mucker," answered Patsy with a grin.

For the rest of that day and for many days afterward Patsy honored us with his presence. After each put he ambled forth, lifted the metal ball from the ground with two dirty little hands, snuggled it against the front of his dirty little shirt, and labored back with it. At the end of the week Patsy had become official helper.

He was a diminutive wisp of humanity, a starved, slender elf with a freckled face, wizened and peaked, which at times looked a

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thousand years old. It reminded you of the face of one of those preternaturally aged monkeys that sit motionless in a dark corner of the cage, oppressed with the sins and sorrows of a hundred centuries. And yet it mustn't be supposed that Patsy was either a pessimist or a misanthrope. Patsy's gray Irish eye could sparkle merrily and his thin little Irish mouth usually wore a whimsical smile. It was as though he realized that life was but a hollow mockery and yet had bravely resolved to pretend otherwise, that we, young and innocent, might still preserve our cherished illusions.

We made a good deal of Patsy. We pretended that he was very, very old and sophisticated—not a difficult task—and deferred to his judgment on all occasions. But in spite of this Patsy never became "fresh." To be sure, he speedily began calling Fosgill "Bull," but I don't think he meant the slightest disrespect; every one called the big fellow "Bull," and it is quite possible that Patsy believed it to be a title of honor. He was attentive to all of us, but his heart was Fosgill's. He used to wait outside the Locker Building until we came out after dressing and then walk beside Fosgill until he reached the Square. Then Patsy would say:

"Good night, Bull."

And Fosgill would answer gravely:

"Good night, Patsy."

And Patsy would disappear.

But the evening of the Handicaps we took him back to the boarding-house with us, and he sat beside Fosgill and ate ravenously of everything placed before him. We learned Patsy's life-story that evening. He went to school—generally. He lived with Brian. Brian was his brother, eighteen years old, and a man of business; Brian drove for Connors, the teamster. Patsy wasn't sure that he had ever had a mother, but he was absolutely certain about his father. He still had vivid recollections of the night they broke down the door and put the handcuffs on father after father had laid out the lieutenant with a chair. Patsy didn't know just what father had done, but he had an idea it was something regarding the disappearance of numerous suits of clothes from a tailor's shop. Patsy was going into business himself just as soon as they let him stop school; he was going to sell papers. He had tried several times to wean himself from education, but each time they haled him back to the schoolhouse. Patsy thought the thing was terribly wrong.

When the snow covered the field we saw Patsy only occasionally. In the spring we got to work early. We believed we had a good show to win the Dual that year and a

THEN PATSY WOULD SAY: "GOOD NIGHT, BULL."

fighting chance at the Intercollegiate. We were strong on the sprints and distances, fair at the jumps and hurdles, and rather weak at the weights. We had a good man in Fosgill at the shot-put, but that's about all. Along in May we had it doped out that if we could get first in the shot-put we could win out by a point or two. But there wasn't anything certain about it, for our opponent was strong on second, near- "second," and third-place men.

Patsy appeared with the first warm day, looking thinner and littler and older than ever. That first day the assistant manager was holding the tape for us, and it occurred to him to pick up the shot and toss it back. But he did it only once. The next time Patsy was astraddle of that sixteen-pound lump and was looking the assistant manager sternly in the eye.

"I'm doin' this," said Patsy.

After that he did it and no one disputed his right. When the gates were closed and fellows had to show their H. A. A. tickets to get in, Patsy was admitted without question. When all the other youngsters for miles around were gluing their faces to the iron fence watching the baseball games, Patsy's allegiance never faltered. He was somewhere around Fosgill, regarding that hero with worshiping gaze. It was in May, I think,

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that Patsy made his Great Resolution. He confided it to us on the steps of the Locker Building when we were waiting for one of the crowd.

"I've decided not to go into business," said Patsy.

"MUCKER," ANSWERED PATSY WITH A GRIN.

"What are you going to do?" asked Billy Allen.

"I'm going to college," replied Patsy easily. "I'm goin' to be a shot-putter."

"Good for you, kid!" said Billy. "What college you going to?"

Billy winked at us and we watched eagerly while Patsy's countenance took on its expression of lofty contempt.

"Huh!" said Patsy. That was all, but that eloquent monosyllable consigned all other colleges than ours to the nethermost regions.

"But you'll have to go to school a long time, Patsy," said I, "if you expect to get into college."

"Yep, I know. It's hell, but I guess I can do it. Was—was it hard for you?"

I was forced to acknowledge that it had been.

"An' you ain't much of a shot-putter, either," said Patsy reflectively.

Fosgill had done forty-two, eight and a half that afternoon and we were feeling pretty hopeful and good-natured after dinner. Some one mentioned Patsy, and Mosher spoke up:

"Say, fellows, let's see that that little cuss does get into college. What do you say?"

"I'll go you!" cried Fosgill. "He's an all-right kid, is Patsy, and he deserves something better than spending his life on the streets. We'll adopt him."

"Sure thing," said Allen. "But we'll have our hands full. And what's to happen when we leave college?"

"We'll get some one to look after him. We'll have a talk with Brother Brian about it. But, say, Bull, imagine Patsy putting the shot!"

We laughed at that—which we wouldn't have done if Patsy had been there.

"Well, I guess he won't make much of a show at athletics," said I, "but if we keep him off the streets we'll be doing a whole lot. And I like Patsy."

We all did. And before we left the table that night we had the thing mapped out. Patsy was to be cared for and looked after. He was to finish grammar school, go to Latin school, and then to Harvard. And there were to be funds where they'd do good. Yes, we had it all fixed up for Patsy and we'd have done it just as planned if Patsy hadn't gone and spoiled it all. And it happened like this:

When the Dual Meet came along in June we were all to the good. We couldn't see how we were to lose first in anything except the quarter, the high hurdles, the hammer-throw and the broad-jump. And we had enough seconds and thirds in sight to make good. If Bull Fosgill could beat Tanner with the shot we were It.

That's the way we had the situation sized up, but of course things didn't happen just as expected; they seldom do in athletics. Some of the firsts we had claimed went glimmering and we took in seconds and thirds where we hadn't expected them. But the final result was just about what we had figured it, and along toward five o'clock the meet depended on the outcome of one event, and that event was the shot-put. To be sure, they were still fussing with the pole-vault, but we were certain of first and third places and so could discount that.

By some freak of fortune I had managed to qualify with a put of thirty-eight, one and a half. There were four of us in the finals, Fosgill, Tanner and Burt of the enemy, and I. Of course Patsy was there, and he worked like a Trojan. You could see, though, that it went against the grain with him to fetch for our opponents; Patsy had a good deal of the primeval left in him. And it's safe to say that no one there was more interested. I don't think he doubted for a moment that Fosgill would win, and I fancy he thought me pretty cheeky for aspiring so far as the final round.

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Fosgill was ahead with forty-one, ten and a half, Tanner had done three inches under that, and Burt and I were fighting along for third place, doing around thirty-eight, six. It was pretty close work, and even the officials were excited. We had finished one round when the accident occurred.

Tanner was in the circle. Fosgill was down near the end of the tape and Patsy was close behind him. Tanner hopped across the circle, overstepped—fouling the put—and sent the shot away at a tangent. Fosgill had turned his head to speak to the measurer and never saw his danger. Tanner let out a shout of warning, and others echoed it. But it was Patsy who acted. He threw himself like a little catapult at Fosgill and sent him staggering across the turf. Then Patsy and the shot went down together.

It was all beastly sudden and nasty. When we bent over that poor little kid he was sort of greenish-white and I'll never forget the way his freckles stood out. The shot had struck him on the breast and Patsy's weak little bones had just crushed in. Well, we did all we could; put him in a carriage at the gate and rushed him to the hospital. He was still breathing, but the doctor said he never knew anything after the shot struck him—not until evening. Well, we were all frightfully cut up, and Tanner sat down on the ground and nearly fainted. Fosgill kept saying "Poor little Patsy! Poor little kid!" half aloud and walking around in circles. He wanted to go to the hospital with him, but we told him he could do no good, and we each still had two puts.

After a while we got our nerve back after a fashion, and went on, but, thunder! not one of us was worth a hang. I did thirty-six and thirty-seven, eleven, and won third place at that. Neither Fosgill nor Tanner equaled his first records and the event went to Bull at the ridiculous figures of forty-one, ten and a half. We got the meet by four and a half points. It was almost six o'clock by that time, and Fosgill and I and three others piled into Allen's auto and raced up to the hospital.

They had just taken Patsy off the operating table and put him to bed. The doctor told us that the examination showed that there was nothing to be done; the heart had been injured and was liable to stop work any moment. Fosgill got the doctor to promise to call him up on the 'phone if Patsy showed any signs of consciousness. And he left orders that everything possible was to be done. Tanner had begged us to look after the kid and let him pay everything, but though we promised, we hadn't any idea of doing it; Patsy was our kid. We went back to training-table, but we were a low-spirited lot. And just when we were finishing dinner the call came from the hospital.

We made a record trip in Billy's machine and when we tiptoed into the accident ward the nurse smiled at us. And so did Patsy. He was a pathetic-looking little wisp as he lay there with the bedclothes lifted away from his body, but he smiled and moved his head a bit on the pillow. Fosgill sat down at the head of the cot and leaned over, his mouth all atremble.

"Hello, Bull!" whispered Patsy.

"Hello, Patsy!" answered Fosgill, trying to smile.

"Did you—beat him?"

"Yes, Patsy."

"I knew—you would. I told—him so." He glanced at me: "Did you—beat—that—other chap?"

I nodded and Patsy looked at me with a new respect.

"Good—for you," he whispered.

"Are you—does it hurt much, Patsy?" asked Fosgill.

"No, not much."

"DOES IT HURT MUCH, PATSY?"

"That's good. We'll have you out before long."

Patsy grinned.

"Shut up!" he whispered. "You can't—fool me, Bull. I'm—a goner."

Fosgill muttered something and Patsy's eyes brightened.

"Bull," he whispered, "do you—think I—had a mother—like—other kids?"

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"I know you did, Patsy."

"That's good," sighed the kid happily. "I guess—maybe—I'll see her—where—I'm goin'."

"You saved my life, Patsy," muttered Fosgill, "and there isn't a thing I can do for you. I wish—oh, it's a shame, kid!"

"Huh! I'm glad—Bull. I'd—'a' done most anything—for you, Bull. You've been good—to me; so's the—others." He closed his eyes wearily for a moment. Then, "Do you think," he asked slowly, "I could—have learned—to put—the shot, Bull—some day?"

"Yes," answered Fosgill sturdily. "You had the making of a great shot-putter, Patsy. You'd have made a record for yourself, I'll bet!"

"Are you—kiddin'—me, Bull?"

"No, Patsy. I'll leave it to the others. Isn't it so, fellows?"

We nodded vehemently, and Patsy closed his eyes with a smile of ineffable content on his little face. Presently the eyes flickered open again.

"Anyhow," he said quite strongly and with an approach to his old air of self-importance, "anyhow—I guess I won—for Harvard—to-day. Huh?"

"Yes, you did, Patsy," answered Fosgill. "We've got you to thank for it, dear little kid."

Patsy smiled. Then:

"Good-by—Bull," he said very softly.

His eyes half-closed.

We waited in silence while the moments crept by, but Patsy didn't speak again.

By Old Shamong

By JAMES E. RICHARDSON

BARBERRY and sweet-fern overspread the lea,
And overhead the winsome wind went singing down to sea.

Down by the black water, by the cedar tree,
Once we sat a summer morn, my own true love and me.

Brown head by golden head, knee fast by knee:
And only God was there beside, and the chats and the bumbly bee.

Narrow the bed for Golden Head they dug in the shinglety sand;
Wide a bed for Brown Head, the whole of the sea and the land!
Wild water and wallaby-trail, this is the road I go;
Afar and afar, by sun and by star, and home for the drifted snow!

Now by the cedar-brook the tinkers fiddle and flee
All the way to Bamber, by the berry-cabins three.

Soft snow and sea cloud overlie the lea,
And overhead the winter wind comes mourning in from sea.

Still runs the black water, by the cedar tree;
Golden Head, Golden Head, remember wherever you be!

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WITH THE PROCESSION

UNCLE SAM'S CREDIT GOOD

THE Secretary of the Treasury offered for sale $30,000,000 of Panama bonds, paying two per cent. interest. In spite of the low rate, bids for the bonds to the amount of $445,000,000, nearly fifteen times the issue, were received. Mr. Roosevelt congratulated the Secretary of the Treasury, but the real object of congratulation is the United States.

THE NOVELIST IN POLITICS

WINSTON CHURCHILL, the novelist, has found another "Crisis" in New Hampshire. Corporate influence in the politics of that State made him angry. First, he wrote a novel about it. Then, at the solicitation of many citizens, he became a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor. "Indignation got me into it," he says; and we hope that indignation will carry him through it. He is young, intelligent, rich, honest. The politics of New Hampshire has long and sorely needed to be reformed. Mr. Churchill is trying to do in the Granite State what Emery is trying to do in Pennsylvania and Colby in New Jersey. Good luck to him!

MR. ROOSEVELT AS A SENATOR

ACCORDING to a Washington despatch, it is Mr. Roosevelt's ambition to become a Senator from New York after his retirement from the White House in 1909. At present there are two vacancies, so to speak, from New York. Technically, Mr. Platt's term expires March 4, 1909. The State has got out of the habit of sending first-class men to the Senate, and is not, perhaps, likely to revive it. Would Mr. Roosevelt be as free in the cloistered air of the Senate chamber as in the House? Would he not be cabined, cribbed, confined? Who knows? The free man stands a better chance there than in the House, where you don't amount to much, unless you are the Speaker or a member of the Committee on Rules. Even the Old Man Eloquent might have hard sledding in the House nowadays. But it is unnecessary to worry about Mr. Roosevelt's future; nor can he have time to worry much about it. When he loses his present job, he may like to go abroad strange countries for to see and to meet the sovereigns and statesmen whom he keeps a-guessing. Finally, so long as he has a voice, a pen, and a gun, he will keep healthy and happy and not let the public burst in ignorance of his opinions, whether he has an office or has none.

A MUNICIPAL HALLOO SILENCED

IN 1900 the city of Glasgow set up a municipal telephone plant for the purpose of competing with a private line. After spending more than $1,000,000 on the venture, reaching a point where $500,000 more had to be expended, and carrying on a losing business, the Town Council sold the outfit to the post-office at a loss of $200,000. Evidently municipal ownership is not always a boon; but it is to be remembered that our British friends do not take enthusiastically to the telephone or use it with anything like the frequency with which it is used in the United States. Here it is a necessity; there an adjunct.

"THREE-CENT TOM"

YEARS ago Mayor Johnson, of Cleveland, was called "Three-Cent Tom" because of his supposedly hopeless devotion to three-cent fares on street railways. He has already come pretty near the attainment of his long-cherished desire. He has forced the Cleveland street railways to grant universal trans-

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fers and they propose to grant seven rides for a quarter. This is a fare of 3.57 cents. Three-cent fares are sure to come. Meanwhile, take notice that Tom Johnson has come a good deal nearer an absolute fulfilment of his promises and his program than it is given to most officials to do. Inevitably, in most cases, there has to be a compromise. Tom has nearly all he asked for; and he will get the rest.

PLEDGED NOT TO BRIBE

Asbury Park, N. J., is a settlement exceedingly virtuous in intention and reasonably so in fact. A committee of fifteen of its "leading" Democrats and Republicans has been organized to prevent bribery at elections. The members of the committee have pledged themselves, their county committees, and their parties not to use money or other consideration to influence elections; and their candidates are to be pledged to keep the laws against bribery. Pledging persons, and especially candidates, to obey the law and to be honest seems rather a queer business; and politicians' pledges are often false as dicers' oaths. Some time ago the Republican and Democratic committees at Hartford, Conn., pledged themselves to be good and not to try to influence the voters at the city elections. Certainly there was much less open crooked work, but the *Hartford Times* intimated, if we are not mistaken, that the scene of the bargain and sale of votes was merely shifted.

TELEPHONES AND TOOTHPICKS

It is doubtful if the Board of Estimate of New York City has a right to guarantee by contract to a single company a monopoly of the telephone business in that city. If such a monopoly is legal, it is worth an enormous sum. The president of the Atlantic Telephone Company (independent) says that he will pay a million a year for the exclusive franchise; and it would be cheap at that. He also says that he would pay more for a monopoly of the toothpick business in New York than the New York Telephone Trust offers for a monopoly of telephone communication. Certainly, if New York City is going to keep the Bell philanthropists in possession of a privilege so valuable, they should pay high for it. They drive a hard bargain with the people of the city; the city should drive a hard bargain with them.

MUNICIPAL FIRE-INSURANCE

Mayor Studley, of New Haven, Conn., advocates municipal fire-insurance. He says that New Haven pays annual fire-insurance premiums amounting to about $500,000. Her fire losses are about $125,000 a year. Profits to the companies, $375,000. Why shouldn't the city save that sum? Mayor Studley believes that municipal fire-insurance would reduce rates by seventy-five per cent. If the companies keep saddling San Francisco losses upon the public, the public will protect itself. They may be sure of that.

MR. ROOSEVELT A G. A. R. MAN

A singular distinction has been conferred upon President Roosevelt. He has been elected an honorary member of a Grand Army of the Republic post in Mount Vernon, N. Y., the post changing its by-laws for the purpose. His election is the result of his regret, publicly expressed, that he was not a member of the Grand Army. Thus, by adoption, at least, he is a veteran.

SQUATTERS IN WEST HAM

Some Manchester Socialists seized a tract of land in West Ham, occupied it for three weeks, and were served with a brutal writ of eviction. Their head man was a member of the town council. Money and tools were given to the squatters. Careless of eviction, another band of land-grabbers prepared to take another plot of somebody else's land. These movements, sporadic and without hope of success, cannot command public respect or sympathy. Socialists, like the rest of us, must obey the law, and Utopia cannot be founded on the property of other folks.

A DICTUM OF MAGISTRATE CONNORTON

Police Magistrate Connorton, of Flushing, L. I., soared into fame in a single day by making, from the bench, this observation: "To be single is hell; married life is the

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thing." Sound enough, if regrettably unjudicial in language. No doubt, married life is "the thing" and heaven; but the divorce trials and records may make some cynics wonder if married life is not occasionally what single life is habitually in Magistrate Connorton's opinion. Yet, as everybody knows, marriage steadies men, as a rule; keeps them out of mischief; makes them less selfish, and gives them not only happier but longer lives.

THE COST OF "SAVING" MEN

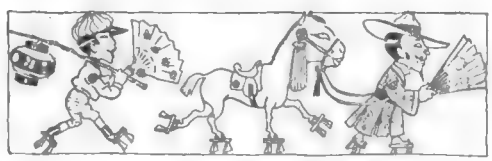
A NEW YORK newspaper has collected some strange statistics of "saving," reforming, or converting a man in various cities. In Cincinnati the Salvation Army estimates that the average cost is $9.75. In Buffalo the price of reclaiming a "bum" is put at $7.54. The Indianapolis average is $1.50. Evidently the Indianapolis "bum" is made of easier stuff or does not fall so far. The Bowery, assembly of the world's toughest "bums," is proud because the reclamation cost of one of them is $25. Atlanta can save men for a quarter, whereas the Chicago price runs from $5 to $1,500. Chicago is high-priced as well as "high-toned."

THE DEADLY TOY BALLOON

DEATH has an infinity of shapes in these days, but who would have thought of looking for him in a toy balloon? Yet, in Pittsburg, a child died of arsenical poisoning. It had sucked in arsenic, or is supposed to have done so, from the dyed wooden tube by which toy balloons are inflated. Another child was made seriously, perhaps fatally, ill by the same cause and in the same way. Must childhood lose these bright delights? Must the toy balloon, like so many other things, "go"?

A PRIVATE JAIL

IT is an ancient tale, that of the prisoner eager to return to prison; and Dickens somewhere uses it. Louis A. Gourdain, of Chicago, has been doing his best to break into jail again; and the cruel United States Government mocks him and will not let him carry out his righteous purpose. He was in the lottery business. He concluded that it was his duty to give himself up and stand trial. In 1903, he says, he got a lawyer to secure his indictment, promising him $6,000 a year for life "if he left the management of the trial to me." In December, 1905, he was finally indicted. He asked the jury to find him guilty if they thought him less honest than themselves. In June, 1906, a jury listened to his desire. He was convicted of using the mails for fraudulent purposes. He promised the kindly jury not to appeal. Great was his wrath when his lawyer got him out on bail on a writ of supersedeas and lost that $6,000 a year. Gourdain moved into a $1,000-a-month suite in the Auditorium Annex. There he rested three days. Then he started for Joliet. The warden wouldn't let him in. He had been driven from that usually hospitable penitentiary by an order issued by Judge Grosscup. Still thirsting for captivity, Gourdain tried in vain to induce the United States Supreme Court to compel the Joliet jailers to open their doors to him. He is bound to go to jail. If he cannot find accommodations in a public prison he will build a private one and there satiate his passion for the "clink." His private jailers will be well paid. "I can go broke to-morrow," says this interesting and modest character, "and inside of fifteen days have another fortune in any country on the face of the globe." No wonder he wants to be locked up. If he worked a whole year outside he would be overwhelmed by his incomparable wealth.



JAPANESE IN KENTUCKY

THE Japanese have a way of learning whatever foreign art or business they want to introduce into Japan. Two young Japanese are studying the business or science of horse-breeding in Kentucky, its capital. When they have mastered it, they will start breeding establishments in Tokyo. A Japanese horse may yet win the Futurity, the Grand Prix, or the Derby.

SIXTY YEARS OF NEST-ROBBING

WICKED little boys that love to pillage birds' nests, behold your fate, and reform! A Jerseyman of eighty-three was arrested for violating the game laws. Five wood ducks were found on his premises. He was fined

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$100, and appealed. This incorrigible senior confessed that he had been robbing ducks' nests for sixty years. He placed the eggs under a sedentary hen. He raised the young birds and sold them for from $10 to $15 a pair. An easy and a profitable profession. But observe how his sin found him out. Still, retribution was a long time coming; and many robbers may reassure themselves with the thought that they will not live to be eighty-three.

TRAINING SOLDIERS FOR REAL WAR

LAST summer nearly the whole American regular army was made to march. From the different army posts they tramped to the seven maneuver camps, where they and the militiamen trained together. It was found in the campaign for the relief of the Pekin embassies that the men in the American contingent would throw away blankets, knapsacks, clothing, and everything that they could get rid of. They were not used to carrying baggage. The march of the regulars this year proved that from want of practise and exercise many of them were not in the best condition. Post life is not generally deemed luxurious, but these soldiers were not as rugged as they looked. The march was too much for many of them, who were overcome by the heat and weariness. Of course this little taste of hardship is nothing to the continuous demands upon a soldier's stamina in war. Henceforth the regulars will be trained to endure hard marches and made to carry all their necessaries with them.

A SCHOOL FOR ENGINEMEN

ON October 15th the New York Central Railroad will displace steam power and begin to use electric engines, massive and double-ended, on its suburban service. Meanwhile a school for the instruction of its employees who wish to become electric enginemen is open at High Bridge. An electric engine and a motor-car run on a siding; and the old pilots of the locomotive try their prentice hands on the new device.

ROWDYISM

CONSTANT complaint is made in the New York papers of the prevalence of rowdyism, of the foul language and violent actions of young men and boys. They take possession of street cars and elevated trains, and insult and frequently assault and batter men and women. In the streets of New York the same class of persons, and swarms of ruffianly children, make life miserable for the respectable and decent. The police seem to do little to abate the nuisance. The magistrates usually treat the offenders, future voters, leniently. The evil has grown fast in New York. Probably the general tone of public manners is lower there than anywhere else in the country. But other cities have the same trouble, if in less degree. The insolent and brutal carelessness of the feelings of others, the positive joy in annoying them and giving them pain, are much more common in the United States than elsewhere. Compare the children in a German city with those of New York. Defective training at home, letting children "have their own way," seems to be at the bottom of this almost national fault. It is a very serious one and needs correction sorely.

BERNHARDT REJECTED BY THE LEGION OF HONOR

ALTHOUGH the Council of the Legion of Honor approved not long ago the nomination of Mme. Bartet, of the Comédie Française, it has rejected that of Sarah Bernhardt. It is said that the Council pretends, in spite of the case of Mme. Bartet, that a dramatic artist must be at least a professor to be eligible to the Legion. Clearly the rejection of Bernhardt shows that to be a genius is not enough. It is believed that the French Government will continue to recommend the divine Sarah, on the ground that the refusal of the Council was not announced officially.

THE VALUE OF AN "AMERICAN ACCENT"

ACCORDING to an English periodical the head-master of a certain English "popular school" insists that his scholars shall "learn to speak English with the American accent and in the American style." We don't know exactly what the American style and accent are, but in the opinion of this head-master, if he exists, they have a distinct money and business value. If a lad has them, persons

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who hear him talk will think that he is "an American and consequently enormously rich" and do much for him; "do" him much, it might be more correct to say. On the other hand, if they know that he is an Englishman, yet they will assume from his accent and style that he has been in America, and, therefore, is "shrewd, energetic, and resourceful" and "far more experienced, intelligent, and reasonable" than if he had had his business training in England. In short, boys that want to "get on" will acquire the American tongue. This is very ingenious and has a certain basis of sense; but American-speaking Englishmen will find that their hotel bills will be mighty large and long.

AN INADEQUATE NORTH CAROLINA LAW

THE prosecution of certain alleged lynchers brought from Anson County to be tried at Charlotte failed through the fault of a North Carolina Legislature. The judge was compelled to quash the indictment on the ground of improper venue. The statute does not provide for a trial outside of the county in which the offense is committed, nor does it contain specification of any punishment in case of guilt. As lynching is a crime of which a fair trial is often impossible in the county where it is committed, a change of venue may be necessary. The next North Carolina Legislature should, and presumably will, remedy this grave deficiency in the machinery of justice.

RUSSELL SAGE

To have a single aim; stick to it through a long life; be unaffectedly happy in it, and have a genius for succeeding in it: that is Russell Sage's biography. He "saw life steadily" as the pursuit of one object; and he never attained it so far, in spite of his success and constant application, as to be tired of it. He had no "divided aim." He was never bored. He was never doubtful. If his ideal was material, his following of it had the patience and the genius of a great artist. He never posed. He never sought to put on the wings of philanthropy to cover his money-making. Ultimately, we suppose, his acquisitions will go to pious, charitable, or educational uses. He was much ridiculed because he did what he chose to do, lived simply, and did not scatter money like a Pittsburg money-bags. Whatever else may be said of "Uncle Russell," he was sincere. He believed in himself. He never tried to gull the public.

THE VULTURES

ONE of the sequels of Mr. Sage's death illustrates a phase of human ugliness that always obtrudes itself at such a time. Mr. Sage, of course, was hardly laid in his ghoul-proof grave before some greedy relatives and a crew of greedy lawyers began to scramble for the millions of dollars he left behind. These "heirs" would not have dared to lay an unauthorized finger on a cent of their Uncle Russell's hoard while he lived. Now they clamor of their "rights," as against his legally expressed wish that his widow should dispose of the millions according to the dictates of her own sweet and generous heart. Out of what misconception of property rights come such notional "rights" as these? Perhaps, like the man in the story, the "heirs" stand on the ground that they "need the money." Some day our public conscience, in its steady growth, will make such people ashamed to voice their greed—and will drive from their profession certain mercenary lawyers, now regarded as respectable, who excite the cupidity of the self-constituted "heirs" of rich men and encourage them to go to law over wills that are sound and just. Such litigation is either blackmail or almost as wicked, deliberate perversion of the purpose of our statutes and courts.

THE DISORDERED HALO OF S. ANDREW OF SKIBO

OH, Andrew was a bonny saint,
Skibo!
His equal never was and ain't—
Skibo!
Preserved in history or paint—
Skibo!
The loved, revered, the free from taint—
Skibo!

THE First Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company spoke the awful words; and nations blubbered bitterly:

> Our records show that the steel companies governed by Mr. Carnegie received more rebates during the term they were given by our road than any other shipper in any other line of business.

Everybody knew that Skibo's lord had been a rebater. Indeed, we believe he corroborated the popular belief some time ago by a denial. Why shouldn't he be a rebater? Is True Goodness not entitled to a special discount?

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THE HORSE OF THE BIG SWEETWATER DIVIDE

THE horse is supposed to have been developed and improved from a small animal, preserved, in no Chicago fashion, in the fossil beds of Wyoming. Those beds have been investigated this summer as thoroughly as if they were packing-houses. Somewhere in the Big Sweetwater divide and some time in July was found the skeleton of a horse, tall of many hands, and thirty feet long. Mighty grinders, still mostly undecayed, ornament his stern jawbone. He was a grass eater and must have cut a wide swath in his day. The theory of an original little primeval ancestor of horses is thus destroyed; and all the paleontologists are raking over the Big Sweetwater divide.

THE PENITENTIARY "FOR THIEVES!"

THE Interstate Commerce Commission investigation has shown that officials and subordinates of the Pennsylvania Railroad, supposed to be the best managed railroad in the United States, have been taking bribes and collecting blackmail. Coal and iron companies have given—have had to give—these "respectable" highwaymen coal and iron stock in consideration of being specially favored by the bribe-takers in the distribution of cars. They have committed a fraud upon the railroad, a fraud upon non-favored shippers, and a fraud upon the people. The Pennsylvania will kick every mother's son of them out, if it has any regard for the good opinion of the public; and the good opinion of the public is mighty useful to a corporation in these days. A law of New York makes a penal offense the acceptance by an employee, having a particular duty, of a gift or gratuity intended to influence him in his discharge of his duty. Every State statute-book should contain such a statute, Pennsylvania most of all. "Turn the rascals" in!

THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE

IT is not always given to the great dead to rest in peace. "The bones of Agamemnon are a show." The tomb of Edward I., "Longshanks," of England, was opened some years ago, and his body crumbled into dust in sight of the antiquarian desecrators. The tomb at Aix-la-Chapelle of Charlemagne has been opened several times. In 1861 his bones were measured and it was proved that, if not such a giant as the Carolingian epics paint him, he must have been a man of extraordinary size. The other day, the emperor "with the flowering beard," was disturbed once more, this time in presence and at command of the German Emperor, who was apparently animated by no more exalted motive than that of the youngster who pries off the back of daddy's gold watch because he "wants to see the insides." Two woven silk coverings, which had retained their color marvelously, being contained in a hermetically sealed casket, enwrapped the body. The first, supposed to be Byzantine work of the tenth century, is a design of richly ornamented concentric circles, with an elephant, magnificently caparisoned, in the center. On the other are vivid representations of birds and animals. They go to Berlin; and now the hammerer of Saracen and Saxon and Lombard can sleep in peace for a season.

LET IN THE LIGHT

THE Wall Street fakers have tried to use the revelation of corruption on the part of Pennsylvania railroad officials as a "bear argument" against Pennsylvania securities. Every railroad grafter robs the stockholders, as every insurance grafter robs the policyholders. Honest management of every corporation will benefit every holder of its securities. A lot of high-placed thieves have been "robbing the many for the benefit of the few," if we may quote from our friends, the revenue reformers. The more the few are found out and driven out, the better for the majority. Let in the light on all the swollen corporation crooks!

THE LONGEST BRIDGE SPAN

SIX miles above Quebec, near the point where the St. Lawrence at low water is somewhat less than 2,000 feet wide, a cantilever bridge is being built. It is of the American pattern and steel. As Brooklyn Bridge had to yield the palm to the Forth Bridge in 1890, so now the Forth must yield it to the St. Lawrence. The central span of the Canadian bridge is 1,800 feet long, stretching almost from bank to bank. The central suspended girder is 675 feet long and 130 feet deep at the center. The width of the anchor spans is 500 feet; of the approach spans, 210 feet. Two tracks will carry the railroad traffic. There will be roadways for road and street-car traffic. So our Canadian cousins are to have "the longest bridge span in the world."

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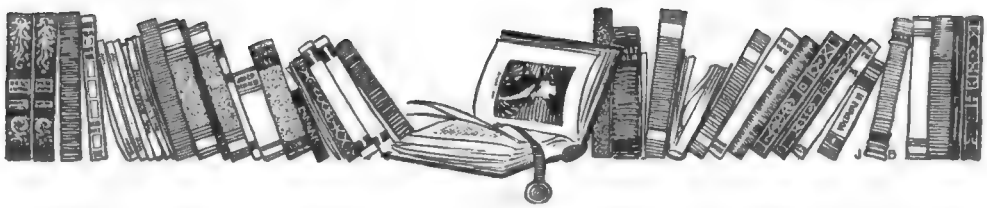

A Row of Books

A LADY'S ESSAY TO BE HAPPY

In Margaret Deland's story of "The Awakening of Helena Richie" (Harper & Brothers) we find that our worthy and remembered friends, the people of Old Chester, were psychologically informed regarding the attractive lady who had newly come among them—the rich and beautiful young widow named in the title of the tale. She occasioned in them certain vague apprehensions. They felt, not that there was, but that there might be, something wrong with Helena. For one thing, it was queer about her brother, Mr. Lloyd Pryor. Why did David, the little orphan boy, dislike Mr. Pryor? Was it because Mr. Pryor, when he wanted to read his newspaper, told David to eat his apple and stop talking? Perhaps; and yet Mr. Pryor had bought the apple for David. But why did the minister's dog, well known to be a thoroughly amiable animal, always growl at Mr. Pryor? Surely there was no question here of a newspaper or an apple or a rebuke. Moreover, dogs are known to be possessed of a wonderful psychological insight. We have no desire to reveal the secrets of an author, though it is hard, and perhaps not particularly useful, to review a novel without giving some account of it. It can do no great harm to ask a hypothetical question. Suppose that a lady lives apart from her husband because he is a drunkard and brutal; suppose that, while the unworthy husband is still alive, she poses as a widow; suppose that somebody, understood to be her brother, comes to see her now and then; suppose that this visitor is not really her brother; how much is the character of the lady, naturally lovely, affected by these indirections, these deviations from the conventionally proper way? The lady that we are supposing merely wanted to be happy. What harm could her happiness be to anybody? She had adopted a child. Why was she not a fit person to have charge of a child? There was a young poet who had fallen in love with her. She had discouraged him, but he was persistent. He had believed the fable of the brother. When he learned the truth he shot himself. Who was to blame? Did any blame attach to the disingenuous lady? There is a good deal of quite interesting moral philosophy in Mrs. Deland's new Old Chester story.

MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE OF SIMPKINS

The reader is not like us if he does not follow with interest the experiences of Simpkins, the Boston reporter, in Mr. George Horace Lorimer's story of "The False Gods" (D. Appleton & Co.). Why a lady as good-looking as Mrs. Athelstone here should have wished to make out that she was a reincarnation of Madame Blavatsky, we cannot imagine, and the fact of her aspiration is painful to us. There have been two ladies in particular whom we have felt ourselves obliged persistently to consider as hardly worth while, and these are Madame Blavatsky and Marie Bashkirtseff. We have

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forgiven them, and we will not allow them now to renew any irritation that they anciently set up in us, but both unprofitable and uninteresting they must in our opinion forever remain. We are glad to say that Mrs. Athelstone did not seem to us at all like a new Madame Blavatsky. She did not smoke, and she did not pluck Malaga grapes out of the bodiless air to assuage the midnight thirst of any Hierophant Olcott. Mr. Lorimer has drawn a charming picture of her, and has satisfied us beyond question that she was altogether lovely. Her occupations, especially in the dead waste and middle of the night, were highly interesting. Simpkins, whose imagination, like the journal he represented, was of the brightest saffron, saw her patching an impaired mummy in the wonderful Sixth Avenue rooms of the New York branch of the English Royal Society of Egyptian Exploration and Research, and concluded that she had murdered her husband. We were rather sorry for Simpkins. Of course he was an abomination. Of course he and his newspaper ought to have been weighted with lead elephants and sunk in the sea where it is deepest; but our heart is tender, even for the contemptible and the decadent, and it seemed to us momentarily a pity that Mrs. Athelstone's cat, a creature black as Erebus, of unhallowed size, and with eyes of veritable flame, should nearly have clawed Simpkins's head off, and that Simpkins, mutilated and bleeding as he must have been, perhaps with his jugular dreadfully aleak, should have been obliged to go immediately, not to the hospital, but to the telegraph office, and there compose and put upon the wire a despatch two pages long and yellow as sin itself. The story is very capably told. It is effective both in its humor and in its mystery. It made us laugh and it made us shudder. And we nearly contracted jaundice from contemplating Simpkins.

THE READER WILL WANT THEM

If only for the reason involved in the opportunity that they offer for instructive and interesting comparison, though there are many reasons, any reader should be thankful for the five attractively manufactured volumes making up the set entitled "Short Story Classics" (P. F. Collier & Son). Sixty-five stories, the work of as many different authors, all American, are contained in the five books. Mr. William Patten is the editor of this very acceptable collection, and we suppose it is to him that we are indebted for the extremely readable and suggestive introduction treating of the spirit of the short story, and for the clear and helpful notes of biography and comment attaching to each tale. Much, and much that is contradictory, has been written concerning the short story. The critics differ upon this subject as they have been known to do in other cases. Some of the things that they have said are presented for the reader's curious consideration here, and the Introduction has some very reasonable and keen comments upon their comments. Moreover, here are the stories, ranging from Washington Irving to George Ade and Myra Kelly, by which the reader may test the contentions of the critics, and study evolution, to say nothing of tendencies and manifestations quite erratic and elusive. There are many portraits. A valuable and highly pleasing and desirable publication.

WELL WORTH TRACING AND FINDING

Mr. Robert W. Chambers's story of "The Tracer of Lost Persons" (D. Appleton & Co.) opens with a light touch of humor that is very effective. The reader feels an immediate assurance that he is to be worthily entertained. He will be glad to meet Gatewood, the rich young clubman. Gatewood was all right. He knew how to express properly and strongly the irritation that occasionally fills the male breast before breakfast. It was good irony that he bestowed upon the club valet, who may or may not have been in the habit of wearing Gatewood's white waistcoats. The valet was all right, too—a stoic, grave, placid, superior to insult. He could sustain whole lockers of hot shot without the slightest emotion. Probably he was quite unaware either that they were shot or that they were hot. A man of heroic calm, a wonder of insensibility, an ornament to any club, a priceless, indispensable menial. Kerns, again—Tommy Kerns, Gatewood's dearest friend—he was all right. It was Kerns who thought that Gatewood ought to be married. It was owing to Kerns that Gatewood called upon Keen & Co., tracers of lost persons. Here was still another who was all right; as the story proceeds, indeed, the reader will make the

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acquaintance of a constantly increasing company with whom nothing whatever was the matter. Mr. Keen stood ready to find anybody on the face of the earth. That sounds extravagant, but we have not exaggerated the fact. Anybody who wanted anybody needed only to apply to Mr. Keen. We are satisfied, after reading the book, that he could have found William Patterson's assailant, if anybody had asked him. Probably he was as good at finding things as at finding persons, and could have walked straight to the pot of gold buried under the end of the rainbow. He was great, was Mr. Keen. He was eminently all right. Gatewood, urged by Kerns, wanted to find his ideal of a woman—object, matrimony. Mr. Keen had no difficulty at all in the case. Indeed, he had the article at hand; it was employed in his office in a clerical capacity. If Gatewood and Kerns and Keen and the valet were all right, it may be thought how even more distinguished in the matter of being entirely satisfactory was Miss Southerland, the lady of importance just here. Miss Southerland and Gatewood were closeted together in Room 19 at Keen & Co.'s to the end that he might describe to her the ideal person of whom he was in search, and that she might take notes. The description here is all that it should be. It is amusing and charming—as good as "Iole," with an abundance of the same sort of ingenious, audacious, and yet delicate surprises that were provided by Mr. Chambers in that memorable tale. Miss Southerland was so lovely, and she and Gatewood were so interesting in the transaction carried on by them in Room 19, that we were sorry to come to the end of this particular affair. But of course there was plenty of other business awaiting the highly efficient attention of Keen & Co. There was more tracing and more finding of persons invariably interesting to pursue and delightful to overtake. The case of Captain Harren, of the Philippine Scouts, was full of interest, involving as it did the investigation of cabalistic writings in which the famous so-called Seal of Solomon was conspicuously employed. Miss Edith Inwood, assistant curator of the American Museum of Inscriptions, was the lady evolved in this strikingly complex and mysterious case, and a wise and lovely person she proved to be, quite worthy to adorn the climax of so ingenious and admirable a tale. Kerns—the excellent, the altogether worthy Tommy Kerns—was another for whom some most efficient and satisfactory tracing was accomplished by Keen & Co. The person traced for Tommy was conspicuously worth while, an exceptional beauty. But it is all in the book, to which we cordially and most confidently refer the reader.

STIRRING BUSINESS IN A CASTLE

We remember well what curiosity was developed in us by Arthur Henry Vesey's story of "The Clock and the Key." There was interesting archæology in that story, and there was a whole crowd of events of a highly mysterious and stirring character. We were in wonderful Venice then, and we saw wonderful things there. We were glad of the book; we remembered it; and we were glad again, and full of a joyous expectation, when there came to us a second tale from the same competent hand. We sighed a sigh of preliminary gratitude as we took up "The Castle of Lies," by Arthur Henry Vesey (D. Appleton & Co.). "There will be something doing," we said to ourselves, as we got our tobacco well alight and cocked up our feet. It sometimes happens that expectation gets a chill. An author may nod, as Jove did. Indeed, he may go fast asleep. But Mr. Vesey did not disappoint us. He was not somnolent in his castle of mendacities. At the start he tumbled an Englishman over an Alpine precipice. He saved an American from the same fate and launched him immediately on a career of crowded and fulfilling adventure. He provided two ladies, one beautiful and good, one beautiful and evil. He imported into Switzerland, where his Castle of Lies was situated, an abundance of the devious, dangerous politics of the small mad countries along the lower Danube. Lies were only a small part of the matters that were in the castle. There were drugged beverages, daggers, swords, revolvers, bonds, sliding panels, sheer walls, strong towers in which persons could be conveniently immured. The story kept us amply excited and curious to the end. The single fault that we had to find with it was that the infamous Dr. Starva was taken off too suddenly. We had come to detest that hateful Bulgarian very thoroughly, and should have been quite willing to see him visited at the last with something lingering. But doubtless the desire was unworthy. We have confessed it under excitement rather thoughtlessly.

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STRAIGHT TALK
BY EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or any one selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

IN these days of callousness and selfishness, when gold is more highly prized than true brotherhood and sisterhood, it is refreshing to read of a person who values the love of a community more than mere personal gain. That Miss Sophie Wright is the "best citizen of New Orleans," every one who reads of her, through Mr. John L. Mathews, will beyond all doubt be ready to affirm. While I believe we need "muck-rakers" to keep rich and grasping corporations from increasing their power, it would do us no harm to hear more of people who work and slave for the benefit of suffering humanity. J. J. G.

Oakland, Cal.

CHEER FOR OLD PEOPLE

I THINK you will be glad to know of at least one result of that inspiring story in your July number, "The Last of the Garrison." I read that story to my grandmother, who is eighty-seven years old, and it made a deep impression on her. Though she has not been looked on by us as a trouble, she has worried us by being sensitive and frequently saying she was afraid she was a burden. This story caused such a complete revolution in her thoughts that now she accepts our services so graciously that it is a pleasure to wait on her. It has given her so much courage that she bought several copies and marked this story to send to friends. I know there must be other old people we can help out of the rut. Let us all send our copies, and new ones, too, into the old ladies' homes, and especially into the poorhouses of the counties, where so many helpless old men and women anxiously await death. It might at least help them to wait with the dignity of manhood and womanhood. And let us not forget to praise the old people. In their reversion to childhood, the predominant trait of children, love of commendation, is strong in them, and praise encourages and cheers them wonderfully. L. B. S.

St. Louis, Mo.

MR. WOOD'S BIG CANNON

SAY, ladies and gentlemen, the way this friend Wood paints his "Glorious Fourth" and gets off the stage is immense! Giving his article a surface glance, I had to pass it up, reading everything else in the magazine first; then as a sort of last resort I started in on his wordling, only to discover that the one knock-out blow for the whole July number was deftly drawn up into the business end of this Wood article. Why, the way he gets his hatchet into the disuse of the Declaration of Independence is simply GREAT! It is one of the best, squarest, hardest one-man strikes I ever read, and I am certainly glad you people are in a position to let a man like Wood into the ring. It is just such knocks and shocks, jabs and pokes and blows as these that will win for you the backing of the whole herd of "common people."

I cannot help thinking how Mr. Wood worked his pen into this last article. When I started in on his firecrackers, punk-sticks, "fizzers," dummy pistols, and paper torpedoes, it was with a light-brown conviction that he was simply playing horse with us; but just as the noise and dust of the day has fairly settled and we feel that the whole thing is done and over, we are drawn into his confidence long enough to hear a word or two touching the Declaration of Independence, and before we know it, he has managed to get in his fine work!

Personally, I am forced to believe that Mr.

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Wood had this big cannon up his sleeve all along and was simply waiting for the right moment when he could best run it into position and turn its thunder upon us!

EVERYBODY'S is surely aiming right and hitting hard in all the vital centers. It is certainly waking the nation's solar plexus. And the sooner the better for us all. DR. S. A. W.

Rockport, Mo.

"LITTLE MOTHER" TO NEW ORLEANS

I WANT to say how much I enjoyed Mr. Mathews's article in the July number of your magazine.

I am a native of New Orleans, and one of Miss Wright's many admirers, and I can say that she is all that Mr. Mathews pictures her, and more, for the hundreds of "little things" that she does can never be known. I shall never forget my last impression of Miss Wright as I saw her a few years ago, at the closing exercises of her school, in which a friend of mine took part.

I have never seen a sweeter woman—or a more womanly woman—than that frail, delicate little creature with her large, sad eyes and halo of snowy hair.

At Christmas time in New Orleans, when the *Times-Democrat* starts its yearly subscription list and toy fund for the poor of New Orleans, among the many charity workers Miss Wright is foremost and most zealous, taking great part in the distribution of gifts, food, clothes, etc.

Surely no better woman ever lived; like Mrs. Booth, she is "little mother" to many who need motherly love. B. E. L.

Marshall, Tex.

BROTHER TO THE BUCKET-SHOP

THE series entitled "Bucket-shop Sharks," in EVERYBODY'S, is capable of doing a vast amount of good among those who are looking for a "get-rich-quick" investment. While I personally have never had any dealings with "bucket-shop sharks," I have been a sufferer in an indirect way from so-called "Investment and Development Companies," which, while they were not managed on exactly the same plan, accomplished the same thing in the end, viz., getting people's hard-earned money and giving nothing in return but elaborately engraved stock certificates, which are of no value except as reminders of shattered financial hopes to the many investors who perchance have risked their entire "rainy-day" savings.

I have long hoped to see in our magazines and periodicals an open exposure and publication of facts that will awaken public feeling to the extent that something more effectual will be done by our legislators and executives to stamp out this great wrong.

In the meantime let the people be instructed by reading such magazines as EVERYBODY'S, and made to see that good, safe investments do not require such wholesale advertising, and that the highly profitable ventures that have made our millionaires were not advertised in such glowing terms. There is plenty of capital waiting for profitable and *safe* investment, and men of means are on the alert. Therefore it is a pretty safe conclusion for the man of limited means, that an investment that promises a VERY high rate of interest or a VAST profit on the capital invested, is one of correspondingly great risk if it is not altogether a fake, otherwise men of capital in that locality would be ready—yes, anxious—to invest in it. Let EVERYBODY'S good work go on until the people thoroughly understand this evil, and demand that the rascals connected with it be *severely* punished. E. A. B.

Adams, N. Y.

AN UNCONVINCING HERO

THE writer had occasion to visit a Texas Ranger camp not long since where the boys read EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. One of them had just finished reading aloud your Western story, by Gilbert Parker, entitled "The Error of the Day," and at its conclusion the "hero," Sergeant Foyle, was severely roasted by all present as a coyote, foreign to all Western traditions of the class of men he was supposed to represent.

In the discussion that followed, the motives that caused him to presume to judge his own brother were analyzed as a sense of duty to his office and to his brother's infant son; both of which would weigh but lightly in the balance with any Western man-hunter against the ties of blood. As one of the boys remarked, man-hunters as well as hunted men recognize too well their own imperfections, to presume to judge harshly the sins of others, much less of their own blood.

In the minds of these men of the strenuous life, duty to uphold law, the ten commandments, and even simple justice, pale before the claims of a brother, thank God. V. L. S.

San Antonio, Tex.

THE SIN OF SUICIDE

IT seems to me "The Error of the Day," in the July EVERYBODY'S, teaches a lamentably fake morality, in representing the "hero" as urging his brother to commit suicide; and yet the author has some prominence, I understand.

It ought to be understood that it is a fearful thing to rush into the presence of one's Judge in sin.

Crime in this country has steadily increased in volume and proportionately to population for fifty years or one hundred, and the influence of this story is to sanction a fearful crime.

Unless there is a change in the trend of the magazine, I think you will have one less sub-

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scriber at least when my subscription has expired. B. R. P.

Downingtown, Pa.

NO "LOCAL DISCOLOR"

It was with the keenest pleasure that I read in your February number the story of "The Padre's Volcano," and I was considerably surprised to find in your June issue the criticism of the story under the caption "Local Discolor," by D. C. Y.

While soldiering in the Philippines in 1898 I had occasion to visit the Jesuit Observatory at Manila and was received by a short, rotund, blue-eyed, kindly priest who, to my surprise, spoke English fluently but with a suggestion of Irish dialect. He conducted me through the institution, and during our conversation I marveled at his dialect; and finally, becoming unable longer to conceal my curiosity as to why a Spaniard should have learned such English, I said, "Father, are you a Spaniard?" and he answered with a droll smile, "Me name is Doyle." He afterward introduced me to one of his colleagues, a long, lank, attenuated Spanish padre, and the two priests appeared very much as caricatured by your artist.

As to the criticism as to lack of local color, your critic is, I think, wofully mistaken. When I read the story it recalled the old scenes, and I then believed, as I do now, that the author must certainly have written from intimate knowledge of the setting of his delightfully humorous creation. S. G. A.

Hutchinson, Minn.

THE "HIRED GIRL" PROBLEM

In July "With the Procession," a doubt is expressed of the effectiveness of Miss Elizabeth M. Rhode's suggestion that "the hired girl be allowed the use of the sitting-room at least once a week," as one of the means of solving the troublesome servant question.

The doubt will hold good for more reasons than one. This is a land where airs of superiority are resented by the lowliest, probably because of a wide-spread consciousness that the people who assume them have themselves risen from the ranks of the lowly. It is a land where the oldest families are not so old but that the humble beginning of their fortunes is a matter of common history.

In their desire to get domestic labor for as little as possible, people who employ only a few servants—and they form the large majority—have not demanded much from the hired girl in the matter of intelligence and education; consequently a certain shade of ignominy has attached itself to this form of labor, keeping out the best grade of intelligence, among Americans, at least. These are general causes.

A particular cause was noted when the editor said of the hired girl, "She wants to be let alone to follow her own bent." And why shouldn't she? Why not make her work a matter of business, and quit calling her a "hired girl" or a servant—since so much that is undesirable has attached to those names—respect her as an individual, and make her work a respectable vocation? This is the only solution of the problem. Merchants and business men do not seem to suffer for a lack of clerks and stenographers, and housewives might not suffer from a lack of domestic help if it were employed on the same businesslike, impersonal basis. M. D.

Sherman, Tex.

HELP FOR CONSUMPTIVES

I take advantage of your kind permission to review in "Straight Talk" the work for consumptives that was inaugurated through your columns. Two years ago, after having lost several members of my family in the Northern States by consumption, and having myself been cured by the open-air treatment in the Southern pine forests, I read Eugene Wood's article on "The Great White Plague." Believing that this locality, with its equable climate, was well adapted to cure tuberculosis, I determined to put it to test. A camp was hastily made by clearing a few acres of forest near my home, a commodious cottage adjoining the camp was furnished for use of patients, and pure, good water introduced into the grounds in numerous places. A rather pretty lawn of several acres, suitable for swings and games, was thrown open. Everybody's Magazine noted the effort, and after a critical examination of the moral character and financial ability of the promoter, recommended persons in moderate circumstances to avail themselves of the offer of free grounds for tents, delivery of mail and provisions, use of cottage, with meals furnished at cost. This indorsement proved to be more effectual than was anticipated. Letters and applications came at once from nearly every State in the Union; but as the number of patients was limited to twelve, many deserving cases had to be refused.

The effort was a success. All improved rapidly save one. Of all treated two have died—one of heart disease; the other, an advanced case, died probably from his lung trouble. Prominent Northern and Southern people have generously given means to purchase a pretty, improved place, surrounded by lakes, two miles from the station. We have become incorporated as the Narcoossee Sunshine Home and Sanitarium, which will open its doors for patients October 1st. The corporation is purely altruistic. Every dollar received will be expended for benefit of patients, the corporation depending largely upon contributions from its friends. Only twenty-five applicants can be received this fall. All of these

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must be in the incipient stage of tuberculosis and present testimonials of good moral character. The sanitarium with its pretty environments of park, lawns, water views, and shrubbery will surely please any cultured, refined people. Circulars mailed on application.

Narcoossee, Fla. JNO. E. ENNIS, M.D.

WOMEN FIRST

YOUR article, "Women First," is the goods. Your women readers undoubtedly object to it, and maybe some of them will stop taking the magazine because of it, but that consideration made it all the more courageous of you to print it. I have not seen an article in a newspaper or magazine that deals with the subject as you did. The whims of women are usually treated humorously. We are a young nation, consequently gallant, and in our lawmaking we deal with women as in our love-making, giving them everything they want whether the demand be reasonable or unreasonable.

A husband has no chance in the courts when sued by his wife. The law is for her; the jury is for her. The great majority of women are what they are credited with being, honest and sincere, but a small percentage are unscrupulous tricksters, and it is often this class who seek the law courts to gain revenge. They usually succeed, too. An unscrupulous woman knows that when she takes her husband into court she has, in the public estimation, branded him as a scoundrel. He has a hard job to prove that he isn't. She can charge him with being a brute, and know that she has him convicted before the trial.

Women have their property and money in their own name. A woman can quit her husband for a whim. She may be wealthy and he poor, but he must support her or go to jail. If he succeeds in life after she leaves him, he must contribute to her support in a manner corresponding to his riches. If he buys real estate, she can claim her share of it, and he can't touch a penny belonging to her. Many women marry men with no other object in view than to get alimony. Juries do not convict women when they are murderers, but they convict men. Lawmakers should be guided by common sense and not by emotion.

M. S.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH NEEDED

NEW departments have been added from time to time to the executive branch of the United States Government, the most recent one being the Department of Commerce and Labor. Would it be too much to suggest that a Department of Health should also be added and represented in the Cabinet? The need for such a department is particularly apparent when one considers what might and ought to be done for tuberculous sufferers. The tubercular germ is not confined to any one section of the United States, and there are comparatively few districts in which this deadly germ cannot thrive. Until the Government is aroused to the necessity of taking up this work and placing it under the management of a physician whose duty will be not only to point out healthful climates, but also to make such sections sanitary, no real progress will be made in this direction.

Now is the time for action. Each winter brings its army of consumptives, and as they march hopefully to the glorious lands of sunshine, what must they face at the end of their journey? First, the hotel clerk hears the *cough*, and, acting on instructions, he calmly says: "Very sorry; we can't accommodate you; the house is full." Then the desirable boarding-house is visited. Here they are handled without gloves and are told: "We take no one who coughs." It is impossible to describe the feeling that comes over these once hopeful, but now discouraged, sick strangers as they go from place to place, always with the same result. I have heard more than one say: "We are regarded here as lepers." They are not sick enough for the hospitals, and if they were they would probably be told at those institutions that they were overcrowded with invalids in the last stages of the disease.

With the feelings of outcasts they go to the houses where only consumptives are taken, only to be subjected to reinfection because of lack of sanitary precautions.

God has given us the climate, but it remains for the Government to keep these sections healthful, thus protecting natives and invalids alike.

Let us hope in the interest of humanity that we may soon have a National Department of Health.

MRS. S. H. C.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ENGLAND IN INDIA DEFENDED

No British subject expects a fair or candid opinion on anything British from an American who has not traveled much and who has not yet learned how very one-sided is the history he has been brought up on; but of all the cases that I can remember, the article in the June number on "Soldiers of the Common Good," by C. E. Russell, regarding British India, is conspicuous for the distorted picture it gives of that country. Even the short editorial remarks you head the article with show how little you know of the subject. So far from its being to the shame of the British Government that caste should be allowed, it is the peculiar glory of British rule that absolute and impartial justice is meted out to all classes and all religions. Caste is so much interwoven with and has become so much a part of their religion, that apart from the rights or wrongs of it, no government would attempt for a moment to interfere with it, unless bent on suicide.

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It is quite true that in the large cities of India you will find slums and a degraded class, almost as bad as the Bowery and the East Side in New York, but it is absolutely contrary to the truth that the ryots live in houses an American farmer would not put his pigs in.

One would imagine from Mr. Russell's words that India pays a huge annual tribute to the British Government. Now, the fact is that Great Britain does not receive one red cent from India. The money drawn by the Secretary of State, amounting to somewhere under £20,000,000 Sterling, from India, is in payment of interest on debt, for articles required by India which she does not produce, pensions to soldiers and civil servants who have given the best part of their lives to the service of India, and so on.

As to famines, there were several during my residence of over twenty years in Bengal. I say that no human agency could have averted them, and further, that no nation on earth would have made such heroic attempts as India, backed by Great Britain, did, to minimize the consequences. I well remember that when Lord Northbrook sent his finance minister, Sir Richard Temple, the most energetic man in India, up to Tirhoot to grapple with the then famine, his instructions were that, no matter what the expense, not a life must be lost if it could possibly be saved. India has done more, too, in the way of irrigation canals than any other nation. Indeed, I think I should not be wide of the mark if I said she had done more in that direction than all the rest of the world put together.

St. François Xavier, Manitoba. J. M.

"HELPED HIM SOME"

I AM indifferent to this being printed, if you consider it at all; but felt that I should write to show my appreciation of Mr. John L. Mathews's article on "The Best Citizen of New Orleans" in your July issue. We selfish ones cannot imagine how much real good is being done daily by many poor people out of pure unselfishness and sacrifice. Having written my appreciation, in closing I may thank EVERYBODY'S for an article which "helped me some." J. F. M.

U. S. S. Iowa, Brooklyn Yard.

CALL TO ARMS

IN my judgment the writer of "Bucket-Shop Sharks" has not overdrawn the picture. Even in the small cities these hyena-like parasites are to be found conveniently located and fully prepared to relieve the unsuspecting and the unwary of their hard-earned savings. In the city in which I live, with only 30,000 inhabitants, I know quite a number of men whose paper two years ago was good at the bank for many thousands of dollars, but who are to-day worth less than nothing, all because of the bucket-shop, to say nothing of the hundreds whose losses, on account of being comparatively small, were not so well known, although in many instances every dollar was lost.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Teague's article may so arouse the people to indignation against this plunder of the many by the few that they will rise in their might and put every such shark out of business. J. L. G.

Waco, Texas.

ROCKETS ON CHRISTMAS

IN his clever skit on "The Glorious Fourth," Mr. Wood says that the firing of crackers on Christmas Day is a "Hoosier" custom. The custom is a Southern one, very generally observed throughout the South, and followed in southern Indiana only because the Dixie spirit extends to some extent across the Ohio River. On Christmas eve we fire our rockets, and welcome in the dawn with the soul-soothing cracker.

Knoxville, Tenn. W. S. S.

A NATION'S DANGER

OF the many good articles appearing in EVERYBODY'S the article on Japan by Charles Edward Russell in the July number is one of the very best. It is food for the student of national affairs, and should not only be read by all thinkers, but be made a subject of careful study.

Well may we ask "Whither are we drifting?" in our own country. With the gigantic capitalistic organizations in almost every line of industry absorbing the trade of the land, preying alike upon the people as individuals and as a nation, paying nothing to support the National Government, but exacting millions a year to protect them in the furtherance of their schemes of brigandage, is it not only a question of time until the Government as a whole will be at their mercy as the people as individuals are to-day? Japan had an awakening fifty-three years ago, and the other nations of the earth will have theirs before half of the present century shall have passed into history. Will that awakening be too late, and will powerful nations of to-day repeat the history of Rome, Egypt, Russia, and Greece? Egypt fell when three per cent of the people owned all the wealth. Persia survived until two per cent of the people owned all the wealth and then passed into history. Greece was a tottering nation when the wealth was owned by two per cent of her people, and when it was still further centralized into the hands of one and a half per cent of her people, it toppled with its own weight. At the fall of Rome 2,000 people owned all the wealth of the civilized world. History repeats itself. "Beware of the buzz-saw" and read "Soldiers of the Common Good," that a great national calamity may be averted. J.

La Crosse, Wash.

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WITH EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

WE are planning to launch a new periodical this fall. That's about as tiresome an announcement as we can possibly make. But wait. This is something new. And if we do say it, as shouldn't, it promises to be just a little bit the biggest thing ever attempted in the periodical line. In self-defense, we are bound to explain that we didn't sit down and say, "Now, we must have a new periodical. What kind shall it be?" On the contrary, we do not yearn for a new periodical. As most of you realize, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is a great big success. Quite big enough to content most anybody. Nobody created this idea for a new periodical. Like Topsy, it "jus' growed." Finally, it "growed" so inviting, so alluring that we just simply had to give ourselves up to it, which same we have done completely.

MAGAZINES DON'T HAPPEN OFTEN

Are you interested? What's that? What kind is it to be? When is it to be? Where is it to be? Hold on! We'll answer all that in a minute. First, we must tell you how this idea "growed." Our publishing experience has not been entirely confined to monthly magazines. Several years ago we had something to do with daily newspapers. The man who has once lived in the quick, thrilling life of daily journalism is never quite content to settle back into a slow gait. A monthly magazine with a large circulation is obliged to go to press several weeks before the day of issue. It is practically impossible for a monthly magazine to take advantage of a wide public interest in any subject unless the interest in the subject continues over three or four months, or unless the magazine editors are able to forecast successfully a wide public interest. Our editors have met with gratifying success in their efforts in these directions. You may recall several instances when we were able to score heavy beats on our contemporaries. The magazine issued the day following the death of Pope Leo contained an article by F. Marion Crawford predicting his successor. Our article on Panama caught the interest at the flood-tide. Our story of San Francisco with drawings made just before the disaster was a month ahead of all other magazines. Our article on the Duma was issued at the psychological moment. Russell on the Private-Car Monopolies complemented and stimulated a governmental investigation. Sinclair on the Beef Trust shocked and angered a nation into substantial reforms. Mr. Lawson created and supplied, single-handed, an overwhelming public interest.

NEWSPAPERS ARE A POWER

These are some of the things we have been able to do with the magazine. The kind of things that we expect to keep on doing. But there have been hundreds of things that we wished to do but could not. It was for the handling of these that the thought of a new periodical first occurred to us. Every one who is wide awake would like to feel that he is posted on the really big events that are happening all over the country. Where should he go to look for the story of these events while they are new and newsy? Naturally, to the daily papers. The daily press is the greatest power in the world. Every man should set aside a half-hour every day for a careful reading of some good daily paper. The schools and colleges should have courses in daily newspaper reading. But how many people are there who read their daily faithfully? Besides, in the larger cities there is so much news of local interest that more and more the general news is being crowded out. New York papers have little room for Philadelphia news and less for St. Louis news. Chicago papers have little for Boston news and less for New Orleans news, and so it goes around the circle. We intend to furnish a

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place where all the important news of all the cities is collected, treated truthfully and interestingly. We believe that this will mean a lot to the reader who wishes to keep himself well informed.

BUT CAN BE SUPPLEMENTED

There is another kind of news that the dailies cannot, or at least do not, handle helpfully. We venture the assertion that the daily newspapers wasted more than a million dollars on the Rate Bill. How? When the Rate Bill was introduced in Congress a few of the papers printed it in full—most of them merely digested it. The great mass of readers got at best a very imperfect idea of what the bill was about. Then day after day every important paper in the country published column after column about the Rate Bill that nobody read. If there had been some place where this bill could have been explained carefully to the reading public, the reading public in turn would have been interested in the columns of matter that the newspapers were printing. We wish to make the point right here that the kind of a periodical we are planning will supplement the daily press. It will add immensely to the value of the newspapers to their present readers. It should add materially to the list of regular newspaper readers.

YES, IT'S A WEEKLY

By this time you are saying to yourself, "It isn't a monthly nor a daily. It must be a weekly." Right. It is a weekly. It will not be the biggest thing ever published; it will not be the handsomest thing ever published. In most respects it will be unlike any other weekly. It will not attempt to cover anybody else's territory. We believe we have discovered a way by which we can give the people something that they very much want and something that they now have no other way of getting.

NOT ONE WEEKLY, BUT TEN WEEKLIES!

This is what we propose to do: We shall begin printing and publishing a weekly in ten large centers. We have in mind New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Pittsburg, New Orleans, Chicago, Denver, St. Louis, San Francisco. We shall have editors, advertising men, circulation men, bookkeepers, and stenographers in these cities. What in the world shall we find for all of them to do? Let us see. Only the New York weekly is to be printed in New York. Each of the others will be printed in its own city. The editing will be done largely by telegraph. We shall engage the biggest man we can get in each city as editor for his section. On the day before the date of publication each of these editors will wire to New York a brief editorial story of the events of his section that he believes will be interesting to the rest of the country. In New York editorial writers will select from these stories the ones that are certain to be of interest to the whole country, shape them up, being careful not to destroy the local color, and wire the three or four pages of the finished editorials back to each branch.

OUR WHOLE COUNTRY AS IT SEES ITSELF—NOT AS NEW YORK SEES IT

Let us see what we shall have: Governor Folk, of Missouri, says or does something that the rest of the country is interested in. Our editor in St. Louis writes the story and gives us the local significance of it, which our editorial writers hand on to you practically unchanged. This is what you will get once a week from all over the country. If we understand it right, what you are now getting is about as follows: Governor Folk says or does something. An Associated Press reporter wires a hurry-up message, which the New York papers treat each after its own fashion. These papers are read by the editors of weeklies, and they in turn tell you what they think of what the New York editors thought of what an Associated Press reporter said about what Governor Folk did. We believe that our new method will be fairer. Fairer to the people of Missouri and to Governor Folk. Fairer to you. A critical Westerner once said: "The typical New Yorker believes God stopped making things when He finished the North River, and that the rest of the country just 'happened so.'" The large cities of the country outside of New York feel, and we believe with some reason, that the editors of periodicals are inclined to give too much weight to the New York point of view. Each large section believes just as much in its own importance to the whole country as does New York. We're going to give them their say. So much for our editorials.

"*With 'Everybody's' Publishers*" is continued on page 96a of the *Advertising Section.*

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